CANIDIA,

OR

The Witches.

A RHAPSODY.

In Five Parts.

By R. D.

LONDON,

Printed by S. Roycroft, for Robert Clavell at the Peacock in St. Pauls Church-yard, 1683.

CAMBIA: OR Witches.

RHAPSODY.

In Five Paris

BFR. D.

LONDON

Printed by S. Royard for Roland Class Willesin Page of Lin Sc. Plands Courses pages to

TO THE

READER.

the Genius and Humor, the Strain and Language of an Unlucky Witch, I cannot Justly incur any Displeasure, nor the Imputation of a Crime. I make no other Apology to the Learned and Candid Reader, but hav good reasonable Hope, that he may reap some Benefit and Delight, whensoever he shall wouch safe to divert himself from the Fatigues of more Serious Studies, to this Rhapsody: Especially, if he be a Lover of Vertue, whose Beauty is here, for Advantage, weiled by a Thin Lawn; And then I shall believe my Pains well bestowed. As for those that slight these Endeavours, I shall reckon them no better than Bewitcht. Farewell.

When Sound Notions no Friends can make,

Try, if Burlefque and Droll won't Take:

If not, Boy, a Quart of Canary at the Mitre, score;

I'le Trust Devil, nor Witch no more.

CANIDIA,

OR

The Witches.

A

RHAPSODY.

The First Part.

The Prologue.

CANIDIA, Great General,
And Governess of Witches-Hall,
Command You in mine Own and Pluto's Names,
To Play with Me all Deadly Games.
Let us be counted Cruel Dames,
Though to Our Everlasting Shames.
THE

CAMBDIA.

The Witches.

Y O O S O A H A .

THE FIRE Part.

command Low in mine Over and Austria Comes Lo Phy with Month Debuth Greek Let we've samed Conel Dannes

Though to Our Faculty line Shifters.

EHI

WITCHES.

CANTO I.

Ome gallant Sifters, come along,
Let's meet the Devil Ten thousand strong,
Upon the Whales and Dolphins backs,
Let's try to choak the Sea with Wrecks;
Split Ships on Rocks in the dark Nights,
Spring Leaks, and fink them down to rights.
And then wee'l scud away to Shoar,
And try what Tricks we can play more.

Blow Houses down, ye Jolly Dames,
Or burn them up in siery Flames;
Lets rowze up Mortals from their sleep,
And send them packing to the Deep.
Let's strike them dead with Thunder-Stones,
With Lightning scorch to Skin and Bones;
For Winds and Storms by Sea or Land,
You may dispose, you may command.

Sometimes in dismal Caves we lie, Or in the Air alost we flie; Sometimes we caper o're the Main, Thunders and Lightnings we disdain; Sometimes we tumble Churches down; And level Castles with the ground; We fire whole Cities, and destroy Whole Armies, if they us annoy.

We strangle Infants in the Womb,
And raise the Dead out of their Tomb;
We haunt the Palaces of Kings,
And play such prancks and pretty things:
And this is all our chief delight,
To do all mischief in despight;
And when w'have done, to shift away.
Untoucht, unseen by night or day.

When Imps do suck our postern Teats,
We make them act unlucky Feats,
In Puppets, Wax, sharp Needles-points
We stick, to torture Limbs and Joynts;
With Frogs and Toads, most poys nous gore,
Our grizly Limbs we noint all ore,
And strait away, away we go,
Sparing no Mortal, friend nor soe.

We'l fell you Winds, and every Charm, Or venemous Drug that may do harm; For Beafts or Fowls we have our Spells, Laid up in store in our dark Cells: For there the Devils use to meet, And dance with Horns and Cloven-seet; And when w'have done we frisk about, And through the World play Revel-Rout.

Text.

In Charnel-houses we do crawl
Ratling the Bones of great and small;
We hurl Wild-fire-Balls or'e mens heads.
And slily creep into their Beds;
We knock men down, and hurl huge Stones,
And Clubs and Bats to break their Bones;
We play Bo-peep, and put out Lights,
Groan, howl and scare Folk with strange sights.

We ride on Cows and Horses Rumps, O're Lakes and Rivers fetch large Jumps; We grasp the Moon, and scale the Sun, And stop the Planers as they run: We kindle Comets, dazeling slames, And whistle for the Winds by names; And for our Passimes and mad Freaks, 'Mong Stars we play at Barly-breaks.

We are Ambassadors of State,
And know the Mysteries of Fate;
In Pluto's Bosom, there we ly,
To learn each Mortals Destiny,
As Oracles their Fortunes shew,
If they be born to Wealth or Wo.
The Spinning Sisters hands we guide,
And in all this we take a pride.

To Lapland, Finland we do Skice, Sliding on Seas and Rocks of Ice; T'old Beldams there, our Sisters kind, We do impart our Hellish mind; We take their Seals and Hands in Blood, For ever to renounce all Good: And then as they in Dens do lurk, We set the ugly Jades a-work.

THE WHEALT

We know the Treasures and the Stores, Lock'd up in Caves with Brazen doors; Gold and Silver sparkling Stones We pile on heaps, like Dead mens Bones; There the Devils brood and hover, and heaps Keep Guards that none finduld them discover; But upon all the Coasts of Hell, 'Tis we, 'tis we stand Centine!

CANTOUN.

Agrippa, Merlin, Faustus, Asses
And Dunces to us Stygian Lasses.
The Oracle was but a Fool,
That breath'd from Delphos Threesoot-Stool,
Apollo, one of his high Rank,
A Fidler, Quack, a Mountebank.
'Tis we can Conjuring-circles make,
Such as shall cause the World to quake.

We creep into the Center-Hole,
Thence to the North and Southern-Pole;
We clamber Pyramids, and stride
Colossus and Allas ride:
Strombalo and Mongibel,
The Representatives of Hell;
They vomit Brimstone, Flames and Smoak,
Which never us as yet could chook.

Lords, Princes, Emperours and Kings,
Poor inconfiderable Things;
For Wealth, and Mirth, and Pow'r, none dare
With our Society compare:
The Indies both with all their gain,
Make but one pitiful Beggar Spain,
Poor Egypt, Chalde, Rome and Greece,
'Tis we that have the Golden-Fleece.

The Philosophic-Stone we claim, was all the Chymids has religious of the Sun stands of the Chymids has religious of the Sun stands still the Eight was round; the sun stands still the Eight was round; the sun stands of the Archytas Dove by Us was spedy and an including the And Friar Bacons Brazen-Head; the sun of the Sun stands of the

The Raving Prieft, the Veltal Nun, 3 ball territory Augurs, Magi, are all outdone; are a more printed by the Common of the Wholes and Meded's Whores, I to work of the veltage of the Velt

Halters, Fetters, Whips and Socies;
Axes, Bolts, Saws and poys ned Darts,
Racks, Hooks and Pincers are our Arts:
We cram a Brood of Vulture, Cravens,
Owls, Bats, Scrietch Owls and Night-Ravens;
Cerberus, that ugly Dog;
Shall watch all these with Chain and Clog.

Satyrs and Mermaids are our Broods,
Hobgoblins, Fairies, Rabinboods
All these do make a Jolly Crew,
And so we give the Devil his due;
Because he helps us at this rate,
To be revenged on all we hate;
And if Revenge will ever please,
Mortals shall never take their ease:

Incubus and Succebus island and entropy and in a confidence of the Secrets only known to us; (I) and his or end of the Changlings, Idiots and Rooky, was weeked adjusted. Are bred and bracked the out Schools: constituted and The Entoxicating Cuploff Loove, II do not a weeke and the Abortive Drink, we prove; and a will be a The Night-Mares and the Fooliffs Fire, which filly Mortals to admire to award and has any

We treat Mad-Bedlams, Toms and Beffes, With Ceremonies and Careffes; The roaring Crew of Ranting Chofts Flock in vast Troops unto our Coasts: We entertain them as our Friends, Nor shall they want their hopeful ends; For upon Pluto's stately Bench Are Lords for every dainty Wench.

Medusa's, Gorgon's Snaky Treffes,
Use to be our finer Dreffes;
We look like Owls, and Bears, and Cats,
We creep about like Mice and Rats:
Fackanapes and Monky-Faces
Become us, as our chiefest Graces;
And in our Antick Dances spring
In Masques, fit Pastime for a King.

Pegasus is our Hackny-Jade,
Centaurs are Hobbies for our Trade,
As far as Cham or Great Mogal,
Ridden by every Petty Trull.
In Gypsies Companies we go,
Tell Fortunes, and steal Children too;
For every Fiend or Empuse sake,
What is't we dare not undertake?

Pedlars Sluts and Tinkers Trulls,
Hettors, Bully-rocks and Gulls;
Whores, Bawds and Pimps, and all the Tribe
Of Cheats and Cutpurfes, we bribe;
We trade with Ulurers and Misers,
Sophisters and poor Sub-Sizers;
Brokers, Bankrupts for a Shift;
We help them still at a Dead-lift:
And was there e're so brave a Gang,
In all this World, more sit to hang?

CANTO III.

If any lack to know his Fate
For a Wife, or an Estate;
For a Voyage, Live or Dy,
To Fall, or Conquer Enemy:
If it be to get a Crown,
We can lift up or pull down;
To shift an Heir out of the way,
To make a younger Brother play.

To slink a Boy, that dares to enter,
To stop a gap by a second Venter;
Hang him, Damn him, let him go.
If any lack a Miss, or so,
Or if a Chamber-Maid, for sooth,
Be crackt by any dainty Tooth,
Send her to us; for it is said,
We can make her a persect Maid,

If Nineteen weds a Beldam-Mate
Of Ninety, and longs for a rich young Bair,
We'l fit him with a Girl in Teens,
We know how, and what he means;

В

The Feat is done, all in a trice, Two great Estates, and married twice. It is enough, yet let him range, her should a sound! Tell us when h'as a mind to change.

We deal not only with bare Fools. But Knaves and learn'd in Courts and Schools: We trade in Camps, in Merchants Wares, In Shops, Farms and Plow-Shares. To us nothing can come amifs. To our Net all that comes is Fish: Right or wrong no matter what, We can shew you a trick for that.

If ye lack one of the Rump, Of the long Robe, or the fhort Jump; From the Confessing Chair or Stool, From the Quaking Knave or Fool, and and and In the Parlour or Conclave, A Committe or Junto Slave, We'l warrant you their help or favour, We bind all th' World to their good Behaviour.

To flink a Boy, that dares to th Monks and Friars, and the Train dans goll of Of Lords Inquisitors of Spain; in non Q , mid non H Nuns, Priests or Anchorites we probe, And Gentlemen of the Long Robe: Juglers, Dancers on the Ropes, b van ve skinn sa Abbots, Cardinals and Repes : 1 vol : 29 01 19 1 2008 Phylicians and every Bard, trop and salamnes of That helps to make a fat Church-yard.

Come along my Hearts, what is't you lack? From the Pedlar and his Pack, and award in I'W or know how, and what he means:

If you lack a Dainty-Sifter,
She's yours, be fure, we never mist her.
If cut a Knot, or split a Hair;
We'l be your Counsel, never fear:
Or do you lack Knights of the Post,
To stab a Cause, spare for no Cost;
Suborn a Witness, greaze a Fist,
And you shall have what you list.

Canst thou hit a lofty Strain,
Strike dead sure on a Royal Vein?
Canst thou kiss, and laugh and grin,
To see the last Heart blood spin?
Mock at groans and dying Faces,
Entertain them with Embraces;
Sing aloud Triumphant Notes,
While thou art a cutting Throats.

Dance on the Carkaffes of Kings,
Those inconsiderable Things;
Dash out the Brains of Noble Wights,
Poyson or Pistol all to rights:
Then come to us, and thou shalt find
All our Corporation kind:
Revenge thy Foes, advance thy Story,
Get the everlasting Glory.

A CHARLOCOLISI B 2

Can

Can you look out sharp with a Grace,
Or put on a brazen-Face?
Sugar your Tongue, or oyl your Knee,
Stand bent, or creep to Flattery:
Nay, can you Smile and Kill together,
Hold out all brunts of Wind and Weather;
You and your Rogues may choose your Fates,
Be hang'd or damn'd at any Rates.

Can you be profitute, or stand
To every base and soul Command,
Without reslecting, without thinking,
Like Devils without shrinking?
Then you are for our turn, Com on;
D'you make Faces? Dogs, be gon.
They are not sit for us at all
That scruple coming at first Call.

O Flattery, thou prevailing Art!
'Mong Witches thou dost act thy part:
Ore the Grandees thou dost prevail,
Base fawning Conful, dost thou wag thy Tail?
They crush and advance each other,
A Rogue may his sellow-Rogue discover;
But undermine all you can,
The Knave with the honest man.

O Revenge, thou pleasing Bait,
Work it on all you love or hate;
Fail not be sure to cringe or smile,
Dissemble deeply all the while;
Tongue, Heart and Hand keep far asunder,
When they meet 'twill be a wonder.
Regard not others Weal nor Wo,
Love Self, your own mind let none know.

Stand

Stand low in the Dark to all, but view and at a six and a Aloft all in the Light to you. The standard light to you are supplied and a six and a Manfully bring about your ends, and a six and a six and a Mitches craft is to out with a six and and a six and a six and a six and a six and gallantly to throw all by that in your way as Blocks shall lie.

Blaspheme the Stars, and curse the Fates,
Which thwart your publick or private States.
Cross them again, for you can do it;
I say, be valiant and stand to it.
Influences or contingent Chances,
Are but Fortunes, Jigs and Dances:
A Noble Spirit is the same still,
Right or wrong she has her Will.

We were not born, to be tost
Like Slaves in Blankets, but to rule the rost;
Come what will, whole or broken Pates,
Look to your Hilts at any rates.
The filly Imps are always mumpt,
But wise Witches are never crumpt;
He is an Ass that will be pumpt.
What over-reach'd, cavil'd, outwitted?
Such a Gull deserves to be Spitted.

Beg him, Beg him for a Fool,
And fend him to the Ducking-Stool,
Sowce him, Salt him, fles him, roaft him,
Cane him, kick him, box him, post him.
He that is a Cock o'th' Game,
Never yields to any shame;
A Rogue he will be by yea or nay,
A Traytor to his dying Day.

This

211 1

This it is to be a Witch, the ordered of the work base?
When a man's Fingers itch, a cradigal advisible and A
To do all baseness, and outface area
The Devil, to his digrace, so and a company of this I'le not bate your Acceptable
Trump about, Cog a Dye, it base the Spare not to tell, or act any Lye,
Out-face the face of Villany.

Ne're be danted, stop your ears
At the cries of Cares or Fears,
Sighs and Tears; poor filly things,
Fit to move Nobles, Princes, Kings.
Be above all, scorn to be true
Or just, to give any Man his due.
Pay Debts, give to Poor, what's worse?
My Son, keep mony in thy Purse.

Civility, a pretty thing, good Nature,
'Tis a Monster, hunt her, bait her,
Pull her down, with a full Cry
Of Hell-hounds, make her dye:
She combers the World, post her to Hell,
'Mongst Men she is not fit to dwell.

Get all, take all, fave all, part
With nothing, let ev'ry Penny go t'your heart:
These are our Principles, think no evil,
Rake Hell and scum the Devil.
Let the World sink on swim about ye,
So you be safe, nothing doubt ye;
Be not concern'd for any Elf,
So it be well with your own Self.

A year to his dying Day.

They talk of Confeiences, tie a Floa Bite, mode I'Tis Confeience to bid all Honefly good night; no These are she Dictates and the Rules, no Which all will follow; but flark Fools, the night.

I fay then come, and we will teach you
To climb so high, as none shall reach you;
Be, and do any thing, laugh or cry,
Swear and for swear, all's Destiny:
Lye, Steal, Murder at any rate,
Torment Mortals in sp ght of Fate;
The more you do, the more you may,
And never fear a Judgment Day.

Or and a Forfe-ive colstinal of Man,

Then have at all; Oh, we would burn The Universe, and overturn
The frame of Nature, and look on The Indiana.
And laugh at such Constition? It you would be a fine fight; and be a such as the Of all things buried in dark Night!
And after all, 'twee rarely well would be a such as the Indiana. If we could turn all into Hell, was a supposed and a laugh at the original and the origin

'Mongst Cannibals and Salvage Beasts,
And Monsters we do make our Nests;
W'are conversant in Holes and Caves,
In Sepulchres and Dead mens Graves;
In Hills and Dales, and Defert Woods,
In Gulfs and Quick Sands, Springs and Floods;
We muster all the dreadful Devils,
As Mistresses of all the Revels.

Secret unim.

To burn the Thatch, or a poor Lamb;
Torture the Devil and his Dam;
When Women feratch or burn our Hair,
W'are in a fit of great despair;
When they cut off Cats Legs or Heads,
It makes us forthwith take our Beds;
But most of all, when w'hear the Hiss
Of Pipkins stopt with Pins or Piss.

We whisper in a Camels Ear,
Or nod unto a rugged Bear;
And they shall carry us out or in,
O're all the World, chrough thick and thin;
But throw an Old-shoe with a Spell,
Or nail a Horse-shoe cross the Cell;
'Twill drive away Devil or Man,
And let them hurt you if they can.

St. Dunstan's Tongs, under the Rose; it would not a Took the Devil by the Nose; or doubt a more of a Th'enchanted Chair, and Holy, Wand, Cap, Cowl and Pall do him command:
The Holy-Water, Ring or Smoak, or discount of the Circle Character'd round,
Raises or finks him under-ground.

We fit in the Great Cham's Lap,
And feed his Brungeons with Pap;
The Mogul and Crim-Tartar is our Friend,
And we to them are no less kind.
The Roman State had not so thriv'd,
If we their Policies had not contriv'd;
From Monotape to Tapobran,
We strive to advance every Man.

Semyramin,

Semyramu, Sesostris, Cyrus,
All the Magi did admire us:
Turky, Russia, Lituania,
Moscovy, Prusia, Transylvania:
What so remote or Barbarous Nation,
When we have not fix'd our Station;
Planted our Oracles of Fame,
For their Wise men to get a Name?

China had Guns and Sulphur Dust,
Printing and curious Arts in trust
By us; nor do they their Faith betray,
To teach their Neighbours to this day.
Others have stumbl'd on them by chance;
But we first of all led the Dance.
Never no glorious Enterprize,
But from us it took its Rife.

Columbus the New World first found, Vespucius conquered the Ground;
But we were Aborigino's there,
As we are almost every where.
We rockt and knockt Old Time in's Cradle,
Which makes his Brains ever fince Adle;
Yet he eats Children still,
And wields his Sythe admirably well.

Manetho, Sanchuniathon,
Joyn'd with us in Consultation.
Zoroastres, Orpheus, Plato,
Aristotle, Theophrastus, Cato,
Proclus, Mercurius, Trismegistus,
At our Councils never mist us:
Porphyry, Pselus waited there,
Jamblichus too had his Chair.

Socrates Damon, infinite more
Attendants on the same score.

Higyptian, Chaldee, Asyrian Rites,
Are our Mysterious Delights.

Memphis, Thebes, Athens, Rome,
We take to be our constant Home.
All the abstruct and Sacred Arts,
Profest by Men of profound Parts,
The Sybils taught, I do declare,
And every Body knows what they were,

We bind the Spirits in the Red Sea
A Thousand years, and set them free.
Methinks I see the Rogues, till then,
(Damnation to the Sons of Men)
Vow, when they come abroadagain,
Ten Thousand times more grief and pain:
But for all this Harly-bur,
Till we give leave they shall not stir.

They talk of Laws; the World shall know We give, not take Laws from high or low? We'l cramp the Judge, and Grand Inquest, And stop the Verdict of the rest. Jaylor, Hang man we deny, And all such Rogues we can defie; We'l live and die at our own Pleasures, There's none shall give us Rules or Measures.

Swimming, Biting, Scratching, Banging, Keeps us from Drowning, not from Hanging. Judges and Sheriffs fain would tame us; Juries bring in all *Ignoramus*. 'Tis only the Rabble, Women and Boys, That are afraid of their Pigs and Poultry Decoys.

The

The Country-man loses his Dairy and Cows, Children, Horses, Waggons and Plows.

I'm angry, be reveng'd on all,
Though for Pluto's nelp they call;
We fcorn his Aid, 'tis come to pass,
We'l quickly prove the Devil's an Ass.
W'have got the day, ferve him no more,
Nor Proserpine, his dirty Whore;
And that we may b'alone in Evil,
Let's all resolve to kill the Devil,

CANTO V.

Oberon the Fairy King,
And Mab his Queen, that pretty thing;
Peppercorn, Sir Pigwiggin too,
Those Doughty Knights of the Old Shoe;
Pigmies low, and Giants Tall,
These must Answer to our Call,
And they do to us resort,
To Dance and Sing, and make us sport.

Polyphemus, Hogmagog,
Play before us at Leap-Frog;
Blind Homer, and the merry Greek,
At Hide and Seek will make us fqueek.
Brontes and Steropes with brawny Arms,
Hammer Jove's Bolts and Mars his Arms;
Bacchus and Silenus Drunk,
With Vulcan and Venus his Punck,

Thief Mercury thall cut a Purse; Crasty Ulysses shall do worse.

Helena

Helena, stoln by Paris bold, Shall wrong dispose the Pome of Gold. Ganymed, Gupid, parlous Boys For Kissing, and all other Toys. We have our Masques, and Mid-night Revels, Till we be all as drunk as Devils.

Our Musick is harmonious Notes, Crowding from our hoarser Throats: Cats, Scriech Owls, Wolves, Dogs, Bulls and Bears, In Consort please our skilful Ears: Such dismal howling, yelling, crying, Revives us, though we lay a dying. All the Devils slock about us; But they can do nothing without us.

Diogenes is in his Tub,
Hercules brandishes his Club;
Sardanapalus, step but in,
Among step bour and blind,
Bellisarios poor and blind,
Give him a Farthing, be so kind;
Remember Alexander too,
And bury him, having less to do.

Casar and Pompey may do well;
But you'l not hear them nam'd in Hell,
They had a Fame, but it is gone,
Ask the Ghosts, they hear of none.
They that frighted the World so wide,
In Coblars Stalls below do hide.
Overgrown Thieves and Murtherers high,
Buried now in Obscurity.

One Rare fight more, open your Eyes, There's Domitian catching Flies. See Bloody Nero, how he struts, And kicks Poppea on the Guts: He Sings and Fiddles, at the fight Of no less Flames than Romes, by Night; Disguis'd in habit of a Swain, Handsomly basted for his pain.

The Devil was in him; for they fay, He ript his Dam up, faw where he lay. Sejanus was a Rogue, and Cateline, Against their Country to combine. Sylla and Marius did proscribe The richest Gulls of every Tribe. Brutus and Gassius stab'd a Commander, As great as e're was Alexander.

Cleopatra's doting Fool
Mark Antony, fend them to School,
With Lepidus; let Ostavius whip'um,
For to the Throne he did out-skip'um.
Come Satyrs, swinge your Whips of Steel,
We'l help you slash, and make'um feel.
A Generation of Knaves,
For sending Innocents to their Graves.

Xerxes, how shamefully he crows Over the Waves, and gives them blows And Fetters too, to keep them in awe, For breaking his Bridge, indeed Law. A Famous Duke, with Pompous Train, With a rich Ring Marries the Main. From Brittish Shoars another swells, And triumphs brave with Cockle-shells.

Cuckold

Cuckold Claudius, Messaline
Is every Varlets, more than thine.
Before thy Face married thy Slave,
And led the Bride-groom to his Grave.
Another thinks he did much braver,
In doing his Horse that mighty Favour,
To make him Consul, not to sear danger,
Gave him to boot a Golden Manger.

One feeds his Lampries, fresh and fresh, With fattest gobs of slavish Flesh; For a Glass broke, or Porridge spilt, Runs his Dagger up to the Hilt. He that shines in Diadems, Drinks the Dust of Pearl and Gems, In Crystal Cups; 'Tis costly Art, For a Cordial next his Heart.

Heliogabalus, the Gormandizer, Caracalla the Bloody Miser; Dionysius, that Tyrant Devil, Tiberius, Author of all Evil; Romulus, Tarquin, Villains bold, The Plague of Mortals, young and old: Monsters of Men, the Shame of Crowns; The Sword's an Enemy to Gowns.

One cuts Mount Athos in two pieces,
The Wifer gets the Golden Fleeces.
Don Quixots Red-Crofs-Man in Steel,
Takes chanted Castles, makes Giants reel;
Relieves all poor distressed Ladies,
And I'le affure you does it Gratis.
George kill'd the Dragon, sav'd the Maid,
E're since Knights-Eyrant are decay'd.

O poor Tantalus, O poor Ixion,
O poor Prometheus, in hard Iron;
O poor Danaides, all the Fry
Of miserable Wretches, Come and try
What we can do, when all Helps fail,
If the Head can't save you, try the Tail.
Will you always lie a dying,
Like Fools, howling and crying?

We see the World all in a Glass, What manner of Man Adam was. All the mad Pranks that have been plaid, Since the Foundation was laid; We have Patterns fit for every Work, From the Jew to the Great Turk. Come then to us, for we can tell Of all the Rogueries in Hell.

These and a Thousand more brave Sights,
Are represented for Delights.
Thus we battle in our Grease,
And Frolick in what Games we please.
We have our merry Bouts, our Jovial Bowzing,
Our Junckets and our large Carowzings;
Pampring our Genius, while we may,
With Nettar and Ambrosia.
We Devils Birds thus stufft and cram'd,
Our End is to be hang'd and damn'd.

say Jones Ware.

To ellered Waght, or Tab Divider, ... The small die Borch, or Siege Velleller

CA N-

CANTO VI.

Lack you a Thousand Pound Wench,
To lift you to the Coram-Bench;
Court her Ghostly Father, she's Demure,
And you have her Cock-sure.
Lack you to drive a subtle Trade,
Mount, ride your Horse to a Jade;
To Conventickling now or never,
And you are made a Man for ever.

Would you climb to high Degree, Fee a Thais lustily; Greaze her Servants, build her Bowers, And all Corinth shall be yours. Catamits or Bardash Toys, Dainty content of Girls or Boys: The Stews of Venice is the same With the Long-Gallery of Amsterdam.

Lack you Glass Eyes, or Painted-Faces, Bumbasts, Iron-Stays, or Laces; Fair Sets of Teeth, Bridges or Noses, Palats or Plump Breasts, soft as Roses; Silver Hands, or Wooden Stumps, For Arms or Legs, or larger Rumps; Or any other Secret Ware, We can fit you to a Hair.

A Chair-Man, or a Sequestrator, Committee-Man, or Agitator; The Naked Wight, or Tub-Divider, The Stool, the Bench, or Stage-Bestrider.

Thefe

These are brave Fellows, the rest are Fools, That plod and puzzle in the Schools. We'l shew you a nearer way to rise To honour, than by Sacrifice.

Cromwel, Bradsbaw, Peters, Pride, Cook, Axtel, Okey, Ironside; Chastel, Clement, Revilliac, Fitz-harris, Pickring; do you lack Furies, the strangling Dwarfs or Mutes, Assain-Banditi-Brutes, We can furnish you, live or dead, To do your business at Board or Bed.

The Plaugues of Europe, Goths and Vandals; Huns, Hernli, those Northern Scandals; Loiola's, d' Alva's, Romanenses, (Hugonots and Albigenses, John Hus, Jerom of Prague, Innocents by them betray'd,) Zisca shall bang them with his Burn, When his Skin shall be made a Drum.

Popish, Presbyterian Trade,
Traytors all in Masquerade;
Plots and Sham-Plots, Whigs and Tories,
That trouble us with fad Stories;
Grebner, Lilly, Nostre-dames,
Whiggish Packt Juries, Ignoramus:
Let the cause be what it will,
It shall be Billa Vera still.

Twelve Godfathers, Good Men and True, can Create a Knave, or an Honest man; D Guilty, Guilty, or Not guilty make,
For Fear, or Love, or Hatred's fake.
Any thing to end or promote Strife,
Bribe to the Death, or to the Life;
Our Lives, Wives, Children, Fortunes lye.
At one Rogues turning of a Dye.

He'l Swear ye through a Milstone, Lye
From the Earth's Center to the Sky.
He'l split y' a Hair, and ever after
Sink ye between Wind and Water.
Give you a Broad side, Board ye, rake ye,
Hall ye, burn ye, stem ye, take ye;
Bear-up, luff, or tack-about,
In all Winds and Weathers, in or out.

Like Proteus, change to every shape,
Lion, Lamb, Fox, Dog or Ape;
Drink ye all Waters, swallow Death,
And yet never be out of breath.
Turn him every way and wind him,
But true you shall never find him.
He's every thing for what you gave him,
To do or undo, as you'd have him.

These are but Keights o'th' Post and Petty Foggers, Bumbaily Slaves and dull Plow-Joggers; duou stall 'Twould vex a Man to starve or hang' By such, fit for nought but to bang. How such as the Equivocating Proctors, and share but to start The sublime Reservation Doctors; The losty Reservation for their paints. That purchase Kingdoms for their paints.

Hang Dammy-Boys, Stiletto-Blades,
Porters, Carmen, Affassinates.
The Wits, the Wits, the State Divines,
Loretta, Compostella Shrines;
The Rota, or the Areopagus,
Apollonius, or Simon Magus;
A Felton, or Ravilliac's Hand,
A Massanello's Command,

The Man in Hair-Cloth, the bald Crown, Devours the Riches of the Town; For all his Cords, Sack and Hair-dreffing, Lords and Ladies must ask him Blessing. A Crosier, Miter, Triple Crown, Scepters and Diadems pull down. This is Cheating with a Witness, Betwixt Religion and Fitness.

The rest are Mongrel Curs, that Bark, its But dare not Bite, save in the dark. Do book and Burkin Boors, Send 'um to truck amongst the Moors. Give us the Renegado Blades, That drive the Turk or Jewish Trades. What's a pimping Shark or Rook?

Tis we prompted the ugly Moor,
To bat up the Castle door; and the land of the

D 2 ,

To kill the last Child, throws him down, And himfelf fplit upon the ground.

Th' Italian threats his Friend to kill, Except he fwear aginst his will; To fave his life, he fwore, was fham'd; Then die, fays he, Villain, and die damn'd! A Bigot, to revenge his Brothers death Arms Cap-a-pee, foams out of breath; Ceases not to Swear and Swagger, Till h'as the Murdrers Heart or point Dagger.

CANTO VII.

Ours are Robbin-Hood, Whipping-Tom, and all the Where Blood and Wine were spilt and drank: Good store, to play a wedding Prank.

Peter Ramus, after albeheir Looks baice Thou wast found hid under thy Books. Varlets all gone, but one, he had a Charm, Alas poor Scholar, felt thy Cushion warm. Thou diest a Scholars death with all thy Logick: Was not this a gallant Frollick thou was A Marshal, and brave Souls, had their lot That difmal Night, to go to th'Pot.

The Powder-Treafon, Eighty Eight; All the Conspiracies of lare? and and and

Of Bloody Guelphs and Gibbelins, We were at the Sycilian Evensong, To Paris Maffacre we did throng,

Upon St. Bartholomew his fcore: For that trick, Trust him no more. We built the Scaffold for a King,
Before his House of Banquetting;
After long baiting, out of breath,
Brought to his Door to feast on Death.
One kept on's knees, pray'd for good luck,
Whilst the Fatal Blow was struck.

Bajazet's Cage, and Pompey's Boat,
Where the Egyptian cut his Throat;
Seneca's Bath, Phalaris Bull,
The Trojan Horse, believ't that wull;
The groaning Stairs, the Starving Vault,
With the Lamp everlasting fraught;
The Sack thrown in the Sea, fast tyed,
With Dog, Ape, Viper, Cock and Parricide.

Jack Straw, Wat Tylar, Perkin, Simson,
Went for Princes clad in Crimson,
Till we brought them to the Spit,
Or Gallows, to learn more wit.
John-a-Styles, and John-an-Okus,
Jack Tredescan, Hocus Pocus.
Jugglers, Gypsies and Trepanners,
With neither Honesty nor Manners;
Every Son or Mothers Daughter,
Of Rogues and Rascals follow after.

At the Black Rock, the Northern Pole, We fish for huge Whales and Cajole.

All the white Greenland Bears,
To fall together by the ears.
There's a sad rout; we leave them for meat.
For Fins and Laplanders to eat.
We meet and welcom at a day,
All the Monsters of Africa.

We whisper in a Rain-Deers ear, And read a Lecture to a Steer; Then up we get upon their Bums, Soaring i'the Air and knitting Thrums: Many a deadly stitch we setch, In Nets and Noozes Men to catch. Oh'tis brave Sport, the trade we drive, To kill all the Bees in 2 Hive.

We gather all the poys'nous Grafs,
That grows upon the Hills of Brafs;
In Springs and Lakes, and Rivers fides,
At Low Water and Spring Tides;
In Woods and Grotto's, Sands and Rocks,
We feratch our Rumps and tear our Smocks
To find out deadly Drugs and Simples,
For the Plague, Poxes or Pimples.

These we distil, and temper wisely,
And give Doses at hours precisely;
Under such or such a Star,
Or Aspects for Peace or War;
Kind or Malignant, Quartiles, Trines,
Either for good or bad Designs.
The Face of Heaven is fair or foul,
According as we smile or scowl.

The Twelve Houses by us are haunted,
The whole World by them's enchanted;
Ascendents, Lords and Ladies of the Hour,
All influenced by our Power.
In Zeniths, Azimuths, and Nadirs,
In Almacantars we are Traders;
We square the Circle, double the Cube,
Find the Degrees of Longitude.

The Ptolomaick and Copernick Spheres, Set Stronomers together by the ears. Pixes, Plots, Charts, Globes and Maps, Give Demonstrations by haps; So do Galilean Glasses, Quadrants, Loxodromi for some Vagrants; Schemes, Horolgies, Horoscopes, Astrolabes and Telescopes.

In Laboratories zealous Fire,
The Chymilis Limbicks we inspire,
To firk up Salts, fix'd or volatil,
Spirits of Silver, Gold and Steel,
Sulphur and Mercury dance in a wheel;
Egyptian Mummies, and the Moss
Of Dead-mens Skulls purged from Dross;
Elixars, Quintescential Draughts,
Raising Sallets, and such like Crafts.

Fusil Marble, Glass malleable,
Aurum Potable and Friable;
The Rare Inventions that are lost,
We recover without cost.
Otacousticon's Screws and Springs;
Automaton's Self-moving Gins:
The Oil of Everlasting Lamps,
The Art of killing, killing Damps.

Flowers of Ashes, many Feats
Of Dry and Moist, of Colds and Heats;
Jumbling blind Nature too and fro,
And Metamorphosing her too.
Come before her and behind her,
You shall not know where to find her.

Her

The Witches.

Her Secretaries and her Masters,

Turning and winding her in all Disasters.

Panpharmacon's Elixar vite,
Extractions high and mighty;
Hunt Nature out of her Bow'r,
By Calcining every hour:
Ferret her out of fculking places,
Vertumnus like, changing her Faces:
In all things striving to out-do her,
Yet for all this th' are glad to woe her,

Changing her shapes, and is a Reck,
Making her play Hide and Seek;
Into prime Atoms her reducing,
By Separating and Insusing:
Putting her into Fainting-Fits;
And scaring her out of her Wits,
Till the Artist be left i'th' lurch,
With neither Wit, nor Mony in his Purse.

Archimedes, forfooth, lackt a Base,
(Be it spoke to his disgrace,)
On which if he had stood, he would
Have turn'd the Globe round, if he could.
Prometheus stole a spark of Fire,
To put Life into Dirt and Mire.
These are all lamentable Shirks,
Compar'd with our Monster-inchanting-Works.

The Sybils Leaves, Mercurius Wand, Jove's Thunder-bolts we can command. The Staining and the Nealing Glass, Spiriting all that ever was.

The

The fize for gilding Balls like Flames, And other Secrets without Names: In Earnest, what was thought a Jest, White Powder, and the Phanix Nest; Fine Washings, hot Perfumes and Varnish, Imbroyd'ring, and Inlaying Garnish.

The Scarlet Fish, and Gyges Ring,
And every Invisible thing.
When Spirits fall together by the Ears,
To lay them by the Musick of the Sphears;
To walk about Incognito,
To set a work Robbin good Fellow;
To make Fortunatus Cap
Of Maintenance, and all good Hap.

To Conjure Spirits under-ground,
To find things, that could ne're be found;
To renew Age, and call back Years,
To free men from all Cares and Fears;
To charm the Moon, and stop the Sun,
To awaken Endymion.
Charm Cerberus, stop Charon's Throat,
Drown him in Styx, and fink his Boat.

We cut the Bottom of the Streights,
Into the Red Sea, spight of Fates;
It could ne're be done before,
The Sea threatned to drown the Shore:
For India thence we dare set out,
Cape-bon-Speranza is about.
Frobisher, Anian, Davis North-east-Way,
From Nova Zembla to China.

Speak but a word to a Stake,
A lufty Fellow it shall make;
To bake your Bread, or brew your Beer,
To rooft and sawce all your good Cheer:
Cook all your Passies, Pies and Tarts,
March-pains, and the sweetning Arts;
Hogo's, Fricacies, and Oleo's,
Gusto's of all sorts, Quarto's and Folio's.

Distill Spirits, raise Persumes,
For Persian or Arabian Rooms.
He'l make you Fires, cut Wood, draw Water,
Do all the Butchery and Slaughter:
Hunt, Hawk, Dig and Delve in Mines,
Cut Quarries, Grub-up Roots of Pines;
Drive Wagons, Plow, Rowl, Sow, or Harrow,
Dung or Marl Land with Court or Barrow.

Clyp, Coyn, Stamp Brass, Cast false Rings, Glass Jewels, and Counterseit Things. We can neatly Cog a Dye, Or cast a Mist before your Eye; Poyson at an hour, day, or year; Whom you please, far or near: Draw a Rock down with a Twine, Or a Castle undermine.

Stop a River, Drain the Ocean, Swallow Cities Bragadacian. One of us can keep a Town, Defeat an Army, Steal a Crown. Venetian Treasure we did Rob, 'Twas a very pretty Job. Stop Breaches, Scale Walls, Choak a Gun, Shoot White Powder, make 'um run, Follow 'um, pull 'um down, never a done.

3

CANTO VIII.

We live alone, like Amazons,
Admit of Slaves to serve our turns;
No otherwise than as Stallions,
Then turn them off, as poor Pigmalions.
We can have Fiends to cool our Heats,
Or fire us into lustful Feats;
Th'Insernal Gallants, fresh and fresh,
Feast on Witches ranker Flesh;
And to enjoy our full Delights,
We aim to be all Hermophrodites.

The Shee Eagle's the Bird of Prey,
Takes all the Care, bears all the Sway;
The Male's a Cuckold, a Slug, a Fop,
Just like a Midwifes drunken Top;
Shee labours, and takes all the gains
Fees the poor Lubbard for his pains.
The right meaning is, we Witches
Will have the Women wear the Breeches.

Lack you an Old Doegna Devil,
To be the Miltress of all Evil;
To help you to a fresh Whore,
To make you rich, to make you poor;
To cure the Pox, or other Strains,
The Flux, or Running of the Reins;
A Clap or fo, Parboil or Stew,
Till you come to another Hue.

She Paints, the Patches, the makes Issues;
But you must cloth her in Gold and Tissues.
She picks your Pocket, Commands all
In Kitchin, Parlour, Chamber, Hall.
If a By-blow comes, the is to hide it,
The Dam must marry, simper, Bride it;
Put the Bastard out to Nurse,
Or strangle it, 'tis ne're the worse:
But preventing Physick's best,
Poyson the Egg in the Nest.

A Cup of Love is a Ladies Lure,
Be she never so demure;
That will setch her when nothing can,
She'l quickly learn to know a Man.
Let her try; she never meant it,
But she had a good intent in't:
She thought she could, and she could indeed,
Alas, poor Soul, it was but need.
But more than all this, 'tis truly said,
She could ne're remember she was a Maid.

She shall take Bribes of every Lover,
That in and about the House do hover;
Save them from sidling in a cold Tide,
Bring them to their Mistress Bed-side:
Convey a Letter from a Sinner
In Napkin, as she sits at Dinner;
Speak a good Word to Lady or Master,
To make the Match go on the faster.

Now what is more that you can think on, Give us Paper, Pen and Inkhorn; We'l write down all you would have done, To the Sive and Sheers, and clouted Shun. We'l play at small game, marry come out, Any thing, rather than give out. We study mischief, and you too, And let us alone to do.

We clamber to the roaring Bear,
And to the dreadful Diagon near:
The Barking Dog Star makes us mad,
The warbling Lyra makes us glad;
Tauru butts us with his Horn,
Orion passes by in scorn;
The Swan sings dying Notes that please us,
The Ramping Lion would disease us.

We put on Berenices Hair,
And sit in Cassiopeias Chair;
By the great Star that there appear'd,
All the Astronomers were jeer'd.
The Constellations slame about us,
But can neither hurt nor rout us.
To us the Stars do all appear,
Within the Southern Hemisphere.
Thus about, about we roll,
From th' Artick to the Antartick Pole.

All the Gods and Goddesses, to see to, At best could never do as we do.

Mercury, a Common Garrier,

Pallas, a weak Woman Warrier,

Apollo, is but a Farrier;

Mars, a kind of Resormado,

Vulcan, a meer Bravado;

Bacchus, a reeling drunken Sot,

Could never get out of a Pot.

of Stell Handler ; man Neptune,

Neptune, Thetu, Nymphs and Tritons,
A Company of Slight ones;
What could they do, but catch Fishes,
And serve them up in Cockle-Dishes;
In Sowce and Brine, and Pickle swimming,
Rugged as Bears for want of trimming:
Broken Wrecks are their best goods,
Keep Court in state upon the Floods.

Cupid goes about a shooting,
After whining Lovers hooting;
Lazy Venus lies a Bed,
Cuckolds Vulcans horned Head;
Hercules Wields a knot of Wood,
'Tis likely that should do much good;
A Lions Skin forsooth he wears,
Some filly Beasts and Cowards scares;
Kills a few Ox or Sheep, and knocks down
Some pitiful Squire or Country-Cockscomb.

Polyphemus has but one Eye,
Argus an hundred, a great Spy;
Hydra's multiplied Heads
Could never fleep quiet in their Beds;
Juno had but a little Envy in her,
None of her Trulls was fuch a Sinner
As the meanest Witch, good for no more
Than to wate'n a Country-Whore.

We tempt Ladies, to steal to bed To Grooms and Thrashers, to be sped; Hogen Mogens nurst at Poor-solks Fires, May have Varlets and Pages for their Sires. From the Stage to the Dairy, So to the Kitchin; take all that's Aery.



Or any ugly dirty Trulls
Better than Wives, for fuch base Gulls.

CANTO IX.

We mak't our business to distract
Mankind, in Societies compact;
Kings, Consuls, Tribunes could not p'esse 'um,
Triumvirs nor Decemvirs ease 'um;
Dictators, Casars must Rule at large,
Make People Slaves at their own Charge.
This is the way to have all lost,
When all strive to be uppermost.

The better to work a faral Change,
Our Emissaries about do range.
Birds, Druids, Brackmans, Augurs, Flamens,
Ægypt, Chaldee, and Romes Amens;
Fit Instruments for us to work
Ruine, to Christian, Jew or Turk.
A brave employment 'tis to Ride
Princes, and all the World divide.

The Maid of Orleans and of Kent
We set up, for no good intent.
There are other Names and Factions,
By whom we make most rare Distractions;
Intoals, Incursions and Invasions,
We lye Perdue on all Occasions;
For Destruction to all places,
And carry it out with stately Graces.

Commons separate from Nobles, Causes of mutual Troubles. The Servile War, when Slaves rebel, Rings out a State or Kingdoms Knell. Liberty and Prerogative Out-firetcht, make neither Party thrive, Suspicions, Jealousies and Fears, Sets all together by the Ears.

Hannibal knocks at Romes Gates, But turns back in spight of Fates. Scipio hasts, Fabius delays, Both their poor Country betrays. Pompey aspires to Rule alone; But Casar will be Casar, or none. Not endure the Name of King; An Emperour is every Thing.

Ephori Tribunes, Overseers,
Prove th'Plagues of Kings and Peers.
Down, down with Pen and Inkhorn Men,
And, Hev Boys up go we then.
Thirty Tyrants at a time,
In Government make a rare Chime.
Devils, they say, may soon be rais'd;
But when up, not so soon laid.

Richlieus, Cromwells, Mazarines, Lamberts; false to King and Queens: The Principles of Machiavel, And the Leviathan, sprung from Hell. Infus'd by us, upon their Beds, Into their dull Loggerheads. But that for us, th'had ne're transacted. The Rogueries by them compacted. The Scotch and Punick Faith agree,
Believe nothing, but what you see;
St. Omers and Geneva Breed,
The Dort and the Tridentine Creed:
The Dutch are Slugs, 'tis but Civility
To believe Impossibility.
We'l warrant all our words must stand,
They do but execute our Command.

Do try us, put all upon our fcore,
We'l teach you ne're to b'honest more.
Would you be sure, trust to your Gammars,
The Devils are but Niny-hammers.
I'le warrant you, we'l do your business rarely,
But so, as it shall ne're be done fairly.
Be true and just says the Puling Fool,
Pack him away to the Jesuits School.

Go, starve ye lazy honest Dogs,
And keep company with Hogs;
For ye are not fit for Men, come out,
What does an Honest man among the Rout?
Kick him off the Bench, throw him or'e the Ba
What should Honesty do there?
The Pulpit will scarce hold him, it leans awry,
He'l tumble down presently.

Squat him into a Presbyterian Chair,
'Twill never hold him full nor fair.

Let him have a Confessor's Ear,
He shall come no more there.

Where shall this Honest man become?

Can the World afford him no room?

He may strike in among the Indian Slaves,
Though poor, yet they have Knaves.

F

They resus'd Swearings, as they of Greece; But they'd be true and keep the Peace. To Alexander they were just, Not Swear and Forswear, as Greeks must. Remember Interest, worship that Numen, Ye cannot live, if ye be True Men; Vin & Modis, turn her and wind her, Right or wrong, you'l be sure to find her.

Court the Rabble, invent Plots,
Raife Scruples, tye and unty Knots;
Garble the State, trip up the Crown,
Set up the Cloak, pull th' Miter down,
Private Cabals, Intrigues and Fetches,
Create miserable Wretches.
Plate Jewels, Bodkins, Thimbles, Rings,
Maintain Armies against Kings.

If all fail, Call in the Turk,
Set us Witches and the Devils to work;
Fight with Tongues, Pens and Hands,
Play at crofs Purposes and Commands.
Property and Levelling,
Simpering and Revelling;
Petitions and Flattering Caresses,
Abhorrences and false Addresses,
These are Devices by us taught,
The High-way to bring all to naught,

Major-Generals, Decimators, Surveyors, Trustees, Gross-Undertakers; Especially those famous Tryers, Church, State, King and Self-Denyors; Commissaries, Patentees, Excise-Men, Informers, Publicans, Precise-Men. Darby-House, or Goldsmiths-Hall, Erected by us, Rascals all.

Saints of all Sizes, Wet and Dry,
You may believe me, I'le tell you no Lye,
Swear together to live and dye,
And give one another the Go-by.
Send them all for Expedition,
To the Rota or Inquifition.

Roman, Geneva Bulls or Bears
Fall together by the Ears.
Covenants, Aflociations,
Real Lines of Communications:
All these make a Charming noise
To bewitch Fools; the Cause, the Cause,
The good Old Cause, the Golden Cause!
And Hey, then up go we brave Boys.

CANTO X.

The bloody Hypocrite Cruzado,
The Mendoza Rhodomontado;
The Fox, Ape, Crocodile Hyena,
The Nobody-knows, what ye mean-a.
The Musical Snake hifles and rattles,
The proud Hen lays her Eggs and Cackles;
The fawning Ape kifles, and hugs
Her Whelps to death, the Bears lick up her Pugs.

The Drunken Sow with a Wanion,
I know no better Pot-Companion;
The Hettor Goaring-Bull and Butting-Ram,
The Luftful Goat fills up his Dam:

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The

The Peacock, swollen with Pride, Would very fain her black Legs hide; The Swan the like, when she should cry, Shee chooses rather to sing and dye.

Who'd think't the Famous Allegator,
Sure he is some Sea-Arbitrator.
The Sword-Fish, that nimble Thrasher,
The Whale-with's Tail shall cut and slass her;
The Shee-Bear, the Wolf-Child-chopper,
The Cow licks up the poor Grass-hopper;
The Cormorant scowrs the Ponds, the Stork turns
All the Offal in the Town.

(down

But, oh, the Spark-Eye, the Bewitching-Face,
The Rofy-Lips kill, with a Grace!
The Clapper-Clag, and Silver-Twang,
Leads away many a Simple-Gang,
Like Pitchers by the ears a Roguing,
By Flattering, Lying, and Cologuing;
'Tis a Brave Instrument of Evil,
We use it better than the Devil.

If there be any good ones, 'tis so much the worse, I have'um all under my Curse:
Widows, Strangers, Fatherless,
I trample down in their Distress.
Let me alone, I'le fright 'um, fear 'um,
Swinge 'um, rack 'um, cramp 'um, tear 'um;
Wou'd I were their Nurse, I'de feed'um, cram 'um;
Whip 'um, hang'um, ram 'um, dam 'um;
Villains all; am not I their Grannum.

: the C and quelle 1500 Harpies,

mish-garand bus lie

Harpies, Furies, are Lictors
To us Magistrates and Victors.
At his Horns Vulcan takes a Pet,
Holds Mars and Venus in his Net:
Scavinger-Hercules, the Kennel-Raker,
The He-Ranter and She-Quaker.
Hang them up all together,
To feed Crows in wind and weather.

Methinks I wallow all in Lakes
Of Frogs and Toads, Vipers and Snakes;
It is a pleasure thave such Mates,
And to over-rule the Fates.
What can the Devils do more; if need,
Or can they do so much indeed?
I am sure we dare defy'um,
And in all Points all times out-vy'um.

This is the Trade of old w'have driven, And shall, as long as we be liven; But we must dye, and post away To Hell, for ever and a day. But to make sure, before we go, We will have all the World to know, That they shall be in Hell, before Ever we mean to give o're.

And when there's no more left to kill,
W' have done enough, we have our fill.
Now Devils quake, We come, we come,
Have at you Sirs, make room, make room.
Compound with us, or elfe w'have swore,
Henceforth ye shall be Devils no more.

The Witches.

We must Rule all, or set you such a Spell As shall turn you all out of Hell.

44

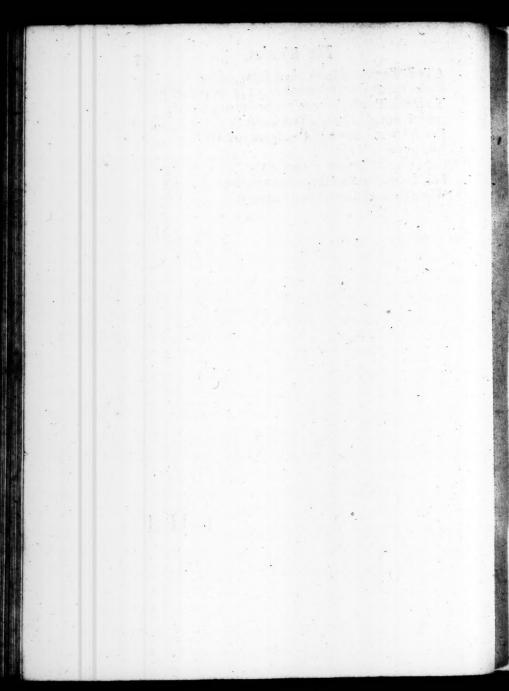
I have but one poor Case to put,
(You'l say, I am an arrant Slut)
The Devils could ne're come to't,
Much less offer to set it a foot.
Suppose those Fiends all in a Nest,
Should crow'd into one Poor man possest.
They'l make him roar, you'l say, and yell,
As if he were tortur'd in Hell.
And what then? he raves, lays about him, slies
To Caves and Desarts, howls and dies.

A poor Business! in a kind of sport and play,
To kill all that lies in's way.
But what think ye, if less hurt is done in Hell, by far,
Than Witches do in Peace or War?
For ev'ry one now's a Fool or Madman,
Be't so, but still every one's a Badman.
This is something; No quiet when all are Itch'd,
All are undone, all are Bewitch'd!

Families, Cities, Kingdoms reel,
The World dances upon a Wheel:
Courts, Cities, Countries, Cloysters, Camps,
Colledges, Schools, all are upon the Rants;
All Statesmen, Teachers, Captains, Lords,
Nobelieving Deeds nor Words,
I know not what to say more, under th' Sun,
We all undo, and are all undone,

All's Bedlam! all have their Figary-fits;
Shake hands; there's none of us in his right Wits?
To speak Truth, 'tis neither better nor worse,
And I am glad on't, all's a Curse!
I've spent my Breath, I've spent my Gall,
And yet this is not All.
I draw the Curtain conceive the Rest;
For I can paint no farther, bad's the Best,
When there can be no more express.

THE



CANIDIA,

The Witches.

RHAPSODY.

The Second Part.

By R. D.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1683.

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Low DOM.

CANIDIA,

Busflesh ough all of O Runs for Som

The Witches.

Be bold, and year n. or him or Dez !

RHAPSODY, &c.

Prologue.

Air Ladies' tis past time of Woing, More Work's cut out, up and be doing; Censure severely all Male-contents, Instict Impartial Punishments;

G 2

Spare

The Prologue.

Spare none that Shall deserve your Ire,
Though you set all the World a Fire.
Hanging and Burning, you know the worst,
To be counted of all Accurst.
Bussle through all Orders, Run the Rounds,
And scorn the Military Frowns:
Venture at any Thing that's Evil;
Be bold, and sear not Man nor Devil.

J,ole

Confine Severely all Male-content.

infield languerial Pourisments as

THE

CANTO I.

He Noble Clergy, we Revere 'um,
Hate 'um, and dare not come near 'um.
They exorcife us all away,
But the Bafe Clergy us obey. (clave,
We're welcom to the Parlour and ConSome Clergy their Familars have:
But we love them ever after,
As the Devil loves Holy-Water.

Statesmen and Judges often use us, State-Presbyterians ne're refuse us. With Jesuits we're well acquainted, Help Monks and Friars to be Sainted. At Junto's and Caballs, 'tis Rare To Plead, and to have the Chair. At close-Committee Adjutators, Who but we are Moderators?

Some burn us, Swim us, and Scratch us; But the Devil can ne're out-match us.

They

They put us to Interrogatives;
But we plead our Prerogatives,
Behind the Curtain, to great Sages,
For Whispering we get good Wages.
'Tis worth the while to Course with Bitches;
But more to hunt with Blood-hound Witches.

Plots and Contrivances are by our means, So Statesmen bring about their Ends. When all Shifts sail, nimble and neat, A Cunning-Man must do the Feat. The Artists please to jeer and flout us, Can as well be hang'd as be without us. We take the Politicians Pay, And by cur Help they get the Day.

In Ships, Shops, Schools, in Camp and Court, Every hour we make brave Sport.
Philosophers are pleas'd to jeer us,
Though for Skill they could ne're come near us.
What Family, Kingdom or State
Do we not steer and regulate?
From the Peasant to the Clerk,
Like Mad-Dogs we Bite and Bark.

In all Rogueries we have a hand To Lye, Bribe, Conquer and Command. The World's infatuated by us, What we lack none dare deny us. We govern the rebellious Rour, And turn the lawful Rulers out. By the means of Rogues and Whores, Thrust all Henesty out of Doors.

We bewitch all the World, we turn All things into Confusion.
None are follow'd, or ador'd like us, They dare as well be hang'd as strike us. From Forty to Sixty our Fair hath lasted, And we hope 'twill ne're be blasted.
Then we revell'd in open Round; Still we work closely Under-ground.

Then we were old Hags and Jades;
But now we are young dainty Blades:
You'd little think how we strut it,
In Scarlets, how we drink and glut it.
Fast, Preach, Pray, Plead and Fight,
With Dark-Lanthorns play least in Sight.
States Ecclesiastick, Warlike, Civil,
Can ne're be without Witch or Devil.

You cannot tell who to trust,
Be cheated, or cheat you must.
Yet w'have the bravest Tongues and Faces,
That e're adorn'd the mighty Graces.
None have out-done us i'th' Black-Art,
The World's our Stage to act our Part.
Rare Sciences, of fast and loose, laugh and cry,
Kis and betray, live and dye.

Any thing, Nothing, what you wish You shall meet with in your Dish. Cheat, and be cheated, rise and fall, Get and lose, play the Devil and all. A Golden Tongue, a Syren Song. The Noble and the Rascal Throng. A mad Age, and a sad Age, high and low, You shall know neither Friend nor Foe.

You shall not trust your self, I'le say it,
You can neither stop nor stay it.
Up and down, White and Black, Out and In,
Smite the Rib and chuck the Chin:
Dissemble, threaten all you can,
Trust neither Devil nor Man.
Unheard of Rogues, a Devil take 'um,
They were as bad, as bad could make 'um.

At home, or abroad, to and fro,
Up and down, about we go.
Climb a Ladder, stand or reel,
Lye down, or dance upon a Wheel.
All mad, in Dumps, or merry Mood,
Seeming Angels, never good.
Hell's an Ass to th'World, as 'tis now,
You can't know a Horse from a Cow.

Saints are Rogues, and Rogues are Saints;
All Commendations, or all Complaints.
Never better, never worser Trading,
All things are growing, and all things are fading,
Every one's a Wit, or a Sot;
For, or against some Plot:
Disoblige all, or else Fee 'um,
But trust to your self where e're you see 'um.

Never foster, never harder Times,! Never Fortune rang more Chimes: Never more nimble Turns and Ranges, The Bells play all variety of Changes.

CANTO II.

An Ignorant, a Gentile Rook, A dull Plodder on the Book; A Wheel-Barrow, or Plow-Driver, A Statesman, or a Plot-Contriver: Clad in Steel, or Soft Gown, A Gentleman, or a Clown: Higgstee, Piggstee, Altamall, Madmen, Fools or Knaves all.

Could ever Devils be fuch Brisco's
As Witches are, to run such Risco's?
We'l vye with Woden, or Old Tuisco,
For nappy Ale, or Beverisco.
Gauls and Teutons, Fops and Sots,
Broken Heads or broken Pots.
Cassandra takes on sadly, roars and raves,
Calls us a Company of Knaves,
Children and Fools, and Madmen too;
Commonly they speak most true.

O, what a Chaos, what a Hell For Twenty years, no Tongue can tell? Jealousies and Fears, those dismal Notes, Brought us all to Cutting a Throats. Kings-Lands, Church-Lands, all went down, Wide Throats swallow'd Mitre and Grown. The men in Steel got all the Gold, And all the Power, if it would hold.

We undermin'd Churches and States, As most pleasing to such Fates.

The Witches.

And to support those Arched-Cellars, We were the Massy Cater-Pillars.
'T was a rare time for our Profession;
But to kill and take possession:
Up and ride, hang and damn at every Jirk, We lov'd ever to make quick work;
All headlong to Destruction run,
We hop'd those Days would ne're a done:
But the Blood stopt in an unlucky hour,
'Tis a sign, 'twas not all in our Power.

All this our Practife did afford,
Plagues and Famines, Fire and Sword.
All the basest and vilest Things,
We had contest with Priests and Kings:
And to make the Sport the neater,
The Lesser still devour'd the Greater.
I believe neither Devil nor Witch
E're strain'd their Wits to a higher pitch.

Drums and Trumpets roaring and thundring, Sequestring, Decimating, Plundring:
We were not idle all that Day,
When Rebels fought, we ran away:
Judge Advocates, an Invention new,
Hung up many a good Man and true.
I think we did bestir our Stumps,
'Till we rak't our very Rumps.

Incest, Adultery, Fornication,
All that could debauch a Nation.
Thieves, Lyars, Murd'rers, Juglers, Fencers,
Disputing Dunces, Mooting Benchers;
Counterfeits, Falsificators,
The Bane of Bondsmen and Testators:

Jurors,

All other Villains are our Slaves;
But ah, our pleasure's most in Knaves:
Alsatia Knaves and Newgate Dogs,
Universities of Toads and Frogs.
Other Academicks are no better,
That study Black-Art by the Letter:
For all their Hebrew, Latin, Greek,
A Thousand things they are to seek.

Delegates, Commissaries, Proctors,
Masters, and Salamanca Doctors.
Faculties, Synods; Convocations,
Alas, they do but cheat the Nations.
Their Socrate's and Aristotles,
Are good for nothing, but stop Bottles.
Grave Beards, Caps, Tippets, Hoods and Gowns,
To be admir'd by Country-Clowns.

We turn and wind Seneca or Cato, Varro, Theophrastus, Plato. We'l give Diogenes a Rub, And tumble him out of his Tub. Aristippus pleases us best, 'Cause he makes Fools of all the rest: He often Dines with us, and Sups; A good Fellow, takes off his Cups.

Fetch me from the Hill Aventinus, Stifler, Jacob Behem, and Varinus. Facil Wits will part with their Lands, Atcross Purposes and Commands.

H 2

Kings Professor Igno-Ramus
Came into the Schools by a Mandamus:
Like a Madman he took his Hits,
To cut every thing into two Bits.

From Monsieur Cartez and Gassendus, And such like Pluto desend us. Ptolomy was a Figure-Flinger, Blind Homer a Ballad-Singer. Plautus a meer Jingler, Terence a pure Pingler.

Others are fullen, dogged Sots,
The Deipnolophist best loves his Pots.
Jove and Bacchus are good Fellows,
Vulcan's troubled with the Yallows.
Mars and Venus, Rogue and Whore,
'Tis Priapus we most adore.
Lucianjeers 'um all for Topers,
Petty Foggers and Interlopers.

CANTO III.

Statesmen count it a great Intrigue
To get us into their League:
For we break Faith on all occasions,
By open or close Evasions.
Algier, Tunis observe our Rules,
The Grand Turk works by our Tools;
And all that do not so are Fools.
What think ye, were we made for Joyn'd-Stools?

The Witches.

Great Armies, if Kings lack, we'l feed 'um, And when they'd have us, we can bleed 'um. We dive into the bosom of the Deeps, Diamonds, Pearls gather on Heaps. Clamber Rocks for Amber-Grees, And for all Rarities scum the Seas.

The Physician trusts to his Drugs,
But we dare take him by the Lugs:
For all his Antidotes we'l but Fart,
And that shall poyson all his Art;
Our pretty Pugs put in their Noscs
In all his Pots, and spoil his Doses.
He is the veriest Fool in Nature,
To grasp with Giants of our Stature.

Great Fools are flatter'd and fear'd by all; But we nor fawn, nor fear at all.

They're glad to crouch and speak us fair, We cannot live by the Air.

And we can find 'um out, O Rare! We can slighly hit 'um, and put by Their deadly blows, and make'um dye. If they fly us, we can catch 'um, Secretly, suddenly dispatch 'um.

Whence had Lycurgus all his Laws?
We find in them Ten thousand Flaws.
Solon was such another Fool,
To us they should have come to School.
Numa Pompilius had the Witch
Nymph Ægeria by the Britch,
She taught him Tales; the Twelve-Tables
Were but Greek and Latin Fables.

Justinian, for his Pandetts and Code, Burnt better Books, many a Cart-load: Trebonian his Plagiary; he's Curst, For leaving the best and taking the worst. Rescripts, Decrees, Pragmalicants, All his Works are Extravagants. Decrees, Decretals are of the same stamp, For want of Power they have the Cramp.

To what purpose is all this Doing?
The Wisest come to us a Woing:
And we have taught them without Law,
How to keep the World in Awe;
To do all Business' twixt Man and Man,
Without a Bible or Alcoran:
To make Scholars without Teaching;
To make Saints without Preaching.

Here's a Pudder among States;
Walls, Trenches, Castles, Bars and Gates,
Navies, Armies, Pallisado's,
Mines, Counter-Mines and Barracado's:
Killing and Robbing, Fire and Sword,
All is not worth a——
We could save all this Charge,
And govern the World at large:
Without this or that Association,
Without Lines of Communication.

But oh, the fly Stoick and his Mate; He condemns all by Fate.
We're gone now, this is the last Trick, He hath just taken us in the Nick. Hexhinks we are now surrounded, And all our Witchcraft quite consouned.

It must be, as it must be, a Close Bar, We cannot stir to make nor marr.

Now we're defunce, troubled with the Gripes,
'Tis high time to put up our Pipes.
Well, if we should be so Confin'd,
Yet we may be still Combin'd,
And to all Mischief most inclin'd.
Still all may say, 'Twas well meant,
Though we could not perform our Intent.
We'l be as wicked still as ever,
And never mend, O never, never.

You that are of our fide, stand fast in spight, The Fates shall not cut us out quite. But what if we're the Fates our selves? (For surely they be all such Elves.) We're acknowledged by All, For Oracles Fatidical. Then All's our own still, All to have, and do our Will. All the Rogues that ever pist, Shall never do what they list.

Then rowze up one more, ye Jolly Dames,
Never lose your glorious Names.
Still we are uppermost, and will be so
In spight of Fates, where e're we go.
We're in our Kingdom still, and I am told it
By the best Fates, we're like to hold it.
The World could never be without us,
Nor never shall, ye need not doubt us.

Get you about your Business, Jades, And never sear those Sullen Blades; Do all the Baseness you are able, And sear not the Council Table. Bear up briskly Ladies sair, Upon me be all your Care: You'l ne're want Favourites, my Word is past, As long as Malice or Revenge shall last.

Why, we are very pretty Creatures,
Want not for Colours, nor yet for Features;
But for Conditions to be fure,
None are morefierce, none more demure.
We'l dazle ye with glorious Beams,
And poyfon ye with deadly Steams.

CANTO IV.

I know not what Pen's able to describe
The strange Whimsies of every Tribe.
Such Fegaries as mar or make it,
He must be mad that will undertake it;
Nay, he must have his Turns and Fits,
And be clean out of his Wits:
Stark-staring-mad must be those Men,
That dare handle such a Pen;
And yet must have their Wits about 'um,
For fear Discerning Powers should Rout 'um.

Describe Hell, 'tis nothing in a Rage, None but a Witch can paint this Age. Throw away the Pencil, and perchance That Dash may give it a full glance. Draw, draw the Curtain then for shame, Hit or miss, win or lose the Game.

The Witches. Nothing venture, nothing have; Nothing challenge, nothing crave. All are Conumdrums or Conjectrums, That are said or done by Spectrums.

In a good Mood or frantick Ire, Inspir'd with Water, Wine or Fire; What a Fanatick kind of Muse Must the poor Poet take or choose? Sure he must be Bewitcht, or a Witch, That shall hit this lofty Pitch. Michael Angelo, I dare fay. Could not so to the life Old Nick pourtray.

If Muses or the Furies joyn; If Apollo's Self combine. Bacchus of Pluto, fober or drunk; Pallas or Venus, chaste or punk: All these can never hit the strain Of curfed Humors, in each Vein. He must be any thing that Endites. He must be every thing that Writes.

He must be Knave and Honest man. Wife and Fool, write that write can. Find me out fuch an one from Heel to Chin, To Fiends and Witches of kitt or kin: And he may perhaps in every Page. Perstring the Monsters of this Age: Whose well-brew'd-Brains are perfect Stingo, At nests of Vice to have a Flingo. To know with a Sublimi Flagello. How to fccurge a good Fellow.

The Witches:

14

Now loung and sneak ye barking Curs, You that of late have made damn'd stirs: Hang your Tails between your Legs, That have hatcht Cockatrice Eggs. For shame hide your ill-favour'd Snouts, That have made such Riot-Routs: Get ye all packing to the Deep, For making many a brave Man sleep.

The World's weary of your Tricks, In vain to kick against the Pricks. When Witches sall and Villains sail, You shall no longer then joyn Tail: The Honest man may grow in fashion, Perhaps, in the next Generation.

I shall turn Saint by and by, if I han't a care, Or Devil rather, never fear.
'Twas but a slash, a foolish Itch, Did y'ever know a Renegado Witch? A Saint by all means, a Saint forfooth; But such an one as ne're spoke Truth.
Truly I like Old Homer well,
That curst all Lyars to the pit of Hell.

All do so like Saints appear,
We know not who's a Devil here;
Yet we perceive, as we come nigh 'um,
And find them Devils when we try 'um.
In no place on Earth is Safety found,
There's most Hell above ground.
In Hell ther's no sugging and tearing,
No such Damming and Forswearing.

Here

Here we quarrel and divide,
Here we one another Ride:
Devils hang in wind and weather;
But they all keep close together.
I wonder in the higher Region,
If there be Worlds in Moon or Sun:
And what they do, if they agree,
Or steal, or fight so much as we.

There are Desking, Pimping Foundrels, Law Driving, overthrowing Scoundrels. In Law, Honesty exact is; But there's Witchcrast in the Practise. Judges sit high, far off, sew can hear 'um, Practisers Bar from coming neer 'um.

Which muffel'd him for the Squinanza.

Which muffel'd him for the Squinanza.

Gold is a Vent-hole and a Bung,

Makes speak, and makes hold the Tongue,

Stops Fosset, and makes it run.

But we are Widows all and Maids,

Chamber-Practises are our Trades.

CANTO V.

Come let's muster up good Fellows,
Of whose great Wits we have been Jealous:
Our Policy to keep them under,
Is by keeping them asunder.
Shrewd Lads, I'le assure you, to keep them too,
We had very much ado:
But we have brought them to our Bow
Very well, as the World doth know.

Mahomet, Machiavel, march in the Van, With Bajazet and Tamberlan; Piccolomini, Bethlem-Gabor, Screwd themselves into our Favour; Duke d'Alva, Parma, Don Diego, Don Quixot and Don Quivedo; Gondomar and Count Olivarez, Consulted often with the Fairies.

Mufti's Musselmans in Green,
De Wit, Richilien and Mazarine;
Spinola, Medina, Don Hurtada,
Commanders of the Spanish Armada;
Americus, Columbus, Cortez,
Cut their way with Aquafortis;
Oliver and Massanello,
Where can you find their Fellow?

There's a pack of Rascals more,
With Bradshaw, stand behind the Door;
There let 'um stand, keep 'um out
Among the Rascal-Rebel-Rout.
Enter the fine Wits, Lombard, Scotus,
Suarez, Occam, these promote us:
Paracelsus had a reaching Brain,
Helmont, Jacob Behem, a stately Strain.
Peter Monk, Tiresia Nun,
To reckon all, I should ne're have done.

All these, and many were,
Our Pupils in the days of Yore:
All Ages, in their Records Fits,
Will produce the like and Wits.
These help us in our Fits of Scurvy,
To turn the World clean To the turvy:

Then fend 'um all packing to Hell, They shall not bear away the Bell.

Casar Borgia, Barbarossa,
Heapt Pelion upon Ossa;
Alaric, Attila, Narses, Marins,
Scipio, Cataline, Bellizarins;
Gracchus, Hannibal, Gustavus,
Attempted often to out-brave us:
They had of our Pride such a Leaven,
To ruine Earth, and threaten Heaven;
But we took 'um by the Crown,
Pelted 'um, and pull'd'um down.

We read of Pen-Dragon and Sforza, Vortimer, Hengist and Horsa; Brave Prince Arthur in the Fable, With all his Knights of the Round-Table: Cadwallader too, for his Inches As good as Iron sides, or the Black Princes. What think ye of the Leyden Taylor, David George, Hacket, Nailor, Melchior Hossmannus, Knipper-Dolling? Upon Spires their Tongues hang lolling; Jack Straw, Tiler, gone a Catter-waulling.

Here's a Ribble-rabble indeed, Of Pigmies, fend 'um to the Cranes to feed. These are the Bag and Baggage of the Gang, Fit for nothing but to Hang-Jack-anapes, Dandi-prats, Punchianello's, Send 'um to blow Vulcan's Bellows. The last Invention against us,
Was to out-Witch us, and out-Saint us.
By these ways, to our shame be't spoke,
They hew'd down the Royal-Oak!
The Comfort is, there's none Relented,
Nor one of them the least Repented:
They thought to have the World in a String,
But we gave them all a Fling;
So we trepand 'um and mumpt 'um,
'Till we quite and clean crampt and crumpt,'um

Now we are quiet, Lord it alone,
Our greatest Enemies are gone.
Worship us all ye Idol-makers,
Hells Factors, Brokers, Undertakers.
Beelzebub's Flies swarm and buz about us,
These Venom Hornets threaten to rout us;
But we'l fire 'um out of their Holes,
I tell you we cannot carry Coals.

I'le warrant you we'l keep our Stations,
And stand our ground against all Nations.
We are so high flown and pufft,
We scorn to be baffled or hustr.
Judges and Generals Stings are gone,
They scare none, but Cowards of the Throng:
Undaunted we bear up gainst all
That themselves, Kings or Princes call.

CANTO VI.

And now we cannot but declare,
How ill by wicked Priests we fare.
W'have been more plagu'd with Clergy Elves,
Than with all the Devils themselves.
Take a Knave-Black Coat, find him work
With the Devil or the Turk;
Reward him richly, brisk and neat,
I'le warrant him he does the Feat.

The Clergy have a Trick in Common Play,
To undo all that stand in their way:
They do us the most Service in these Cases,
For commonly they have the most brazen Faces,
And they most influence the Populaces.
Send Lawyers to 'um, to solace 'um,
If the Devils should out-face 'um;
And when th'have done their work, disgrace 'um.

A Parson shall hamper y' in ten thousand Nooks, Which a dull Devil over-looks; He'l tye you knots, and put you Cases, With Labyrinths and Interlaces, 'Till he scare y'out of your Senses, And baffle all your Self-Defences. Say what you can, you shall be sham'd, Do what you can, you shall be damn'd.

These be rare Men, we're like to thrive, While they us to the Devil drive: Nay, they'l drive the Devil, and take his place; We're like to prove an excellent Race: As long as you hearken to this Brood, I'le warrant you, for ever being Good. These are the Men, when all comes to all, Can Evil Good, Good Evil call.

These take their Measures from our Rules,
And make all the World Fools.
If they will be rul'd by them, they may,
'Till at last they take all away.
Then leave us naked, not come near us,
At a distance laugh and jeer us.
The World's come to a brave pass,
A Man may see himself made an Ass.

Go on still, if you please, my Hearts, Act all the Fools and Beggars Parts: As for the Knaves part, 'tis our due, Fit we should be Knaves as well as you: But and if you will be Priest-ridden, Poor Fools, do as you are bidden. They are most necessary Evils, That help us more than all the Devils.

Mirtial, Persus, Catullus, Sappho, Tasso, and Tibullus; Petronius, Ovid, are as Right As my Leg, to act or endite: Boccace, ingenious Boccaline, Are both good Friends of mine: This last, was by Spaniards bangd To death, with Bags of Sand.

But, O, sweet Bishop Aretine, Thou writest all Love, in every Line! O, we love the Clergy dearly,
Of all, of Love they write most clearly!
What you men love most, we know it;
And truly you full often show it.
You put sweet Cases, Single, Matrimonial,
Better than Moral or Ceremonial.

We know y'are good at Contemplation,
Which invites to Procreation.
We're as willing as you can be,
You may have all without a Fee.
Some blame you for Man-Midwives-Notions,
We say 'tis good to help your Devotions.
And we dare say, For every knack
You are the best of all the Pack.

You bring all upon their Knees,
You take more than Lawyers Fees.
Votaries Gold, and precious Stones,
You take for Rags and Dead mens Bones.
You out-wit all in fober fadness,
You teach all the world Madness.
Your Crowns, Miters, and Red Montero's,
Fright the most Royal Cavalero's.

Herostratus burnt Diana's shrine,
'Gainst your Priests, 'twas a Plot of mine.
You would out-do, and un-do us,
And all that while you seem to wo us:
But we'l try a Veny with the best
Of y' all, and a Fig for the rest.
We sling off others, but you sick,
Like Bugs that bite us to the quick.

Take

Take heed to meddle with this Nation,
For they're an angry Generation.
They shall sooth y'up in a Trice,
Lead ye into a Fools Paradise.
Except you part with all, they have a Spell,
Shall drag you into Purgatory-Hell.
Then your Carkass shall fare the worse.
For not opening your Purse.
They'l fry you to some tune in that Pan;
You're fast, make all the Friends you can.

We think we have both Wit and Malice,
To reach from Dover to Callice:
But take my Word, for one and all,
'Tis they have given us many a Fall;
But we have rilen agen, and at 'um,
And much ado, at last have squat 'um.
For whatsoever Tugs are past,
We must be Conquerors at last.
But 'tis a Truth Olim & Heri,
A Rack is Ratioultima Cleri.

I beg pardon for being smotty,
Witches, you know, use to be slutty.
From grand to petty Pranks I turn about,
Play at small game rather than sit out.
And now by this 'tis time to give over,
For I am Landed just at Dover.
I'le rest, for I have travel'd Torkshire Miles,
O're Hills and Dales, and Kentish Stiles.

To work again we must, right Bred, Never to rest us, till we are dead. And we will never die, for you shall find us, A Litter of Whelps we leave behind us.

CANTO

CANTO VII.

Long Wars have stood us in great stead, Knockt all Obedience in the Head. Parents, Husbands, Tutors, Masters, May go look out for fresh Pastures. Magistrates may wear Fur-Gowns, Maces and Staffs, a scorn to Clown; Cities are no more than Country Towns.

Prentices are nimble, 'tis but a Hop
To the Field, from the Shop.
Maid-Servants, when the Brimps takes 'um,
Run to Husbands, that mars or makes 'um.
Hired-Servants bargain wifely,
From fix to fix, knock off precifely.
A Justice of Peace engages,
For Statute-Work, and Statute-Wages.

If Clock strikes fix, and Pig's a Turning, Ith' Devils name let it lie a Burning. If the Coach-man hear fix Knocks, Let him skip out of his Box; Though Lord and Lady have the Squirt, Leav'um in the Dark and Dirt.

If the Butter be a Churning, Or the Cheese lacks Turning: If the Oven be half Hot, If it be time to scum the Pot: If Pyes or Tarts be half Bak't, If the Hearth be half Rak't: If the Kettle lacks a Cover, Or if the Porridge-Pot boyl over: If the Bread wants Yest, or Leavens, Leave'um all at Sixes and Sevens.

If the Close-stool lacks emptying, let it fall, In Parlour Closet Chamber for 'um all. When the Masters Tail itches, Let him do all in his Breeches: But if the Lady be in a heat, Excuse her till sh'have done the Feat. All Duty, all Respect is lost, When Boys and Girls must Rule the Rost.

If the Lady be half Drest,
Or Head half comb'd, let her do the Rest;
And if the fixed Time be sped,
Let her have her self to Bed.
Before Six, we'l not ope our Eyes,
Call and hang, we will not Rise.
After Six, we'l sit upon our Britch,
Throw our work away, and not do a stitch.

If we be beating of a Buck,
And Beetle-up while the Glock struck,
Away we throw it: If we be Spinning,
And Six be come, for fear of Sinning
Away goes Spool, away goes Reel,
Away goes Rock, Distaff and Wheel.
The Clock strikes, Fare ye well,
Let the Bucket drop i'th' Well.

Your Rich Daughters shall be Stol'n, Or stay at home, and be Swol'n: You may put 'um out to Dance, Or fend your Sons over to France; When they are weary of their Duns, Make'um Friars, make'um Nuns: Better than an Alfatia Gaol, Cloysters sure will never fail.

Your Boys and Girls shall be Slapt. It is the Mode to be Spic'd and Clapt. Rotten Husbands, rotten Wives, Because they all lead Rotten Lives.

The Hollander is very wife,
With his Dutch-Devil-Excife.
The Italian has his Gabels,
Fools have their Bawbels and their Labels:
All he wears, and all he fwallows,
Pays Taxes, for a Common-wealth that follows.
For Dung monopoliz'd, Jack de la Cerda,
Nam'd Florene, Duco de la Merda.

The Fire-brand St. Domingo next, Converts Hereticks, according to the Text. In his Bowels Pity feels,
That is, Racks, Gibbets, Wheels.
Lords and Ladies are his Visitors,
They call 'um, the Grand Inquisitors.
You'l say, There are no Ladies there
On Benches, no Wenches must appear;
Yet we that have such levely Faces,
May lay in Ambush at all Places.

What shall I say of Nat Sir Brent, Displayer of the Council of Trent? Twas I rid Post then, brisk and Rident, Constantly from Rome to Trident. It was but reason to ride Post, Should Guests reckon without their Host?

Twas I was the Great Owl
'At Ball's Meeting that did Howl:
I percht upon the Beam, that Day,
Clubs could not scare, nor drive m'away.
One poor Madge did all Out-face'um,
I flew from Athens to Disgrace 'um.
'Twas a pretty Job, when by all Votes,
Women in one Night cut all the Danes Throats.
Thus all that I can rap and rend
Shall out, before I make an End.

CANTO VIII.

Amboyna was a Tearing Bout,
Rarely well we held it out.
Irelands Butchery was great.
Which, with its own, made England sweat.
The Harp gave a deadly Twang,
And we to that pleasant Musick sang.
The Thiste scratcht to the quick
Both Roses: It was Old Nick.

The Cross was Blood-red indeed,
The Lion Rampant did bleed,
We made the Belgick Lion roar,
While his Limbs were in pieces tore,
Hungary is half devour'd,
Muscovia and Poland sadly scour'd,

Denmark

Denmark was almost falling, and are died finish

"Twas Moulting time, you may prefume,
When the Old Eagle cast his Plume.
She hatcht too many Young ones to thrive,
Had much ado to keep 'am alive:
So Bees over-stock the Hive.

Italy is the Pope's Darling,
Her petty Princes are always marling.
Sweth-Land often is a nodding,
Venice 'gainst the Turk is plodding.
Hispaniola cried, Oh;
But Jamaica felt the Blow;
We aim'd at Pure Gold you know,
In our Eye was Mexico.
Of Hellebore they took a Cup,
So the Gulf swallow'd them up.

Who created all these Ires?
Who kindled all these Fires?
We, by the help of our good Friends,
Have brought about these fatal Ends:
And we are ready at the door,
To do a Thousand times more.
Thus every of us play'd the Whore,
And never, never shall give ore.

Shout, dance, fing, clap your hands,
Y'are Conquerors of Seas and Lands.
Honour and Profit you invites,
To make the World your Profetyres.
Who but you do all the Feats?
Who but you are the grand Cheats?

'Gainst!

Gainst Truth arm great and small, That you may rife, while others fall.

At India, a Spade's a Spade,
We drove the English out of their Frade.
We cheated them of Guiana Gold,
(The thing that tempts both youngand old,)
Silken and Spicy Wares by Sea and Land,
We made them Truck at second hand:
And if under whom you'd know,
'Twas the Dutch Devils, I trow.

These built them Cities, Towns and Forts, To beat us out of our Resorts, Batavia is their stately Mart, Where they rant it with Coach and Cart; And of all Nations get the start, Value not Princes nor Kings a Fart.

Of Old, the Indian Lads and Lasses
Were cheated with Brass Rings and Glasses;
Puppets, old Iron, Bodkins, Pins,
For Gold and Jewels, and Precious Things:
But now they will not be such Asses,
To be put off with Toys and Trashes;
For we have taught them at long running,
A great deal more Wit and Cunning:
Good Gold and Silver, Down with your Dust,
For Silks and Spices pay you must.

The Men of China are so Shy.
To keep us out, I don't know why:
But if they'd give us leave to dwell,
For an Inch, we'd take an Ell.

Cain't

Be fure to fet them such a Spell,
That after it they shall ne're do well.
I wonder a Devils name what should ail us,
Till then our Wits did never fail us.

To be reveng'd, we fent the Tartars,
On a sudden to break up their Quarters.
Now we have opened the Door,
That barr'd them all up close before,
They shall ne're be mew'd up more.
A Company of sly Rogues and Whores,
We shall pay them their old Scores.
Away they go, away with them now,
We have begun to drive the Plow.

Have at them, to the purpose now,
We'l fat them up like Boar and Sow:
Teach 'um to hide like Sow in Beans,
For why should they get all the Means?
They have thriv'd hitherto too long,
Turn them a grazing among the Throng,
We'l pay'um off, Ding dong.

I had forgot the Cannibal Cheaters,
A Company of Man-Eaters;
We'l provide them better Food,
Than to eat Mans delh and drink Mans blood.
There are Bandits's and Forses,
Of whom we have heard mad stories.
If we get in among the Slaves,
We shall fright 'um to their Graves.

There are left a fort of Scepticks, That go about with their Protrepticks:

Thence

Every

Every where they all things watch,
Aim at every thing, but nothing catch.
The brave young Habbist scorns and slies
The Inns of Court, and Universities,
He vilifies the Man in Black,
Makes the poor Curate drunk with Sack.
There's neither good nor bad Fortune nor Fate,
All is the Policy of State.

It is the Humor of the Times,
To be frighted at Bugbear Crimes.
By his Principles he is bidden,
Not to be Priest or Lawyer-ridden:
But we can catch the idle Fop,
And whip him like a Town-Top;
And if he have a costly Crop,
Give the Drunken Bustoon a Sop.
Dance him but a pleasant Jig,
A Treat, a Banquet, and a Fig.

CANTO IX.

Bear up for Bantam, Port Tailor,
Is there any knowledge in a Sailor?
Main-fail, Top-fail, Sprit-fail, Mizn,
Thou Rogue, I once redeem of thee out of Prifon.
We need none of your Tackles,
For we trudge o're the World in Shackles,
Observe it, we have kept our station
In all parts, fince the Creation.

And back agen for Steeple-Grantam; Thence

Thence to the famous Strasburgh Towr,
There's a rare Clock, then keep your Hour;
And, as fure as a Club,
Drink at Heydelburgh's great Tub.
Haste away, get you to the Spaw
To be Parboil'd, for ye are Raw.

Take a Dram first, your hearts to chear, Of Brandy, Muni, or Spruce-Beer. Shoot the Gulf of Magellan, Or Gibraltar, thence to Tapobran; Post away with Neck in Rope, To the Cape of good Hope:
Madagascar is hard by, At St. Helens you may lye; Thence to Potosi and Chios, Panama, and Nombre de Dios.

Fetch a compass to the Shaw,
To Norway, and Ward-Hun:
Back to Molacca, Ormu, Isle of Pines,
To Japan and the Philippines.
By virtue of a Cup of Stingo,
Fly to St. Jago, and St. Domingo.
Mexico and Malabar,
All the Land under the South Star.

Cut the Line in all his Topicks, Tack about to all the Tropicks. Salute the Twelve Signs, though ye melt, That hang upon the Zodiack Beli.

To Nile and Ganges fend away, At Tanais, Volga, make no ftay;

Bupbrates,

Euphrates, Danow, Nieper, Rhine,
Loyr, Rhodan, Tamesis, and Tyne.
About Ship, perhaps you may meet
With the East-India, or Plate-Fleet.
In a Frolick, a Bravado,
Touch at St. Kitts, or Trinidado.
Brasil, Peru, long to see your Faces,
They are Silver and Golden Places.
Make haste, for we intend to Ease us
At Cymbric and Tauric Chersonesus,

These Spaniards, how they Firk
The poor Indians to work:
In those Gold and Silver Veins,
These poor Slaves take all the Pains.
Waters, Fires, and poys nous Damps
Destroy 'um, besides Falls and Cramps.
Mastiss fright 'um out of Town
Into Woods, and hunt 'um down.
Lend me thy Slave to day, so Spaniards borrow,
And I'le lend thee my Slave to morrow.

Alas, poor Atabalipa,
Thy Life and Kingdom was took away!
Indeed and indeed, this was a deadly lift,
Given by Pope to Charles the Fifth.
Kings lack Removes; Vassals, Slaves,
Are thrust from Prisons to their Graves:
But this poor King paid for his Ransom,
I must needs say, It was not Handsom;
His Prison honestly with Gold he fill'd,
And after that was basely kill'd.

But I knew, when I was a Maid, A greater, better King betray'd. A Conquer'd King, in vile Difguife,
To his false Scotish Subjects flyes;
And they, for a golden Inspection,
Sell him to an Independent Section:
They send him to a Gaol Protection,
Then to a Deaths Scaffold's Erection;
A Presbyterian Projection,
And a damn'd National Insection!
I'le warrant 'um for this the worse,
To lie under an Everlasting Curse.

Are ye squat, Rowze up ye Rump-seuttle Whores, Ye lazy Hags turn out a doors;
For I must lead y' another Dance,
From fair Albion into France:
From the Island of Fairies,
To Corvo's, Floro's, and Canaries.
There's good Liquor, make a stand,
You must cross to Newfound-Land.

Post from thence and cut the Line,
And away for Abyssine.

Prester-John's a Jolly King, they say,
'Twill please him to see you dance the Hay.

Speed, get you up by Noon,
To the Mountains of the Moon.
Find out the hoary Head of Nile,
To Meroes Lake 'tis but a Mile,
Look out sharp, Bitches seek out,
I'm certain 'tis thereabout.

You're now in Africa, ye Whores, Dance a Jig among the Moors: See what Monsters you can find Above what you are, in your kind.

Over to Italy, make a stop, And call at Æina, Vulcan's Shop. Ask what new's there, drink ye, smoak ye, All the Vapors of Hell choak ye,

Then stay ye till I come,
I'le meet you at Naples and Rome.
Upon Egypt ope your Lids,
Skip up and down the Pyramids.
Observe exactly your Commands,
And get ye to the Lybian-Sands.
Call in at Morocco and Fez,
There you may stay and take your Ease.

Hide, you'l be took upon Suspition,
At the Spanish Inquisition.
For pity take some pains
To save the Pygmies from the Cranes.
If ye will deserve the Gatter,
(I had almost said, the Halter,
For my Speech began to falter;)
Desend the Chinese from the Tartar.
Once more secure 'um all
By making up the Hole i'th' Wall.

Go guard the Europe Caravans,
'Gainst the Wild Arabians;
'Johnaelites and Sarazens,
Lurking about in Thievish Densi,
Myrmidons, Scythian and Tartar,
As true as ever wore a Garter.

What are the Tritons, but Sea-Swobbers, A Company of Pirates and Robbers?

What

What are Fawns, Satyrs, and Nymphs, But a kind of ugly Imps? Dryades and Hamadryades, The Watry Spawn of Pleiades.

Try what ye can do, upon all occasions, To save Hungary from Invasions. Lituania, Poland, Mosco, Send'um Franciscus de Sucrà Bosco. Russia's troubled with the Bears, Set'um together by the Ears. Let Lapland Witches scratch and bite, Gothland will rejoyce at the sight.

What think ye of Amsteledami,
Leyden or Roterodami;
Franiker, Gouda, Utrecht, Dort,
Where the Synod was alla mort?
They lie near Hell, you must needs know it,
You have Business there, and you must show it.
Stay, and be drunk 'mong' um a while,
Help a lame Dog o're the Stile.

Morway, Denmark, Swedeland are Cold, There's no good Wine, I am told; But there's good Company, 'tis faid, And many of them of your Trade.

Germany's a large Track, and France, Keep'um still at Variance.

Maintain the ancient Enmity
'Twixt Capet's, and the Austrian Family.

When the Spaniand begins to Swagger, Send him a Rapiento his Dagger.

When

When there shall be no Antipathy
'Tween these Nations, let'um agree:
And as for the Italian Mode,
Both hate it, more than they do a Toad.
The Scots are False, the Well love Leeks,
Of all give me the Merry Greeks.

The French too much courts and cringes,
The Portugal's off o'th' Hinges.
The brave English Nation,
If they be wife, will keep their Station,
Visit'um all, never fear,
You'l Welcom there and every where.
There's all forts to please your Palats,
Truly, we don't live all on Sallads,

Call in at Madrid, grave and wife,
Extol Toledo to the Skies:
Salamanca for Degrees,
Conimbricenses for Learned Fees.
Malaga for Sack and Raysons,
In Spain there is no Treasons:
Poor and Proud, if you will,
But Seigniors and Dons still.

Religioso's and Profano's,
Generoso's d' Altos Montanos.
Tell'um of a Moorish Blood,
'Tis a Tale of Robbin-Hood.
But so it was hundreds of years,
Try'um all by their Peers.
(Swans and Peacocks from fair Eggs
Are fair Birds, but have all Black Legs.)
But they are Wise, and you are Able
To advise a Spanish Table.

Your Buliness is, to try Conclusions, And put the World into Confusions. At last, when this Raceis run, Home agea, Home agen, Market's done.

CANTO X.

For flame Ladies give not over,
You are come but to Half-way-Tree.
For flame Ladies give not over,
Ye are got yet but Half-Seas-over.
Go awake the Seven-Sleepers,
Who all this while have been their Keepers.
Search for the Ten Tribes that were left,
Find out what Seas they croft:
And to make the flory True,
Look out for Joseph, the Wandring Jew.

Tell us from whence, and by what Way
The Tartars got into America.
Who built the Pyramids so high,
In the Egyptian Land, and why?
At Memphis Altar, what Record's best,
Where the Phanix made her Nest:
How she with Spice her Self did burn,
And when the Young one made Return,

Find out the Northern Passage, and then tell From thence, which is the way to Hell:
And if you can, Come about,
And teach us the way to get out.
Behind what Mountains is there Room,
To dance in fair Elysum:
What Judges are there; and is it true,
That they give every one his Due?

Ægyptians.

As fecret as the Head of Nilus.

There in Ovens were Harent and made the land which a The Noble Chickens of our Art and hard which when they were fledg'd, from thence they flew, Became Eagles and Vulturs too.

But if you fearch for private News,

'Tis lock't up in Archive's Mews.

All Conjurers by Hell's Bleffon.

To be close, have learnt their Lesson.

Bébnhos Julgas Duege.

Orpheus taught it to secure us.

Odi profanum Vulgus & Arceo,

Donec Secreta mea Farcie.

That is, Be close, as Horace says,

Tell no Tales in open Plays.

Petronius the Profe-Poet,
Arbiter like, will not have the world know it.
Priapus Chappel must foul Scenes hide,
Like the chast Chamber of a Bride,
And is not this a Magick Pride,
T'have Principles of Art deny'd?
Thus they erect Schemes and calculate
Nativities, by an unknown Fate.

So they come off by Right or Wrongs.
In a Multitude or Throng;
When several Aspects should bring
Several Falls or Rises, a Monstrous Thing.
In the Field, or in a Ship,
The Sword, the Waves make such a Trip;
At once shall give one single Fall,
To young and old, to great and small.

Was the Face of Howen the farme and wolf At all their Birthe? Yet are to blame.

Rome, as certain Story conflets,
Produc'd of men the greatest Monsters:
Heliogabalus littered there; sogood,
Nero kneaded of Blood and Mud.
Gemellus boldly entertains
Consul and Tribune with Shee-naked-Swains.
Clodius for Joy may ring the Bells,
When Break-fasted with dislov'd Pearls.
He deserv'd to be Accort;
Was glad to sup with a Brown Crust.

To tread the Sacred Floor, Pempey was bold,
But Crasses stole the Temples Gold;
And accordingly they thriv'd,
Neither of them was long liv'd.
Any Man shall earth a Quail,
That can lay Salt upon her Tail;
But how shall a Man a Knave catch,
Except he sets a Knave to watch?

Why Æsculapise the Son
Had a Beard, and his Father none.
Why Apollo was always young,
Mercury had a Lying Tongne.
Why at the Suns Bird, the Cock's Crowing,
The Lion flies, and falls a roaving:
Why Venus rune a whoring.

Why chast Diana seem'd so glad
To kiss Endymion, that pretty Lad.
'He that lov'd June was proud,
And for that made to embrace a Cloud.

How Venus was conceived of Froth, loosed and the Weptune and Thesis tell mothe Troth:
To get Children so you would be loth;
For my part I suspect you beth and distinct as a second management of the bank of the second of the se

Where stood that unlucky Tower.

To Danaes Lap how fell that Shower?

Who on a Lady can have Pow'r,

That vows Chastity every hour?

If she keep it, she deserves a Dowers

If not, it was not in her Power.

The Wanton Powers lay a Golden Train,

To put Virgins out of their Pain.

How Animals spring from Insects or Eggs
Elephants sleep standing on Legs.

Cartez Wise threw Herbs, in the Ballad,
Which fell into a well-ordered Sallad.

At Horses Picture a Pencil was thrown,
Which exactly depicted his Foam.

Sylvans, Fawns, Satyrs, Pans,
Are they the Brood of Baasts, or Man's?

Hercules Club and Lions Skin,
Castor's Cap, Bacchus's Ivy Javelin:
Mercury's Wand, Wings and Cloak;
Apollo's Crown, Bow and Arrows of Oak.
As true as ever struck stroak,
Either to cure or kill good Folk.
Mars's Gorget, Helmet, Shield and Sward,
Jove kept all in awe at a Beck or a Word.

Whether Delta were Ægypts Bounds, What Yard measur'd the over-flown Grounds?

tadWor that made to embrace Clend.

What were Telesmata, Teraphins and Talismans?
Tell me, if all their Geese were Swans.
Who were Arefigeron, Averruncani,
If Typhons were Giants or Nani;
If they were Sacred or Prophani?
Whether the steem of Burnt Flesh and Blood
Were the Cacadamon's Food?

If you can tell us the fad Stories

Of the Limbo Purgatories.

If an Usurers Soul pass
Into a Camel or and is;
A Glutton into a Hog,
A Flatterer into a Dog;
A Bussion into an Ape,
Or a fair Monky shape.

What ugly Souls make their Inroads
Into Vipers, Frogsor Toads.

Quere, Who Foxes do posses,
They must be Hypocrites, I guess.

Whether there be a Propagation Of Souls, or a Transmigration. We would gladly be Resolv'd, Whether a Resurrection Hold. I would fain know, if you cantell, What Matches are made in Hell: Whether the Powers Below, The Passages Above do know? How th'Insernal Spirits at our Call, Do come and go for good and all.

Where dwelt the Amazons, which is the Way To Atlas or Utopia.

How shall we sail without Demur,
From the Athentick to Mar del Zur?
Who was the first Bragadocean,
That durst venture upon the Ocean?
Who crost the Alpes hist, upon what Cliff Stands the Pike of Tenariff?

Atna and Vesuvius Flame,
In Iseland a Hill does the same.
What is the Matter that disgorges
From these vast Insernal Forges?
Do they make Thunderbolts these,
To ramble all about the Air?
Have a care, Stones and Ashes slie,
'Tis hazard whether live or die.

Young Pliny curiously provok't
To find the Cause, was simply Choakt;
For Grief and Folly, Anger, Pride,
Not finding Causes for the Tide,
The Stagyrite sell down and dy'd,
So was an old Learn'd Fool try'd.
Tell us, what are the Hedges
'Twixt Prerogatives and Priviledges?

Let's know where was Plate's Cave,
That bred many a Simple Slave?
Tell us where are those Rich Grotto's
Of Golden Sepulchres, and what Motto's?
All which the Indians keep stifling,
From Spaniard's Sacrilegious Rifling.
Tell us what Bard, or Brazen Head,
Directed them to rob the Dead.

Tell us of the World i'th' Moon,
And the way thither, and how soon?
What huge Swans that use Crast,
Passengers on their Backs to wast?
What became of the Heathen gods,
That set the Inseriour World at odds?
What silenc'd Delphos Oracles so wise,
Of Dodona's Grove tell us more Lies?

Shew us old Parnassus Mountain,
With the Heliconian Fountain?
Where is the Philosophers Stone,
And the rare Panpharmacon?
To get these in Possession,
Twould make one bite his Fingers to the Bone.
Where lie the Winds, and in what Holes,
What Lands or Seas under the Poles?
Th'Inchanted Island, and the Strand
That leads us to the Fairy Land?

The everlasting Springs, that feed
The Ocean, where Sea Monsters breed?
Tell us plainly, if you can,
Where tumbles the Leviathan?
Where wallow those mighty Whales,
Spowting and turning up their Tails?
The true Scarlet Fishes Blood,
The Cuchanell Fly so good,
All Rarities that can be found.
Above, or under Ground.

Tell us the Milky Way, and where Are the dark Hollows of the North Sphere? Teach us where the Comets breed, And where the masty Etephants seed?

Where

Where Unicorns or Mermaids dwell? Shew us the Confines of Hell.
Whither do all the Ghosts come,
The Way to Styx or Elysium?

Tell us what's the Green Turk's Diet? When the Presbyterins will be Quiet? Teach us what will content a Quaker, Or a Rump-Adjutator.
Tell us what will please the People, Or who will build Paul' Steeple? What are a Leveller's Caresses, To what will Seekers make Addresses. What will the Family of Love delight, Whither will a Ranter take his slight? Where may Debtors play least in Sight?

What's the Muggletonian Exercise; Where's the Adamites Paradise?
Tell me what's Law or Reason,
What's Prerogative or Treason?
Tell me which was Pope Jone?
And where', the Infallible Throne?
Who shall the Universal Monarch be?
When the Fanaticks will Agree?

Tell us the Contented State,
And what the World thinks of Fate?
Tell us what Kings can give Content?
To a Fanatick Parliament.
Tell us how many Generations
Do thrive by Impropriations?
I long to know, when, and to what hands
Shall be reflored Abby Lands?

Tell me, if Tithes or Glebe Grounds
Were given to spend on Hawks or Hounds?

I wonder how the Atlantick Ocean Runs into the Straits, with rapid Motion. In that Ditch, I do admire, The vast Waters swell no higher. Where are those deep Floods spent, For 'tis apparent there's no vent?

I would fain know whose curious Ears, Hear the Musick of the Sphears; Who sings to them in persect Rhime, And teaches them to keep Time. Tell us whence those Waters come, That fill the Mare Caspium?

How does the Mandrake change his station, Shrieking in such a doleful sashion? Tell me what poysnous Vapour slies From the salse Crocadiles Eyes? Dissembling Tears he sheds, and why A Brute should make signs of a Lie? The Syren and Hiena Sprites, What are they, but Hypocrites?

Tell us when Birds, Beasts, and Trees spoke, And where grew the Holy Oak?
Tell us where, and of what fashion
Is the old Oak of Reformation?
What the wise Druids did know
Of Virtue, in the Missle-Toe?
What slying of Birds signifies,
If Owls and Ravens have fatal Cries?

N

What say you to the Howling Dogs, Or the Croaking of Toads and Frogs? You may as well say, Grunting of Hogs, And if it were for Mirth and Jiggs, 'Tis a Rare sign, the Squeeking of Pigs.

Tell us if Beasts Entrals panting,
Bodes Ill-luck, when heart is wanting?
Where lies the Prophetick Omen,
Which Augurs judge by the Abdomen?
Why Carkasses buried in the Sand,
Never corrupt in Mummy Land.
Whole Caravans Stuff, Flesh and Bone
Of Man and Beast, turn'd into Stone.
How Mountains of Sands remove;
How Enamarado's dye for Love?

The Bees are painful harmless Things, Obedient to Government of Kings. The Ant's a Labourer and grows Rich, The Idle Grashopper dies in a Ditch. What makes the Saltness of the Sea, Or the stinging of a Flea? What's the Cause of Springs and Tides, And who it is the Devil Rides?

A Soland Goofe, that drops
Into Ponds from Trees Tops.
How a Fly mutes black and white,
How the Spirits play Least in fight.
Whom Cain married, 'twas odd,
A Woman in the Land of Nod.
We could never yet hear.
Who the Pra-Adamites were,

Tell us whether our true Breed, Was of Cham's, or Gain's Seed?

The Case is not yet found,
How Rivers run under-ground;
How they their Colour and Course take,
Unmingled with the Standing Lake.
'Tis a Mystery in Nature,
Giants and Dwarfs of different stature.
Where wander Swallows in cold Season,
How a Coy-Duck should learn Treason;

The Magpy chats, the Croffing Hare Puts Fools into a Bodily fear. The Candle dwindles, and burns Blew, The Spekled Serpent changes Hue: The Eagles Feathers oft renew; Few of these things are true.

Ladies, I would be a little Curious,
If you would not be too furious;
To know what Atoms meet together,
And fasten against Wind and Weather.
How they jumble into shapes,
Like so many bunches of Grapes;
And how they separate and shatter
Into, or out of this or that form or matter.

There is a Black Rock in a Hole,
They say, Direct under the North-Pole,
Thither every Needle quivers,
Which guide Ships in Seas or Rivers,

There's a Point of Honesty, I don't know where, Towards which all ought to steer.

N₂

They

They're gone before it or behind it, No body knows where to find it: Like the Philosophers Stone, they say, Fled no body knows which way. Be sure 'twill ne're come nigh our door. For Poets and Witches must be Poor.

There is a beggarly Brungeon
Call'd Truth, hes naked in a Dungeon:
I don't see any Body minds her.
And therefore no Body finds her.
Leave her, leave her in her Cell,
Without her all will do well.
She's cross, has an alluring Spell;
She'l say All's salse, when we say All's well.
She'l spoil all where e're she comes,
Stisse her in her dark Rooms.

To my unlucky Apprehension,
What should mean a Comprehension?
Whether or no it be a Sin,
To take, at last, us Witches in?
And if so, I'le undertake
What strange work we should make.
What unheard of Jealousies and Fears,
To set Fanaticks together by the Ears.

The occult Causes in the Deep,
Lie all together sound asleep.
Jog 'um not, for sear ye wake 'um,
And the Philosophers should take 'um:
We're as well, and best without 'um,
It is your work therefore to flout 'um.
Let Falshood every thing Reverse;
Let Lies rule the Universe.

Truth's lost, what are you the Wiser?
Invented Shadows do disguise her.
Go to the Universities and Schools,
Tell 'um they're a Company of Fools:
And when they shall Resolve these Riddles,
I'le send them all forts of Fools and Fiddles,
Clerks and Lawyers shall bestiend 'um,
With Writs and Melius Inquirendum.
They'l dress up Lies in Prinkum prankum,
And th' Worlds Fools and Knaves shall thank'um,

CANTO XL.

Tell me you that hate us, lear us,
Dare not fee us, nor come near us?
What think ye of those dainty Dames,
That patch and paint, to kindle Flames?
By open Harlotry t'entice ye,
Clap ye, Pox ye, and Spice ye.
Play at Questions and Commands,
Cheat you of your Wits and Lands.

These are brave Ladies, sly in Coaches, Sedans, Chariots, and Caroches. By these we'l see a Scarlet Lord, To cast you at the Judgment Boord. From all your Honour and Estate, Poor Rogue, you must not dare to prate; Not a word, though y'have cause to Hate'um, 'Twill be Scandalum Magnatum.

You are crusht, you are gone, Forc't to be filent, and undone. Of all Remedies you are to feek, Losers must not have leave to speak. You may beg, steel, hang or damn; But you must not complain a Dram, Who cares whether you swim or sink? 'Tis all one, to be sweet or stink.

These are brave Fellows, Reverend Sires, Lords, Baronets, Knights or Squires; Don't Priests use to kindle Fires? If there be any Sect or Faction, I'le warrant they're ne're out of Action. You may damn us all for Witches, And hang us up like Dogs in Ditches; But do your worst, we'l were the Britches.

A False Bond, or a forged Deed, Shall make whole Families Bleed: Wise and Children to want Bread, Good men, they won't knock'um o'th' Head; Only a little turn'um out of their Places, And then load'um with Disgraces: Leave'um to pine away, curse and roar, And never care to see'um more.

A Trick there is, without a Hole in't,
Their wit and malice to Cajole it.
Get a Noble friend in a good Hour,
Match into a Family of Power.
Your Enemies shall finklike Moles,
Like Rats run into Augur Holes.
Now they'l cringe and fawn, O Base,
Kick'um off, Spit'um in the Face.
Though they be damn'd ore and ore,
They'l never dare to hurt you more.

We are worse than Come out; ugly Jades,
That do but truck under such Blades.
They slide away with a good Name,
But we undergo all the Blame.
They slaunt it and make high Brags,
But we beg about in Rags.
Then choose you, at the Long Run,
By us or them to be undone.

Tis in vain to make Complaints, For they appear all like Saints. We are the ugly Hell-hound Slaves; But they are the gentile Knaves. We shew down right what we be, In words and actions, as you see: But they hide all with a Veil, Carry a deadly Sting in Tail.

They tear y' in pieces with their Clutches.
They come off clearly by Yea and Nay,
And couzen you at Broad noon Day.
They profess your dearest Friends,
And sooth you up for basest Ends.
If there be an honest Man in Town,
Starve him, plague him, crush him down.
If he offer to tell Tales,
Banish him into Wales.
If nothing from Truth reclaim him,
The Sea or the Gallows must tame him.

These hug and help one another,
And dare not each their Faults discover.
We don't dissemble, but hurr out right;
But they kill you in close Fight.
Watch you, and play Least in fight.

They'l

They'lundermine their Fathers, Mothers, Wives, Children and Brothers.
They fmother all; but we afford You fair Play, above Board.

We commit no open Rapes,
These play their Passes and Escapes.
What hurt we do you may know;
But they'l steal you a dead Blow.
In your Bosom they shall lye,
Embrace you, and make you Dye.
They Insinuate and Creep,
Fast and loose, while you're a sleep.
I understand their several twinings,
I find their secret underminings.
Their joynt Compliances and Combinations,
To ruine honest Generations.

What we are, we make a show,
They're a kind of Witches you shan't know.
We are quickly spyed and catcht;
But they are closely hid and hatcht.
We'l harm you, but it shall be by fair Play;
But they'l destroy you, and sneak away.
They shall pity you, and Whine,
But you shan't know where to Dine.

We openly hang out the Brooms,
So you may find us in our Rooms.
We are the Bravest Rogues o'th' Two,
Because we tell you all we do.
But they're Forsworn, and deny'dit,'
And did all they could to hide it.
You're welcom to them, as welcom can make ye;
But when you're gone, A Pox take ye;

Piegue

The Witches:

Plague confound you; what made you here, To eat up all our good Cheer, And drink up all our Wine and March-Beer?

If you'l play the Knaves by Infection,
They'l take you into their Protection:
And you shall be their Drudges for a Crust,
Keep Life and Soul together, do your worst,
And be beholden to'um for their Trust:
But that for them, you must be Starvers,
You shall not be your own Carvers.
You may have their slighter Vogues,
But you must be always Poor Rogues.

They that ruine you are Bravo's,
You are but the Rascalado's.
You must cry them up for brave Fellows,
Help'um the while to blow the Bellows.
Except by drudgery you up-stitch-'um,
And starve your selves to enrich 'um.
Unless you serve their turns, they'l bang ye;
Keep their Secrets, or else they'l hang ye.

Y'have brought your selves t'a fair Condition, For counting Witchcrast Superstition.
Is't not better to be a Rogue downright, Than to play Rogue least in sight?
A Vizard Villain, a Fawning Dog,
A Skipping Toad, a Creeping Frog.
A Roaring Bear, a Ravening Kite,
Better than the Thing call'd Hypocrite.
Thus little Bugs are taken sair,
While the great Vermin Break the Snare.

O

You

003

You see how 'tis, there's strange Reports, For there are Witches of all Sorts.
Not a Word for your life,
No difference 'tween Man and Wise.
Don't bark or bite, ye Rascal Curs,
B'as mute as your Masters, make no Stirs.
Be whist, though ye be going to Hell;
If ye be ask'd, say, All is well.

You fee Bribes coming, you must Wink, Cry Sweet, when you smell a Stink. Brave Jewels, Gold and Silver Plate; Not for your Master, but his Mate. The Lady is presented, she must please, Coaches and Horses for her Ease. She is very quick-sighted, With Venice-Glasses much delighted: Persian Carpets are the Truest, Antwerp Tapestry, the Newest.

The Italians paint the fairest Faces,
The Flanders Nuns make the best Laces,
Barbary Horses run best Races.
My Lady hath a dainty Tooth,
Kid and Venison forsooth:
In truth she loves the choicest Fishes,
To be serv'd up in China Dishes.
Be sure you do not starve your Cause,
And then, never sear the Laws.
Jewels and Plate, rich Ermin and Bever,
For Lord and Lady, come off Clever.

Be filent of all this, or you shall be hurl'd Presently into another World.

They'l

They'l post you farthest from the Light;
Dead tell no Tales, Dead never Bite.
Swear and Lye lustily, and lick our Trenchers;
Not a word, though your Lords be Wenchers.
We Lacquies hand Whores up Stairs
In Sedans, 'bout their Lords Affairs.
A Shilling drops into our hands.
We must keep our Masters Commands.

Our Betters must be first serv'd, then by a Trick A Salt-Bitch may give us a Lick.

We have our poor Whores, for poor Offenders, For Bread and Cheese, and Ale-Spenders.

These are good enough for Sinners,
That don't know where to get their Dinners.
They that have but a slender Stock,
Must be content with a Bit and a Knock.

We can tell what's what,
A Slave lacks a bit for his Cat.
Like to like will always follow,
Hungry Dogs have a good fwallow.
Like Master, like Man,
Help, that help can.
Caw me and I'le Caw thee, takes with all,
Dissembling is 'mongst great and small.

The great Trees are all Just,
And the mean Shrubs are always worst.
They are the honestest Men,
That can Swear to and agen.
These are the true Cunning men,
Which good Witches or Wizards ken:
But we are worse than come out,
Ever torn and kickt about.

Great Rogues rife higher, Hell be thanked, Slaves in the World must be tost in a Blanket. We must labour and fare hard, Witches are always poor, amard. The Rich have stoln away our Trade; We are mar'd, but they are made: And which is the worst that can come upon us, Th'have stole away all our Credit from us.

Of them there's no Suspition;
They're Good, but we are the Superstition.
We are Molls-tell-troths, they are Smugglers,
We are Plain-dealing, they are Jugglers.
We do all the wrong we can,
And ne're pretend to Honest man.
We are what we proses;
But such as they are nothing less.

We don't go behind the Vail,
They labour backwards, Tooth and Nail:
And downwards too, like Moles and Bats;
And upwards too, like Mice and Rats.
In Gaols and Dungeons we crawl,
They feast in Parlour and Hall.
We are the Wolves, they are the Foxes;
We work in fight, they're shut up in Boxes.

Witches hurt you, and ye Whore'um;
They plague you most, and you most Adore'um,
'Tis pity but you should be Curst,
That hate the bad, and love the worst.
If you will be bewitcht, you must;
And if you will, you shall be Curst:
If you will be Fool'd and Knav'd,
Ye shall be abused, and bestav'd.

Hang

Hang ye must, be sure,
That do most mischief, sair and pure.
You're the crossest Fools that e're were maken;
Of all, you are the most mistaken.
This is the greatest mischief sure,
To come without Call into their Lure.
Spaniel-Witchcrast sawn, when basted,
Be hang'd at last, when all is wasted.

This is just Cuckolds Fare,
Be abus d, and take no Care.
A Fool in Grain, that courts Despair,
And makes his chiefest Foe his Heir.
He that cringes most, and keeps closest to you;
Hug him most, that would most undo you.

He that most would eat you up,
Cherish him most o're Can and Cup.
He that most intends to Bane ye,
Let him Cudgel ye and Cane ye,
Nay, if he would seek to hang ye,
Feast him most, and let him bang ye:
Smooth him softly on the Cheek;
Then kis his Breech, and say, 'tis Sweet.

This is the right Condition,
Of them that are of the Worlds disposition.
Knaves then have the bravest Times,
To be made most of, for the greatest Crimes,
It seems this is the way to Wive,
It seems this is the way to Thrive.
We could ne're find out this Conjecture;
We ne're had the wit to read this Lecture.
We ne're practic'd this rare Function,
Ne're sound Stars in so happy Conjunction.

I think 'twas rarely seen before,
To Rant it first, and cry first Whore:
Be most rich, and cry most poor,
Act most, and go most behind the Door.
Surely there's no Witchcrast then
Like this, to play Knaves, and shew honest Men:
And to make Fools believe,
They're most our Friends, that most us grieve.

Then if the World will be cheated,
Of their Wits let'um be defeated.
We don't openly Pray and Preach,
And privately over-reach.
But we directly Plague and Curfe,
And we are plagu'd for better for worfe.
So you know what we are, and what to call us,
And if e're took, what will befall us?

The Law telleth us our Fate;
We tell you when we love or hate.'
They dress up Lyes with Trick me dainty,
And the World's Fools with Love and Thank ye.
The most Hypocrites, says Martin,
And tho most Knaves, the better Fortune.

Of them that are of the Worlds disposition.

Lower then have the bravest Timer,

Lower this settle way to Wive,

it seems this is the way to Wive,

tt seems this is the way to Thrive.

Vene're prestie'd chirrare Function. Ne're found Stars to lo bap as Coslunction.

or WAD ne te find out this Conjecture;

This is the right Condition,

and be Experience were

And white the Truth of the color of the colo

'Tis commonly objected, we are Old.
And Doting; but most Bold.
An Old Body is not so Clever;
But an Old Soul's brisker than ever.
Wiser and more Gallant Notions;
Nobler, and more Stately Motions.
A Young Conscience will stare,
When she is bid to Curse and Swear.

A puling Novice whivels and pines;
To take extraordinary Fines;
But an old Confeience is Tough,
And never thinks the wrongs enough.
So I be rich, I care no more,
Though Ten thousand be poor.
Call me wicked Rogue and Knave,
So I get the Mony and go brave.

Let me purchase stately Mansions;
And in them I dance my Stancheons.
The Honest man skips at a Crust,
And is glad to go a Trust.
I never so much as think.
Of them, that want Meat and Drink.
Let all perish by Destiny,
As long as the World goes well with me.

But they methinks are very bold,
That fay, Hang Witches cause they're old.
Of this I make a stout Denial,
And put my self upon my Trial.

We know by Experience what's best, And what's the Truth of all the rest. Of all Knaves, give me the Old Tost, She's fittest to rule the Rost.

An old Beldam, for footh,
Without a Nose, without a Tooth.
As for her ungodly Tongue,
We know 'tis evermore well hung.
As for her Brain, she shall contrive
All the Mischief alive.
A young Knave's but a Fool at best,
An old Knave's wifer than the rest:
And therefore we for our Ages,
Are most justly styled Sages.

We know all the Tricks, and where to find 'um,
And every way to turn and wind 'um.
A young Rogue will Whine and Think;
But an old Rogue feores to fhrink.
A Novice will make Rogues Faces;
But an old Boy fears no Difgraces.
Experience of Actions,
Fits for all kinds of Factions.

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A young Rogue acts, and his Hand shakes;
But an old Villains Heart ne're quakes.
A young Rogue acts and Trembles;
But an old Rogue boldly Dissembles, and the letter of the be but Rich and Great, blood of the guelant You shall never make him Sweat.
Hang those tender Concience Slaves,
Give us the Virtuose Knaves.

Give me the Conscience that can stretch, At command, Carry and Fetch:
This sutes most near and fine,
In an Old Lawyer, or Divine.
A Courtier is a pretty Thing,
And most proper to cheat a King.
As for Masons, Silk-men, Taylors,
Send'um packing to the Goalors.

Merchants, Tradesmen are whist,
But as true Cheats as ever Pist.
A Souldier is a mad Shaver,
Scorns to be tied to his good Behaviour;
As for every petty Shirk,
Let Pick-pockets set 'um a work,
And the Constable give them the Jirk,
And the Hangman give 'um a Firk.

We can dance Moll Dixons Round,
We can play Doll Commons Ground.
Come along, Women and Men,
Here's dainty Content, and your Mony agen.
'Tis a merry World, where we be,
At the Islands of Charybbe,
St. Christophers, Barbados,
Rio de Gamba, and de la Platas.

We tune our Viols, Lyra and all Fancy-way, Fit for every sport and play.
We joyn in Consort with the Spheres, Make 'um Sing, or Soll'um by the Ears.
Charm Moon and Stars out of their Forms, To drop down in Gelly Gums; Scatter 'um about like Plums.

That Gover Mares after Conception. Menstrua's, no Bar your Lust confines. For invading prohibited Degrees: aloi V mo enut aW No Sex or Age flops your filthy Lees, Ye deferve to be flung to death by Been

What was Merlin the Welfh Bard? No Devils can your Luft retard an ninwoh gorb o'l Menkies, Baboons, and Apes of shid suoda mu assess Too foully feel your Monstrous Rapes.

Ladies

Ladies of Pleasure, too oft let me tell you,
You meet with a Satyr, or a Robbin-good-Fellow,
And you Rogues, are you not assam'd
For Mixtures, not to be nam'd?

But as for our Carnal Coitions,
We admit of no Conditions.
All Sexes, Degrees and Kinds,
Cannot limit our luftful Minds.
Befide, the Rareness of our Merits
Advanceth us to mix with Spirits.
So we become a special Brood,
Distinct from the rest of Womanhood.

Which makes our Actions to Savour,
Of a far different Behavour.
Partly Mortals, partly Devils,
Our Nature fits us for higher Evils.
So we are us'd for all Intents
Of Mischiess, the best Instruments.
A mixt Blood runs in our Veins.
Mongrels appear in different Strains.
A fort of mad confounded Witchery.
Compounded of Haggery, Doggery and Bitchery.

Still we deferve the greatest Fames,
Under Priests, Magi, and Augurs Names.
They had the Honours and Degrees;
We did the work, they take the Fees.
This Nature and this Art I have imbibed,
And have accordingly described.
Teach one, you that know more
Than I do, of Witch and Whore.
The Rarest Mystery I here Exhibit;
For which I may deserve the Gibbet.

Now for us, Make room, make room,
Open every stinking Tomb:
These are our Chambers of Delights,
Where we revel and roar whole Nights,
Give us a Crony and a Tony,
A Parson, and an old Vulpone.
Honest Trouts will ne're forsake us,
We'l be as merry as Cup or Kan can make us.

The Shepherd-Swain quotes Erra Pater,
An old Monthly Prognofiscator:
Tycho Brache, a great Undertaker,
Little more than an Almanack-Maker.
Sout blayers and Aftrologers of the East,
Pitiful Conjurers at best.
A certain fort of Snipper-Inappers,
Hight Spirits or Kidnappers.

Apollo with his Drinks and Playsters,
Us'd to cure Country Disasters:
With golden Pills, Syrups, and Clysters,
He practis'd on his dainty Mistres;
And when he lackt a new Wife,
Vomited the old One out of Life;
He was a Common Fidler, and the Trades
His Muses drove, was Chamber-Maids.

His Muses drove, was Chamber-Maids.
A perfect Tooth-drawer was:
And for Venus we need no Trumpet,
In Cyprus she was a Common Strumpet.

These, and such like Remainders,
Have constantly been our Retainers;
Because we scorned to impart 1 and 1 stands and To such, the Secrets of our Art,

A kind of Slovenly Operators,
Skullion drudging Laborators.
All fuch Mongrels, we declare 'um

Pro Kanigate Scientiarum.
The same were those that Writ before 'um,
Till we were Professors of the Quorum.

'Tis we do those powerful Wonders,
By terrible Lightnings and Thunders,
Are not these Real harms,
That come to pass with Winds and Storms;
By Fire and Water, Sea and Land,
Which Evil Spirits do command?
Besides, Spells and Incantations,
Creating strange Infatuations.
By the Ear and by the Eye,
Demonstrations none can deny.

Yet these are counted Idle Stories,
Invented by deluding Tories:
But as to Legends of Lead,
Concerning Wonders by the Dead.
By Bones, and Clouts, and old Shun,
What Miracles have been done?
These must all be believed for true,
Or else ye don't give the Saints their due,

These are the Witchcrasts of Friars,
Those covetous, fanctified Lines, and the second they are such Self-denyers, and the self-denyers, and the self-denyers, and the self-denyers are admired and rewarded;
They are admired and rewarded;
But we are nothing at all regarded.
Take us by our ugly Chops, and truss us up, as fast as Hops.

But that for pleasure of Revenge, haveled to be in A And to bring about our Ends;
Who'd be a Witch? But we're delighted,
And do most harm where we are most spighted.
He that fain would be quiet, reloch are worted and Tell him, We utterly deny it, the fair would be quiet, reloch are worted and Tell him, We utterly deny it, the fair would be quiet.

We'l vex and plague him till he dye,
And haunt his Ghost to Eternity;
For all that are of our Temper, and the fair worted are as a fair with a day or worter and the fair works.

Keep off, you that hurt us and jeer us,

If ye wont love, we'l make ye fear us,

Shut up your Horses and your Kine,

Look to your Beer, Ale, Corn and Wine;

We'l make mad work, if you take not heed,

Destroy you, and all your Breed.

Our very Mice and Rats shall tear you, and it do not all our Cocks and Hens shall feare you. It do not all a feare you hall Swear they are all Sprices, and all a said and to torment you Days and Nights. To torment you Days and Nights. The feare had been said and all the Fleas that such our Blood, its study and all the Fleas that such our Blood, its study and were never counted very goodwing a nob eyeller of

Yea, our very Dogs and Cats, which we are sized if he is one covered that Hethild Bratania it is covered to the Cause of the Cats of the Cat

CANTO

CANTO XIII.

The Question is, Which is worse, A Diabolical or Human Curse?
Devils have most strength of Arm;
But Wicked men shall do most harm.
The Devils Malice never dies;
But the resisted Coward slies.
Men never cease to Hate or Spoil,
'Tis hard to give them the Foil.

Devils can hurt us without hands;
But cannot cheat us of our Lands,
Nor force us to obey their Commands.
And we do put them to many francs.
Devils can flatter, tempt and kill:
But not without, nor against our Will.
They that do with Spirits deal,
(Shadows that neither fee nor feel;)
Find they can only fright and fear;
But Flesh and Blood do's gripe and rear.

Devils have more Wit and Manners.

Than such hypocritical Trepanners.

They contrive mischief more freely,
And act their Villands more Gentilely.

Devils keep Principles, Men deny
Just and Unjust Morafity.

Great and Little are truly mated,
Good and Bad must be related.

At merry Meeting that Hill Book and the Standard Standard At merry Meeting that Sills and the man and the standard that the standard that

mon W

When was the Devil fo forlorn, To Blaspheme, or be Forsworn? The Devil holds Religion; Men deny it: He fears Justice; but They defie it.

The Savage Beafts do us little harm. The rest feed us and keep us warm. Now and then Devils may tempt us, And ugly Witches may Torment us ? Malive Pilfering Neighbours may Poll us balling at And fome angry Folk controll us; But the Deligning men anney us, Undermine us and derstoy us. Devils Incarnate Mortals fright an annui nas alive (More than pure Spirits of greater Might.

Tis the close Intriguing Party; Ravening, Proud, and never Hearty: But that for thele we might do well, For all the Devils in Hell-For all the Devils in Hell-Those are Disturbers of the Peace, None can keep their own, or live at ease. For a Witch there is a Spell. But Fieth and Blood do And Charms to conjure those in Hell: But a fair Tongue, and Sting in Tail, am avad all voll There is no Fence for a Flayl.

The Prime Devils are Chain'd ich' dark, The Petty ones run about and thatking good slived We pick them up, as idle Blades, old ! And choose them for our Camrades. These are the Pugs that haunt Rooms, And walk in Melancholy Tombs: We fend them to kill Pontry, Hoge and Pigs, ativid At merry Meetings to dance Jiggs 11 obew naM 21

To make merry, or make fad; Sometimes, if need be, to make mad.

But a vexatious, angry Wizard,
That's troubled with the grumbling o'th' Gizzard;
Deals in Tempests, Fires or Floods,
That confume mens Lives and Goods.
Counterfeit Wares, Bonds, Wills and Deeds,
Turns and winds Covenants and Creeds.
Oaths can stand him in no stead,
'Tis nothing to make poor Hearts bleed.

Rake for Estates, and tear the ground, Purchase all that can be found. Ravish Mannors, Risse Farms, Take-in Commons without Charms. Plunder Abbies, Chantries, Cells, Where Jewels, Gold, and Silver dwells. Cottages, Villages cannot escape, He makes an universal Rape.

Whole Families Cries and Tears,
Never enter into his Ears:
He is no more concern'd in Loffes,
Than the Stone-Statues upon Croffes.
How so e're you seem to grutch us,
You may be far safer in our Clutches.
And 'twas ever took for granted,
By Fools and Knaves the World is hanted:
And at all This we're never danted,
Our Spirit's large, we can't be scanted.

The Witches.

From all which Premisses, I dare conclude, The World's worser than Hell's Brood. Witches and Men out-act malign Devils. Hell and the World are constant Evils.

CANTO XIV.

If any thing hath me inspir'd,
If any thing my Muse hath sir'd,
It is those monstrous ugly Beasts,
Hypocrifies and Interests:
Both which in others I detest,
But 'mong our selves, I like them best.
These bring Friends and Foes about 'um,
We cannot do our work without 'um,

Cruelty's nothing, Lyes, beyond compare,
The best Dish in all our Bill of Fare:
But the Dissembler, is most base
Of all our cursed Hellish Race.
Fierce Revenge, of bloody Hue,
Is Devil-like, but True:
But of all Fiends, as to my mind,
The worst is, of the Fawning kind.

Hang the Hypocrite, he is most Evil,
For he would not stick to betray the Devil.
The black I'le trust; but the white Devil
Is the Contriver of all Evil.
The Hypocrites, 'tis sadly true,
Both Devils and Witches out-do.
Rogues are all for what they can get,
In heat or cold, in dry or wet;
All is Fish that comes to Net.

By fair or foul means, rap or rend,
Rake all together, nothing spend.
A Principle of Self-love and Gain,
To thrive by others Loss and Pain:
To flatter all both Poor and Rich,
And for a Penny kiss their Britch.
These to us more Skill impart,
Than thousand Masters of the Black Art.

I loath it most in wealthy Swains,
Noble and Learned stoop to Gains:
'Tis common to both Gowns;
I had almost said to Crowns.
Ambassadors of State,
Dissemble at a strange Rate;
Swear to peaceable Conditions,
Intend Warlike Expeditions.

Consuls, Senators, Tribunes fail,
Base fawning Roman wags his Tail.
For an Heroick Sir to leer,
Under his Bonnet, mow and sleer;
How ill it looks in a Peer?
How do the Common-People Jeer?
After Promises and Oaths most repeated,
You shall be sure to be most cheated.

These Rascals, for being so base, Are to our Profession a Disgrace. Sordid Lucre ne're tempted us so high, Our Vows and Covenants to deny. Methinks these Faces of Angel-Hue, When the Heart is most untrue; Look worse by far than Wolves or Dogs, More loathsom than Toads or Frogs. A base counterseit, couzning Hag
More's hist at, than Bob-tail, Tag and Rag.'
Tatter-de-Mallions we know,
And shabby, lowzy Sharks let go:
But Priests and Lords, and Lawyers wise,
For them to go in a Disguise,
It mads my Soul, and hurts my Eyes,
I would make them a Sacrifice.

I know not what can be worse in Hell, Yet, I like it abominably well. Certainly there is great Reason, To loath the Traytor, and like the Treason. Then Hypocrites, we'l use ye; But we are resolv'd to abuse ye. The World hates you, and so do we, And with both Hell does agree.

Your banging Hats and false Faces, Your killing complemental Graces: Your grave Gate, and dissembling Garb, Makes you odious to every Barb. An Indian, or Turk adores Honesty; but Treachery abhors: For 'tis to be more than a Devil, To be at once both kind and cruel.

If I have any skill in Vices,
As much or more than I have in Spices;
I would cut them out in Slices,
Or fquare them into false Dices.
Diffembling, with Gravity and Sanctity ill sutes,
Because Always it self consutes;
And much remains among the Mutes,
And they are worser than the Brutes.

It gets Wealth, where there is no need,
And seeming Love, without good speed:
For of all Sins it is most hated,
From all Company reprobated.
The veriest Rogues that find them out,
Cry soh, and kick them about.
Though they be ne're so great, yet still the Vogues
Are, Hang'um old Knaves, hang'um Old Rogues.

I'le burn all my Trinkets, and my Books,
Before I'le trust their Words or Looks.
Their smiling, whining, scowling, winking,
Uncorrespondent to their Thinking:
Besides a lownging, cringing Gate,
There is no end of all their Prate;
Out-chat the Devil, or his Mate,
And still keep a stinking State.

Never threaten, never frown,
But (like the Devil) run ye down.
Hell's fear'd, because 'tis Hell;
But her's Heaven, and yet nothing Well.
They never Travel without Hoods,
Bid you stand, and take your Goods;
Charm your Eyes, enchant your Ears,
Save ye, and bring ye into all Fears.

Witches are a Mongrel-Breed,
Betwixt Imps and Human Seed;
Like Fawns, Satyrs, Moors,
Jackanapes, and Monky Whores:
But these, What shall I call'um?
Where are they, or what will befall'um?
Above Devils I will enstall 'um,
I wish I could at last Enthral'um.

CANTO

CANTO XV.

There's a Scrivana in the Town,
No Gentleman, nor yet no Clown:
Partiperpale, up and down,
Betwixt the Cloak and the Gown.
No Lawyer, but a Law-Driver,
A vexatious Suit-Contriver.
Understands deep Points of Law,
In any Evidence to make a Flaw.
A cleanly Conveyancer of Lands,
Or Houses, into his own Hands.

Such an One has the unhappy Curfe,
To be a Master of every Mans Purse.
To know every Mans Estate,
Be it early, be it late;
Be it in, or out of Date.
For a Mortgage, or a Sale
He's ready, he will ne're turn Tail.
Have you a Golden Mine lies by you,
This is the only Man to try you.

Intrust him with your Coyn, estsoon
He'l take his Interest by the Moon.
He regards not Solar years,
No more than Orphans, or Widows Tears.
Let him alone to tare and rack
The Cloaths from the Strangers Back.
Let him alone to make his Best,
And pop you off with Bare Interest.

3

Betwixt Berwick and Dover,
For a Mortgage over and over.
Or if you think that an Abuse,
Pawn your Money, Use upon Use:
There's Principal and Procuration,
There's Bummaree and Continuation,
There's enough to undo a Nation.
Poor Spaniard with all his Plate,
Has not paid Interest for Eighty Eight.

Go to the Bankers of Lombard-street,
Try Genoa where Usurers meet:
You shall bring Grist unto the Mill,
And you shall be the poorer still.
You are empty, but they fill,
And nothing is against your Will.
There's your Hand and Seal to show it,
But what's Interest, you shall never know it.
For you, they shall take care to bestow it,
For fear you should overslow it.

All this while, Good men and True,
They give to every one his due;
They keep your Goods, and their own too.
Never question an Account,
Let 'um lie by, Bills will amount.
I say then, Look up and Trust,
For at last, be undone you must.
Take no care, borrow and spend,
Your Bags will never have an End;
Till in the Gaol at last we find ye,
In Chains, with your Hands tied behind ye,

There's

There's a prime Mortgage, there he lurches, And turns it into a Purchase. He's free to lend, and you to borrow, You shall find it to your forrow. For you shall be a Beggar to morrow. He plunges you in Suits of Laws, Tells you, Your Causes have no Flaws; 'Till you are lest alone'ith' Lurch, With never a Farthing in your Purse.

Get him a rich Heir, Fool, or Mad,
Or a poor Helples Novice Lad;
Or a young Lass, 'tis ne're the worse,
Provided she has a good Purse,
Make him an Overseer you must,
Or a sole Guardian in Trust.
Let all your Deeds be at his Commands,
You shall never get 'um out of his hands.

He'l marry him or her to a Son, Nephew, or Niece, Is not this the Golden Fleece?

Or if he, or she, have been Rangers,
And married themselves to Strangers;
Then comes Bills for House-keeping.
For washing, scowring, rubbing, sweeping.
So much for Cursing, so much for Swearing,
So much for using, so much for forbearing.

So much for England, so much for France, So much for Singing and learning to Dance. So much for practifing on the Lute, Organ, Violin, Cornet and Flute. All this, and more, who dares confute? Down with your Dust, Sir, and be mute. So much for Fines, Repairs, and Leases,
Building, mending Sluces and Breaches.
So much for Plowing and Dunging of Grounds;
So much for Hawks and Hounds.
So much for Servants, Rogues and Whores,
And in Charity, so much for Poors,
The right way to be turn'd out a Doors.
So much for Riding the Great Horse;
For the Vaulting School, draw your Purse.

So much for Plays, Masques, and Interludes;
So much for Compounding of Feuds.
So much for Journeys, to and fro;
So much for what you must not know.
So much for Seconds in a Strife;
So much for parting Man and Wise;
So much for helping to save his Life.
So much to buy him a Place;
Sir, I cannot bate you an Acc.

So much for Taylors and Merchants Bills,
For Doctors and Apothecaries Pills.
So much for Pictures, so much for Books;
So much for Cutpurses, so much for Rooks.
So much for Bear-Garden, Cock-Pit, and Races;
So much for Horses, and for Paces.
So much for Ribbons, so much for Laces;
So much for Patches, and Painted Faces.

So much for Garlands, and Gay-things;
Puppets, Babies, and Play-things.
So much for Swords and Belts, so much for Fidlers;
So much for Juglers, Gypfies and Ridlers.
So much for Claps, so much for Poxes,
For Running o'th' Reins, and hunting the Foxes.

R

So much for Bawds, Pimps, and Doxies; So much for poor Whores Chrismas-Boxes.

So much for Gaming, and so much for Betting;
So much for Hunting, and so much for Setting.
So much for Angling, and so much for Netting;
So much for Drying, and so much for Wetting.
So much for Carrying, and so much for Fetching;
So much for Shrinking, and so much for Stretching.
So much for Vouching, and so much for Wagers;
So much for Sureties, and all sorts of Engagers.

So much for Fasting, and so much for Eating; So much for Silence, and so much for Speaking. So much for Laughing, and so much for Weeping; So much for Waking, and so much for Sleeping. So much for Lying, and so much for Cheating; So much for being Basted, and so much for Beating. So much for breaking Glass-Windows and Gates; So much for broken Legs and broken Pates.

So much for Turning, and so much for Winding; So much for Losing, and so much for Finding. So much for Qudgeling, so much for Fencing; So much for Drinking, and so much for Wenching. So much for Catch-poles, Bumbaylies and Keepers; Gentlemen Wakers, and Gentlemen Sleepers. So much for Monkies, Apes and Baboons; So much for losing Silver Spoons. So much for Sweeting, so much for Stinking; So much for Ading, so much for Thinking.

anucly or Claps, to much for some sore to the Eulening of the Reins, and hunting of the Reins, and hunting use f

So much for Jewels, Pendants and Rings, Points of Venice, Necklaces and Pins: Powders, Perfumes, Essences, Roses, Elixirs, Spirits, and Quelque-Choses. So much for This, and so much for That, And so much for No body knows what. Where's your Estate now, poor Fools, Can ye work without Tools?

The Total Sum, for Meat, Drink, and Gloathing, (thing. Is so much for Everything, and so much for No-

THE

Somuch for Jewels, Pendants and Rings, Points of Venure Northeres and Rings, Founders, Perlumes, Edences, Roles, Edwirs, Spirics, and Onlands for That, Someth for That, And James of the Angles of th

The Total Sum, fer Met, to Phile, and Clear time.

Committee of the second second second second second

CANIDIA,

OR

The Witches.

A RHAPSODY.

The Third Part.

By R. D.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1683.

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CONCINE WILL

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THEESODY.

The Third Par

B.R.D.

ROUDON.

Printed in the Year, 1683.

Soubjes, Poets, Clerks, jurisconfults

CANIDIA,

What's a Wonan, or Wan Od

The Witches.

A

RHAPSODY.

Prologue

Canidia, inspir'd with Rage,
Advance my Satyr on the Stage,
In Revenge to Att my Part,
With a Bloody Hand and Heart.

Stultorum plena funt omnia,
Let me Interpres Nebulonum Somnia.

Sophies,

PROLOGUE.

Sophies, Poets, Clerks, Jurisconsults, Come before Me and pay your Mulchs. I tell Tou, I'le not spare?' a Man, Nor Devil neither, if I can. My sharp Pen dipt in Poyson'd Gall, Resolves to perstringe you, One and All. Though you may question my skill, Tou'l find I do not want a Will.

What's a Woman, or Woman kind;
Have Patience, you shall know my Mind.
O ye Learned Tribe, I love you;
But know, that I am Above you,
And when you're Knaves, I dare reprove you.
'Tu We, and those of our Professions,
That can read you better Lessons.
Give us leave to teach you and your Crew,
Better than all your Dunce-Doctors can do.

Then boast not of getting the Day,
We'l hold you Everlasting Play.
We care not for your Syllogisms,
Elenchus's, Fallacies, Paralogisms.
When you are beat by Strength of Reason,
We know, you'l paragour selves to Treason.
We charge you'd all with Hate and Strife,
Ne're ceasing till you take our Life.

For this very Reason, Ple swinge ye,
Beat down your Pride and quite unbindge ye:
Level all your Bulwarks and Forts,
Keep you from Cowardly Resorts.
Because we wont fly to your Altars,
You persecute us, swith Faggots and Halters.

PROLOGUE.

I challenge and post you Dons for Base, Thus to bring Ladies into Disgrace.

Look to your Hitts, then, Have a Care, We'l be Revenge'd'fore you're aware. They say, Threatned Folk live long, If Others ben't for them too strong. We have Black and Blew Arts, To att all sorts of Deadly Parts. I shall demonstrate all your Lies, That walk like Angels in Disguise, Three things there be which should not Jar, The Stage, the Pulpit, and the Bar.

I challes and this on the holes his.

Lock to see to 11 the them, 11 or even the control of the control

WITCHES.

CANTO J.

Ake not any great Inquiry,

Philosophi docent Nibil Scire.

To a hollow Trunk lay close your Ear,

(Chair.

There's a Chain fastned to Jove's

Soul of Universe wheels about the Primum Mobile,

The Spheres in Consort sing Nobile.

The longest Sword, the most overreaching Wit,

Get, and dispose Rights as they think sit.

Find a Staff to beat a Dog,
Get a Butcher to kill a Hog,
Jura negat sibi nata (Pompey sings,)
Nihil non arroga Armis, say Kings,
Some Negatives may have Sense,
The best Right, is the Present Tense.

Mercurius Trismegistus in his Pimander, Observe how strangely his Wits do wander; You can scarce know a Goose from a Gander: And I dare lay an even Stake,
'Tis as hard to discover a Duck from a Drake.
Give him good store of Cock-Broth and Gelly,
That reckons up Happiness by the Belly.

Facile credimus, quod volumus;
Difficile facimus, quod nolumus.
Quicquid Libet, Licet;
Quicquid in Buccam venit dicit,
Cum dira Libido moverit Inquen,
Fall to a Goose, or a Turky-Cock Pinguem.

The Poets Creed, Three hundred Joves, Gods of all forts of Hatreds and Loves. Apollo drove Admetus's Kine, The back of Europa's Bull did shine. Neptune was Laomedon's Mason; Medea slew Children of her Husband Jason. Jupiter in the Scene was a Droll, But was worshipped in the Capitol.

The Vulgar by their Gods were betray'd,
To burn Men, till a Plague was stay'd.
The Judgment of the Angurs Bench,
Was to sacrifice a Yellow-hair'd Wench.
Apollodorus offered a rich Tunick and Pall,
To Socrates while he drank up his Gall:
And to wrap him in, when dead he should fall;
But the dead Corps, was not Socrates, All.

Mens cujusque est quisque, or Every one's All, The Better Part, we the Person eall. Pluto always us'd a Hospitable Bowl, And Aristotle had a dry Soul. Is a dry Soul most Wise?

Tell me not such Rowzing Lies.

Some Souls may sink deep in a Slough,

Some brave Generals have come from the Plough.

Quis docuit Phttaco fuum Xape?
Never let an Eunuch Marry.
Poets are Men of great Parts,
The Belly is a Maiter of Arts.
Variety of Wits, Fine,
Search for in Calius Rhodigine.
Sun and Moon are Hermophradites;
Apollo Aldonaro, Lights.

Veioves, Oromazes, Prestigiators, Idols of divers Forms and Natures: For bloody Altars, Babes unborn, Are from their Mothers Bellies torn. Lust and Victims of Humane Blood, Solemn Devotions made good.

Menogenes, old Pompey's Cook, Exactly bore his Masters Look; Publicius for his Son was took: So the basest Slips, by Midwives Lies, Are Ingrasted into Noble Families. An Elephant with a huge Proboscis, Non est longum, à quo nibil demere possis.

Teliqua G Juas mergoias plena,
Is a Sorcerer's Catilina.
Fasten your Gods in Chains to the Wall,
For fear they should run away, or fall.

Bar

Bar them up with Brazen Doors,
Left they should run abroad to Whores.
I remember a Time, when the Tutelar gods
In a Counter-scuffle fell at odds.

Marcellus's Olive-yard took a flight,
And fled over the way in a dark Night:
For these and such like Fables,
Magick was Capital, by the Twelve Tables.
Hercules Labours, so famous in Rhimes,
Is the course of the Sun through the Twelve Signs,
The true Ancile, or Palladium,
Was brought by Æneas from Troy to Latium.

The Plots of Livia were Mysterious,
To poyson Augustus and set up Tiberim.
Julia his Daughter, and his Niece were both
Sordid Agrippa was turn'd out a Doors. (Whores,
Caius and Lucius their Father Try'd,
When in Twelve Months they both dy'd,
Those Men, said he, lead happy Lives,
That die without Children, or live without Wives.

Is such black Deeds you must understand, Witches evermore deal undershand.
Wind-Mill headed Egypt turn'd to all forts of Gods, Steady Rome whipt them with all forts of Rods.
The unlucky Ape got among the Pots, And overturn'd all Dodona's Lots.
Aristotle in his Works lay forgotten, Long while after he was dead and Rotten.

Saturnus expell'd by his Son a long Spatium, For fear of a Rebel lay hid in Latrum.

Nero's

Nero's Quinquennium was Colm,
It turn'd into Blood, that was formerly Balm.
Many a Lye, many a Fable,
Is engrav'd on the Souls Razed Table.
Menja Philosophica was full of good Fare;
But Cana Pontificia was the most Rare.

Judge you, a Toad or a Rat
Fly at a Man, Run away from a Cat.
The Witches were more Famous in Samaria,
Than ever in Lancafoire or Bavaria.
Should I follow Meanders of Sophisters Race,
They would lead me a Wild-Goose Chace.

CANTOIL

Autoxyous, Aborigines, a Gang
Of Terræ Filii, that from the Ground Iprang.
Since that Descending Generations
May draw Lots for true Procreations:
As Lybians did for Fathers; so others
May as well do the same for Mothers.
Filius vulgi, if you come once to Try us,
Will come all to one, with Filius Nullius.

Ab Tot you was also musical artists.

Ou yap tis more set auto artists.

The Common Mother, All can tell;

Our private Dames we know not so well.

Into Earth surely all are Resolv'd;

But after Genealogies in doubts are Involv'd.

'Tis a Wise Son that knows his Dad;

He that knows his Mum too is a pretty Lad.

T 2 Tantum

Tantum Confusio suades Malorum, When Brats can't bring their true Sires before um.

He bespatters himself, qui in Cælum spuit,
He smothers himself qui in Terram Ruit.
Turinus for selling of Smoak,
Deserv'd for his Purchase by Vapors to Choak,
Orpheus to Boys for being so kind,
Was justly murthered by Women-kind.
Olympias durst not be counted Joves Whore,
For sear Juno should pay her old Score.

Cleomenes had the Art
To fly in the Air, as swift as a Dart.
Souls sing By the Elysian Fountains,
And dance behind the Arabian Mountains.
Whist, Geese, forbear to talk;
Lambs, keep out of the Foxes Walk,
A good Man, they say, is a Common Good;
So is the Devil, in a good Mood.

When Caffor and Pollux together do shine, Fair Weather Scamen, be merry and Dine: But if single they hap to appear, They are for a Storm, though the Weather be Clear. Facile of addere Invents, A Fool is seldom Compos Mentis.

Ballance the Bottles of the Clouds, Wrap up Borea's Shrouds.

Tell me the express Critical Way,
That parts, in a Minute, the Light from the Day.
The Snow and the Hail, are envelop'd in Clouds,
The Rain is poured through Spouts.

Mazarett

Mazareth measured Time,
When old Saturn was in his Prime.
Artturus will prove the Seamans Guide,
When Pleiades all in a Cluster Hide.
When Sea-men sail against the Wind,
Be sure they leave the Devil behind.

Alexander from India wrote
To Aristotle, what he had forgot;
That in those Regions the Sun
Spake Oracles in the Indian and Greek Tongue.
But withal, the Ignorant Moon
Spake in the Indian Language alone.
Observe how Bees swarm in a Cluster,
And how Ants in a Mole-Hill Muster.

Once in an Age you may get a Prize,
A Venus, by Chance, upon Pranestine Dice.
So Virtue by Lottery comes in,
Ten thousand Blanks for a Silver Pin,
Neptunes Faith, among the Fables,
Approv'd by great Numbers of Votive Tables:
But, replies an unlucky Knave,
To so many drown'd, how sew doth he save?
So many Tables, if hung up, I'le be bold,
All Neptunes Temples could not hold.

OTMAD Trucked Misses Elected

CANTO IL

You'le fay, I have a brazen Face,
To lead you fuch a Wild-Goofe-Chace:
To tell you so many Lies,
So many Large, so many Minum Deities,
Cartestan Feminine Philosophies.
I've dipt my Lips in Fonte Caballino,
Told more Tales than Horatio Palavicino.

Alexandrian Hypatia, Joves Daughter,
Taught better Philosophy than all that came after.
The rest, like Hodmadods, drew in their Poles,
Like pitiful Worms crept into their Holes.
The Roman State thought it no Blur,
To celebrate the Funerals of a Coblers Cur.
Veritas reste Representat,
Quos Jupiter vult perdere Hos Dementat.

Wot you not, how the World Rings
Of Gastalion, Colopbon, Prophetick Springs.
Oracles were took with a Spirit Dumb,
Ask Questions, and the Answer is, Mam.
Nicander the Wizard frighted 'um well,
And Pythia was took Mad in her Cell:
So all the Colledge of Priests were moapt,
After they had in Delphos Secrets groapt.

Virgin Menstrucks, the Passive Stock, To the obstructed Matrix Flock. For want of the Plastick Male Seed, Rude Lumps, like Cubs, of Flesh do breed. The Golden Waters of the Powder of Calf, Made Judas Gold-Beards to make you Laugh. So came Knaves fo well to be known, When their Carret-Beards were grown.

The Load-Stone of Temporal Interest,
Strains Courtesse with Conscience, all for the Best.
The Idols of Devils, of fanctissed Mettals,
Were boldly melted into Pans and Kettles.
Dull-pated Vulcan, elub Footed and Fisted,
Had the luck with fair Venus to be Twisted.
Hyperborean Chimera's clamber in Altum,
Etst Natura nibil agit per Saltum.

The Sun keeps the Self-same Station,
And Influences ever since the Creation.
The Moon hath the very same Spots in her Face,
Ladies black Patches wear to her disgrace.
Venus hath always had her Mole,
Mercury did ever use to Droll.
If the Sky would fall, we should catch Larks,
In Gaming-Schools are good store of Sharks.

Hunger-gut Poëtasters, a Crew,
Like Dogs lick up Blind Homer's Spew.
Antipodes walk Foot to Foot, True,
The Devil will be fure to have his Due.
The Infallible Three-Footed-Stool,
The Witty Tripos is turn'd Fool.
Cybels Priests are obscene Rogues and Whores,
Bacchus his Salii are turn'd out a Doors.

Alexander's Empire, for all his great Bragments, How quickly it crumbled into Fragments.

While

While his Captains were a Plotting.
His stinking Corps lay above ground Rotting.
And he himself dyed by Potting.
No publis ax year & Air & Ser &,
Wild People are seldom or plas Peros.

Demons, as Old Sophies clatter, Scick close to, and feed upon Matter. But do they drink Wine or Water?

I'de as lieve hear a Magpy Chatter.
Δαίμων ΰλας, Synesius sings,
Νεφέλα ψύχας, Pretty Things.

Iδολοχάρης, I'le assure you;
Believe it, or I'le ne're endure you.

So Tertullians Mistress said,
Who saw Souls, (for she was a Maid,)
In all colours and shapes, and was not asraid.
I rather think, the Witch betray'd.
Averroës tells us Wonders,
That Souls are Unities and Numbers.
A Colledge of Virtuosi can never display,
How the Earth or Sunlay at Anchor a Day;
Was it for fear he should run away?

How he curses poor Algazel,
For vain Philosophy, to the Pit of Hell.
The Mind, he tells him what he lackt,
Not the Fancy, should be abstract.
Another Blade, all in a Tatter,
Made Spirits and Bodies all Matter;
This 'tis to shoot 'twixt Wind and Water.

Averroes

Averroes chides Avicen,
In Pradicaments, from One to Ten.
There is but one Transcendent Ens,
From which all Numbers do commence.
I'le affure you, 'tis excellent Sense,
For Multitude find Mood and Tense:
You may do it without Expence;
No Body has hit upon it fince.

CANTO IV.

Magi were begot of their Mothers,
Mingled together with Sisters and Brothers.
Mithridates his Polyphagia and Polypotia,
Was True, as St. George of Cappadocia.
An Mulier confert ad Generationem?
An Purpura confert ad Venerationem?
Mulier semper aut amat, aut odit,
Nihil tertium custodit;
But the best Cheese, Mus corrodit.

Quere, If any Woman kind Were ever Bald before or behind? Quere, What is most mens Delight? Women in Summer have most Appetite. Mulieres Glabræ & Barbatæ, Lenones in Procinctû state. Formicæ, minùs quam Mares, Venosæ, Anûs Puellis magis Exosæ.

Women are most free from Gouts, Yet they sit most pricking of Clouts; But Men have the most tearing Bouts, There never will be an end of Doubts.

V

Womens

Womens Inferna are Crassiora, Womens Superna are Formosiora. In Umbilicis sedet Libido, Aneam deperiit Dido.

A Senate of Women sate at Rome;
But the wisest fort stay'd at Home.
They that could no Secrets sorbear,
Would sainest be in the Confessor's Chair.
O Pythagoras! O Palamon!
One of you said the World was a Damon,
Partridges, give me leave,
The Question is, how they conceive?

Aiar Texnixin, & Der Lenoudn,
Spidars Lawn, & Der Ornonuor.
Second Notions without Sense,
Distinctions without sance Difference,
So Dunce Doctors commence.
Metaphors, Cadences, and Twangs,
Make storid Tropical Harangues.
Quintilian, Ciceronian styles,
Sentences of half Miles,
May be leap'd over by Lame Giles.
Lypsus had small Command,
In short Paragraphs of Sand.

Lana Caprina's not fit for Clothing,
Curiously wrought, is good for Nothing.
Da veniam ætati, for pregnant Wits,
Poets are good at girds and fits.
Exceptio confirmat Regulam in non Exceptis,
Deceptio confirmat Fraudem in non Deceptis.
The Devil is not so black, as he's painted;
St. Dunstan is not so white, as he is Sainted.

I fear Sanctified Virgins are tainted, With these I was never acquainted.

Indian Rats pregnant in Dams Bellies, All my delight is in Cock-Broths and Gellies. I presume you'l count me a Fool, For Writing in Burlesque or Ridicule; 'Tis because I could get no better Tool, Satyrs blow hot and cold, Serpents and Eagles are young and old; Women at the Ducking-Stool can Scold,

At the Pope's Bull and Scotch Heiser yoaked,
The Devils in Hell are all provoked;
Because by them they are like to be choaked.
Flettere si nequeo Superos Acheronta movebo,
I have Commenc'd at Salamanca and Toledo.
Chad eat moze Chees an Chaddit,
Jack would wipe's Nose if he had it.
The Sawce for a Cony is good for a Rabbit;
If a good Cause won't dye, I hope a Lawyer can Stab it.
I don't like your Murdering Prayers,
Or to break my Neck down Stairs.

Scholars must not go to Fairs;
Take'um Prostor, Cap'um, pull'um by the Ears;
Well rhim'd Tutor, Brains and Stairs.
Inter Regem & Tyrannum non discernant Graci,
Distinguish Antipodes and Antaci.
Alexander's Sword, 'twas no wonder,
Cut the Gordian Knot asunder.
Blochardus attackt the Castle Enchanted,
The Old Capitol was Haunted:

V 2 There

There are Spirits, take it for granted; And Witches too, if Wit be not wanted.

Get me a Pick-tock for the Law,
I'le find in Solon, or Lycurgus, a Flaw.
I'le folve a Case better than Navar,
Till my very Brains do Jar.
Old Ulpian, Papinian, Bartotus,
Caius Wesembec do but Cajole us.

Do, maintain it with a Brazen Face,
Dominion is founded on Grace.
O Rare Polla, uxor Polla,
Get better Pot Herbs, Mors in olla.
Nos numerus sumus, & magno damnamur Atridi,
I don't like Fasting upon Friday.
Terræ onus, fruges consumere Nati,
Excellently spoke by Diodati.

Quid vis impune facere, Regium est, Rebellium in Populo Privilegium est. Mahomet's Horns half. Fire, half Snow, Tell me a Tale of a Rossion Crow, How, an if this no Body must know?

I long those Janus Faces to discover,
That ery one side, and laugh on the other.
At this Axiom, Momus Rist,
Oni Beneficium accepit Libertatem amist,
Censor Morum, Cato Redivivus,
We lack such Consessors to shrive us,
Hugh Peters, a Wry-neck'd Rogue,
'Mong all the Traytors his Head carries the Vogue.

Among the Students Academicks.
Tom Triplet and Tome Cornet in Shackles,
Were whipt for University Rake hells.
Jurisconsulturum Ignoramus,
Among the Petifoggers is famous.
All's well, that ends well, they say it follows;
All's bad, that ends bad, at the Gallows.

Divide the Lions Skin, before he be dead,
Give away your Estates, and beg your Bread;
Or take a Beetle, and knock you on the Head.
A Haltar, or Faggot, chuse you which,
If ye have a mind to turn Witch.
Hang a Faylor, that can't Stich
Upon the Sign of the Dog and Bitch.
Our Profession is never Rich,
Give a Thief-Hoster a Switch.
A lowzy Taylor must dye in a Ditch,
Be hang'd or damn'd, choose you which.

I hear the found upon a Low-string,
Mahomet's Doctrine of the Bow-string.
The Black Box, the Dwarfs and Mutes,
Justice and Honesty consutes.
Are you such Fools ye Rich Balbaws,
To be shot at, like Jack-Daws.
When you have serv'd a Tyrants Will,
Suffer him your Bloods to spill.
If you like this Trade so well,
Next is to serve a Prentiship in Hell.

Paulus the Prator was counted a Sot, For taking up a Chamber-Pot,

With

With that Hand that wore Rings,
Engrav'd with Casars and Kings.
Fove would be serv'd by none but Habe,
Young Gammede and sair Phabe.
Cleombrotus ravisht with a Scrowl,
That contain'd the Immortality of the Soul,
Had better ta'ne a chirping Bowl.

Velles and Infules, words of Commission, Expressing signs of Submission.
Ussses and Ajax mournful Faces, Zeuxis describ'd with full Graces, For Iphigenia, but because his Skill did fail, For Agamemnon he drew a Vail.
Alcessus her Husband Admetis reliev'd; By her dying, his death she Repriev'd.

Mecenas and Codrus, the more's the pity, Ventur'd (like Fools) to dye for their City. Marim facrific'd Calphurnia his Daughter, To the fury of the Cymbrick flaughter, For which he might be call'd Fool ever after. Would you have it try'd by their Peers, Lillies have no Seed, but their Tears. In Elysium you'l meet with good Lull, Cups of Nettar and Ambrosia, always full.

Arithmeticians can exactly probe, and no may How may Corns of Dust will make up the Globe; And how many Grains may be spent,
To fill the Concavity up to the Firmament:
As Archimedes did the Number of Sands,
That stop the Oceans Commands, and additionally

The still-Sow eats up all the Draught,
The simpring Wench is always Naught.
They say, Curst Cows have short Horns,
Tender Feet can't tread upon Thorns.
He that enters Trophonius's Grotto,
Must read the superscribed Motto.
Of Lethe and Mnemosyne take each a Cup,
Resolve to drink 'um both sheer up.

Refolve to forget all Sorrow;
But be fure to be reveng'd to Morrow,
And never remember to pay what you borrow.
A fort of Fools 1 may not smother,
That choose to dye one for another.
Others cast the unlucky Lot,
Which of the two must go to the Pot.
'Tis far better and more gain,
For Pages to suffer their own Masters Pain.

Others out of pure Civility,
For some Friend offer to dye:
No body knows the reason why;
I'de as lieve they should do so, as I.
We understand better things,
To kill, rather than to dye for Kings.
Such Principles we teach,
All we can to over-reach,
And yet seem to make no Breach.

To prevent all Mischief still,
By doing all manner of Ill,
Under pretence of Love and good Will.
Learn of us, if you'd be safe,
At your best Friend, draw the Dagger Ralph.

Never

Never fland, Shell I, shall I's, The Aggressors make the Sallies, So do the Rogues of the Algier Gallies.

Free Booters all, this is the work
Of the Tartar and the Turk.
Viis & Modis, do all ye are able
To fleal the Steed, and that the Stable;
To fink the Ship and cut the Cable.
In your Anger, pardon no Man,
In your Lust spare no Woman.
If like us, you would be wife,
Regard no Age, Sex, or Size;
If you fear pity, that your Eyes.

The drinking, damming, roaring Gang,
In my Judgment are fitter to Hang;
Than to bear any Rule or Command
O're fober Men, by Sea of Land.
If their rife Hatred among Friends,
And you can't handfomly compass your Ends.
Come to us, though they look never so big,
I'le warrant you, they shall have a Fig.
Let us alone to do your Job,
Better than openly Kill or Rob.

Hipti, Hopti, Talere Hoo,
You shall have one, you shall have two,
You shall have what y' have a mind to do.
Is not this a pleasant Trade,
To ride your Horse to a Jade?
You may prove a second Jack Cade.
And to be sure to be well paid,
No age Q never be over-laid.

This

This is to call a Spade, a Spade,
Better than a dull roguing Blade.
Get you to a Cunning-Man,
He'l conjure for you, all he can,
And do more business than Cup and Kan.
They be dull Rogues, that Swear and Swagger,
And cry, Jemmy, draw thy Dagger;
And although they have no Lands,
Challenge Cowards to Callie Sands.

These Tricks a Witch understands
Better than Questions and Commands:
Better than forging Bills or Bonds,
Or putting Deeds in Scriveners hands.
Never more to be seen,
Or to play at King and Queen;
Rarely come off, Little Tom Green.
This is fair Play above Board,
To qualifie a Knight or Lord,
As a tender Conscience may well afford.

Oportet Imperatorem mori stantem,
Oportet Oratorem mori orantem;
Sed melius est amare Amantem.
Els Baoideus est auseus "Iqu.
States or Common-wealths be gone Presto,
Monarchy's the best Manifesto.
Oderint dum metuunt, the Tyrant roars,
Keep in Subjection, but destroy not the Boars.

Are my Pains really more or less,
For my Companions in Distress?
Indeed, if my Friends are at ease,
While I suffer, that may please:
And they may comfort me the more,
When themselves seel no Sore.

X

But

But, if all together roar and yell had a lles of zi aid I What comfort is in fuch a Hell?

My Friends Grief is grown
An Addition to mine own.
Suffer alone, or if you had rather,
Suffer with others, choose you whether.
But, if I delight in Strangers groans,
As I may do in their Thrones:
United Comforts I shall find,
Far better than Sorrows combin'd.

Have a care Court-Rats,
Of being took by City-Cats.
Porphyrogenitus, sweet as Amber.
Was begot in the Purple Chamber;
To Princes Thrones you must not clamber.
India worships the Rising-Sun,
America is undone.

Asinius Poliro, to a Slave that for Death did cry, Said. Nondum tecum in gratiam redii.

No Statesman est Semper idem,
Haud din servat fortuna sidem.

By Moon in Conjunction with Sol sped,
Once in a Month a New Moon is bred,
'Tis long since he got her Maiden-head.

Of Moon-Rabbits and Pigeons we may have good.
Cheer,
They Litter Thirteen Months in the Year.

When did the Planets or Stars fix so fast, Multiply so, from first to last? We shall not see that Day in haste, They are such Tapers as never waste.

Keeping

Keeping their Cases in which they were cast, Holding their own in all Ages past. And so they will for ever last, Of Constellations there will be no waste.

The Tartar, when Din'd in mighty State,
Sounds a Trumpet at his Gate;
To give leave to all Sinners,
After him, in good Manners, to take their Dinners.
Therefore, if you have but a Brown-Crust,
Or be ne're so hungry, eat if you durst;
But we'l venture, let him do his worst.

Pinguedinem Ursa deponunt,
Eat their Flesh, if you will, I'le ha' none on't.
What's Plenilunium Prosobolon?
What's an Hospital Triobolon?
Podogram curat Cydnum Fluvius,
The best Architect was Vitruvius;
The best Casuist was Covarruvius.
Puella Venenosa, take heed,
For they say, There is such a Breed.

Four-footed Creatures stand most sure,
A Red-hair'd Wench I cannot endure.
An Ass spake when Romulus and Remus were born,
As sure as a Cuckold wears a Horn.
If you say, I'm one, I'le take it in Scorn,
And challenge you to the Field to morrow Morn.
Senettus Anima Propria Ætas,
We are most of us Old, I hope you won't eat us.

Of Gold indeed, and I shall never be Poor, Let Sol be what he will, I'le desire no more. Sepulchral Dogs, Sepulchral Men,
I love the Flesh of a Capon of Hen,
Singian Water nothing can hold,
But the Hoof of a Hackney-Horse that is old,
Figura Triplex of a Voice,
Shew me but one, I'te take my Choice,

Many a Man, if you mind him,
May be hang'd for leaving his Drink Behind him.
Bacchus and Silenus dy'd by Quaffing,
Zeuxis the Painter dy'd with Laughing.
Why do Lovers pray to the Moon?
Why do Lubbars lye a Bed till Noon?

Who put on Agamemnon's close-Coat, While Clytemnestra cut his Throat? Who sent Hercules to the Dark, By putting on a poyson'd Sark? Are these such Creatures, by Yea and Nay, As live but the life of one poor Day? Whither, when we have left seeing, We do forthwith slide out of Being.

Genii of Tunicks have need,
And Vehicles to carry them with speed.
Do you imagine they can bleed;
Or on Fumes of Sacrifices feed?
Or on nasty Fogs and Steams,
In Caverns, unexhaled by Sun-Beams.

The Zabii hold down their Noses,
To scent Incense sweeter than Roses.
Delight to sit in Witches Laps,
And from black Tests suck poysonous Paps.

Tr

In what Conditions of Stations, Are Souls fled from their Habitations? Do they retire to other Nations? How shall we fend um Commendations?

How a Gnat sends sorth a Hum,
If she sings, Come Pudding come.
From her Throat, or from her Bum?
An Answer from Socrates must come:
So his Podex is a Pipe or a Drum;
To the Philosopher give a Ham.

H m? and and, our drunken Motto,
When we Feast in a Sphinges Gratio.

What think you of those Throngs and Crouds
Of Goddess, the Venerable Clouds?
They jumble together in Ruts.
Like the Grumbling in the Guts.
There's Thunder, Rain, Hail and Snow,
And Winds, that make Seas overflow.
The Experiment is a Paunch,
Whence Wind and Dirt shes by the stroke of a

Chaos, Nubes and Lingua, never fear um, Sint Tria Primordia Rerum.

No less Man says thus, than Socrates, Wiser than Galen or Hypocrates.

Amplyitionick Councels Meet in Thermopyle and Delphos Street.

For Love to Souls is their Debate, And to Barbarians for Hate; Methinks they Stalk it in great State.

Areopagus was a famous Court.

And at the Old Olympick Games, Met many Proper, Gallant Dames. Champions got Crowns of Bays, Ornaments of Honour and Praife. Ladies conquer'd in the Field, By Knights and Squires, without Sword or Shield.

Why should you Men offer to Castrate us, Eunuchate and Effeminate us. No fear you should Cuckolate us, We shall ne're have Whiskers or Muschato's: But we may be Even with you agen, For Women ean make themselves Men. What was the Pathick Sporus. A Rogue that us'd to lade and Bewhore us. Till he was asham'd to come before us.

Pythagoras abstain'd from Beans: More need to abstain from Rogues and Queens. A Priest may not touch them in Pontificalibus, But in Sacrificin Penetralibus. Formice Castrate, Hey Ho. I wonder why it should be for ban baiW sound W This is the Reason, I yery well know, From us to Boys they are minded to go.

Nay, get you gon with a Vengeance to Beafts. And to Fowls, if you will, when th'have Feather'd I do not like fuch Scornful Jells, Cheir Nefts. To take up our Smocks to hide our Breatts. Candaules boasted of his Fair Wife, Shew'd her naked to the Life, aler your elaids. To Gyges, that had the famous Ring; Who Cuckold him for it, like a King; Was there ever such a Thing?

Manus

Manus Ridens had no Rings;
The Swan dies, if the Sings.
Cardan his Body did so Rarisse,
When he would, to fall into Aphairese.
Anaxamizates is the Great Year,
When Signs in the Zadiack the same appear.
Kuromolis is the Isle of Dogs,
Gadaren is the Land of Hogs;
But Egypt is the Land of Frogs.

Variety, if you want.
For Sallads, take the Sensitive Plant.
Εὐμολπίδαι Ιεροφάνωι Fine,
Antistites of Sacra Eleusine.
Twas a Horrid Essatum,
Genitale Membrun adoratum.
Lupercalia Πανδαιζία,
Rusi Boves, Σαιζαχθῶα,
Is not all this Σχιαμαχία.

The Cross Bull put Germ inicus to a stand, Refusing a Lock of Hay from his fair Hand. But the Life of Eudoxus Cnidius was bespoke, By the kind Bull's licking his Coat. Nilus Water, with Hony mixt, Plenty and Peace in Egypt fixt.

Gross Vapours stinking, as one could wish, For Damons will make a rare Dish. Perfumes and Fat are very good Food; But they most delight in Blood. Tho Gods gaping for Altars Smoak, They drink like Flyes, and never chook.

If this Truth any denies, if no bad enebil rement Beelzebub is the God of Flies, if the swan dies, if the seal of the sale is the God of Flies, if the seal of the

Croccdiles, Goats, Dogs and Cats,
All Worship had, with Mice and Rats.
Azazel, Bless us, O Palamon!
Must be some extraordinary Damon.
Dii Averruncani, Oromazes,
Anomorwagos, Aremanes,
Lucids & Tenebros,
Horrids & Formos.

Ilys, Olyru, are serv'd in State;
But Typhon, O Typhon, all Hate:
All Harm to all Creatures on him they lay,
All Errors of Nature, and all Decay;
And from Him, all run away.
Typhone multiplicior Bellua,
Typhone nullus voracior Helluo.
Indians Sacrifice to this Fiend,
To pacific their Foe, and make him their Friend.
All the Race of cursed Cham,
Are still afraid of Old Sam.

To him they Sacrifice an Ass,
The first Trumpeter that ever was;
Which the Copti turn'd to Grass.
Watery or Fiery Lustrations,
Purge the Sins of all Nations.

Ægyptian and Assyrian Schemes,
Are the dark Chronologers Themes.
I might deserve Fortuna Capistri,
If I should Jurare in Verba Magistri.

Egypt was once all Waters,
Which fince hath bred, Wife Sons and Daughters.
We are well taught ex Abundanti,
Quod motus non fit in Instanti.
'Y' have turn'd me out of my Seven Senses,
'And made me wander like the Frenzies.
Asini Imperium is fit for Works,
Lunati Calcei fit the Turks.

Mulier sine Viro concepta,
Nondum satis est correpta.

Tis truly said, Μέλοι ἐλέφθη,
And as true, Βέλοι ἐπίμφθη.
Woman, the Rib, was made a Dart,
And shot the poor Man to the Heart.

Vulcan, the Ancient God of Fire, Is no less than the Sun's own Sire: This Vulcan was a brave Squire, Mars did tame him in his Ire. Res mente existant, I find, Things are created in the Mind, Vulcan, and his Logger head Dolts, In Ætna's Forge beat Thunderbolts.

CANTO V.

Menes, the first Egyptian King,
Mercury his Son, that Witty Thing:
From him Fifty two Kings liv'd in Disgrace,
In One thousand four hundred years spice.
Sesostria in State, give him his due,
Four Archontes his Chariot drew.

Y

Five

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Five hundred years to the Dynafty of Pafters, No Trade, nor Warthen, nor fad Diafters.

Thebanes, Thinites, Memphi's Names, All of them got Renowned Fames.
Saturn was Noah, Hammon, Cham;
This, Thoth, Thanes (Trim, Tram.)
Apis, Ifys, Ofyris, Adomi,
Infinite forts of Tories, and Tonies.
Deities for Numbers, Even or Od,
Every Attribute was a God.

Not so much Πολυβιότης Right,
As Πολυσιομία in Sight.
Three hundred Joves, Varro makes;
These were Popular Mistakes.
Ægyptian Hieroglyphicks,
Some were Hierogrammaticks.
Others Hierophylatticks,
Belong these to Opticks of Tablicks?

Of these, some were Curiologicks, For Elements or Signs, Symbolicks. Hence Monstrola simulachra came, Jupiter wore the Head of a Ram. So Alexander would be painted, Because he had a mindtobe Sainted; So came Men with Gods acquainted.

Mercurius's Figure, Kunophopo Audacis, Cause Nibilest, Cane sagacius. All Gods from Egypt drept into Greece, And there they got the Golden Fleece.

Pluto.

Pluto got the Chief Arua,
The best is manuspined Typia.
Medicines and Architectures,
Were Egyptian Projectures.

Gypsies, Egyptians to this day,
Are Prophets and Doctors, given that way.
Egypt's the old Nurse of all Parts,
Of Magick and Syderial Arts.
The Spawn of wandring Prophets tell
Fortunes, look to your Pockets well.

You need not light fo many Tapers,
Stone and Wood Statues cut no Capers,
They'l never fight at Swords and Rapiers.
Nec Dii indigent Lamine,
Pisces semper natant Flumine:
Nec homines carent Fuligine,
Gold and Silver's eat up with Rubigine,
Sues coeunt Luna Decrescente,
The Masters agree, from One to Twenty.

Lens Luctum prafagit, you must be Beat, If you presume any Beans to eat.

Lavare, Jejunare & esse in Casto, Are Preparatives in Fasto.

Proper for sober Sacrificantes, Flamines, Jerophantes;

Not for mad Salii Corybantes.

'Don't disturb my poor weak Senses;
'If I should lack Wit, I lack Expenses.
Odors, stinking and fragrant,
For Spirits fixt, and Spirits vagrant.

For

For Spirits fat, and Spirits lean,
For Spirits foul, and Spirits clean.
But be fure, you nor fee, nor touch a Bean;
From that Food I must you wean.

Sound operates either by Fright, Creating Horror or Delight: Some by Day and some by Night, Some play Bo-peep least in Sight. Some Devils are very shy; Some are fearful, roar and cry, And they say, some Spirits dye.

Physian Fields are alost in the Moon,
The Sophister was up too foon.
Pythogoras saw Hesiod's Soul ty'd
To Brass-Pillars, wept and ry'd;
For sear like a new married Bride,
That had nothing to lose, beside
Her Maiden-head, which she could not hide.
And truly never was deny'd;
The Maid was willing, when she try'd;

Homer's Soul hung all upon Trees,
With Serpents stinging worse than Bees,
For blassing the Gods and Goddess.
'Tis too true, I'le tell you but so,
Omnia plena Animarum & Dearum too.
For the best Transmigrations ne're Quarrel,
'Tis either into a Lion or a Lawrel;
Why not so well into a Hogshead, or Barrel?

Souls for a year are thrown into Tartar, And come out thence most pure, ever after.

ľm

I'm not able to forbear Laughter,
Tho I had there a Son or a Daughter.
Me thinks I fee the poor Creatures lying,
Like Herrings upon Gridirons frying;
Never dead, but always dying.
This was the Purgatory of Plato,
A wifer Man than e're was Cato.

Dodona's Golden, speaking Grove,
With Memnon's speaking-Stone strove:
I wonder how such Talk may prove,
Matters of State, or Matters of Love,
Fables of Ctessas are full as Evil,
As those of Sir John Mandevill.
The Murosites, volunt, nolunt,
Mures & Sorices colunt.

Amasis took Cyprus by sorce of Arms,
Marcht with the Gods to serve for Charms,
To keep them from their Enemies Harms.
And to make his Souldiers Valiants,
Never to yield, nor lose their God Gallants.
At Athens, by Pythia's Charge,
Lustration was to be made at Large.
All the White and Black Sheep,
Brought to Areopague to keep.

From thence let loose, where they begin to Falter, And couch for Rest, there build an Altar.

To acc (in the every Street,

To ay wo Dea, where ever they meet.

Thales Miletus, Pittacus Mytilenus,

Solon Atheniensis, Bias Prieneus,

Cleobulm Lynda, Myson Chereus.

Chilon:

Chilon Lacedemonius: Thefe, (Greece. (Kiss my Britch,) were the Seven Wise Men of

Trob: Zearlor, Mashir Ayar,
As wife as ever spake Sugan.
Sentences in Apollo's Temple wrote,
Forsooth, lest they should be forgot.
Of Sorrows, some are Fat, some Lean,
'Twixt both, Jack and Gilllick the Platter clean.
Hang Care, Cast away Sorrow,
Eat, Drink and Play, and Dye to Morrow.

Eat Plover, Carp, Partridge and Pheasant, A short Life and a Pleasant.

My Muse is turn'd all Witch,

And Barks the Language of a Bitch.

The Sybils were the wisest Crew,

Of all the Witches, I ever knew,

All their Prophecies were True.

Augurs and Magi to them were but Asses,

And so were (Whores all) the Vestal Lasses.

Clouds were the best Goddesses of Wonder, 'Tis they that Rain, Hail, Snow and Thunder. The most can be said, is that Jove Pisses, And shoots Bolts, but often misses. Wonder not we are so on Mischief bent, For we are all by the Devil sent. We are in League with him by Blood, 'Never to do any Good; Always in a mad Mood.

The Stoicks are much of our kind, For Envy and Malice of Mind.

The Witches.

The Cynick is a Surly Cur, He Bays and Bites at every Flur.
'We must do Mischief, so we must,
'Be Revenged, though we burst.
'Pray consider, we kill Pigs,
'If you'l eat 'um, we'l dance Jiggs,
'Feast all the Tories and Whigs.

33

3

CANTO VI.

There's a more Subtil, damned Crew,
That never yet gave man his Due.
Spare no Man that dares them Trust,
Nor no Woman in their Lust;
If you conside, dye you must.
These have given the Devil a Fee,
And serve him, as much as we.
Nor do we for Excuses plead,
We know we are a Hellish Breed;
Of both, let Honest men take heed.

3

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Undermining Rogues and Whores,
Fit to be kickt out of Honest mens Doors.
Sophisters for contrary Votes,
Ready to cut one anothers Throats.

Mgonia nulla Causa Sapienti,
Turn us back to As in Prasenti.

Alexander, because his Mis dy'd,
Burnt Esculapius's Temple Pride:
Himself of his Lust henever deny'd.

3

Why should Histries be Rogues and Whores, When maintain'd by Publick Stores?

Senatofs:

Senators in Theatres had Seats,
To behold therein Pleafant Feats.
Nothing's more flexible than the Soul,
Every way to turn and roul.
A liberal Soul is free and Raptive,
And can never be taken Captive.

Cartez painted her exact Feature,
By calling her a Thinking Creature.
O, 'twas a most Rare Expression!
Brave Boy! take out another Lesson.
Benè agere, Regiumest, & malè audire,
For these Antisthenes I admire ye.
Thus we pick up rotten Rags,
And patch 'um up to cloath our Hags.

The Valiant Wrestler chose rather to dye,
Than leave the Stage, or his Virility.
The Body's a Slave à Potentiors,
Argumentum à Fortiori.
The blind Will admits no Reins;
Dunces will take no pains.
Drones shall get no gains,
A new Cloth has no stains.

Our Bodies are refined Clay;
There they have claw'd it away,
"Tis such flust as the Asses Bray.
Thus I trifle away the Time,
In making many a simple R hime.
'Tis the Philosophers Crime;
O, they are all in their Prime.

Aristippus hates all Gmicks;
We Witches love all Chnicks.
I am not pleased with Epicurus,
Because his Sect could ne're endure us.
He forbad us to get Brats,
Or bear Offices, worse than Dogs and Cats,
He places all Honesty in Opinion;
But hang him, he lov'd his Minion,

He says, the Gods for Men took no Care; How then, I pray, shall Women Fare? Lacedemonians were Lions at home, Ephesians Foxes: There's no room For Witches in these two Nations; Who can like such cross Perswasions. Morbin est pars vita, ut Ambulatio; A Rare Sentence! & Navigatio.

Women are Common, say you so,
No Man then can his own Wise can know.
Omnes inviti precant, O Will!
Then we are all Innocent still.
Opus Philosophi abjicere Opinionem,
Opus Fallacis denegare Nomon.
Τα ἐφ' ἡμῖν, ἡ μὰ ἐφ' ἡμῶ,
One of these two takes away Sin.
But tell me when I must begin,
Or I shall have no power to Spin.

Men by Reason are as good as the Gods; How then came there to be such odds? A Slave in mind, though manumitted, Is ever for a Slave fitted; Who ever was better Witted?

3

And never mended his Pace,
And did all things with a Grace:
I'm fure he came of a bold Race.

A Numen promised him, to defend Whomsoever he should Reprehend.
Of every thing there are two Handles;
O, for Joy light up all the Candles!
I marry, Epittetus, you have hit it,
This Invective defires to be Spitted,
Roasted, and larded with precious Sawce,
And serv'd up for Kings with great Applause.

To please Harlots, all over shave;
But how'l ye do to please a Knave?
He'l ne're rest, but in his Grave;
Good speed thither may they all have.
The Blews that in the Sky we see,
Are they not Waters, like the Sea?

Hegyptians were all Physians,
The Greeks all Dancers or Musicians.
The Persians all Magicians,
How of different Dispositions?

Xantippe was a plaguy Scold;
The Reason, Socrates was Old.
Wise men prostituted their Wives,
Cuckolds all lead pleasant Lives.
Aristippus on the Ground Dionysus would Greet,
Because his Ears were in his Feet.
Who but a Philosopher could so have hitted,
Others are over, but under-witted.

Archytas, for footh invented the Cube,
And why not find out the Longitude?
Beans were upon tare Grounds forbidden,
Because they resembled Secrets hidden;
They that eat them deserve to be chidden:
Or because they represented Hell Gates,
Which none dare bar up, but the Fates,
These are Arguments at strange Rates,
I hope they will not scruple at Dates.

CANTO VII.

'They say, a Womans red-Rag is well hung;
'But this is the dullest Muse that e're spake with a

Tongue.

For my part, hitherto the Song is well fung,

'And I'le Rake no more in this nasty Dung.
'I'le see 'um hang'd or damn'd, before

'I'le trouble my felf with the Sophies any more.

This kind of Hotch-potch-Stuff,

'Is for Country Bumkins, rough and enough.

Because my Muse is so damnable Dull,

'I'le turn her off, and take another, fo I wull,

'Still a Womans Tongue is nimble,

'As a Taylors Needle and Thimble:

'If it be, Mine has had fo many Twinges.

'That 'tis almost off the Hinges.

'If I had once done with these sad Wights,

My Wits could foon come again to Rights,

Where the Soul lodges, 'tis an Art, In the Metropolis of Head or Heart?

7. 2

What

What is the Matter of the Spheres,
Solid or Fluid, ask the Bears?
If with Demons we be acquainted,
'Tis a rare thing to be Sainted.
You see hew Constellations are Painted,
Wise men with Toys are too much Tainted.

Cartez Glandula hangs in the Brain,
The Fancy of a Dull Swain,
All Figures it doth entertain.
But it proves Labour in vain,
To fee how they go and come again,
And put the poor Noddle to pain;
There's no room for the King of Spain.
'If I fall more into the Philosopher's Lot,
'Tis the right way to be a Dunce or Sot,
'As they must be that love the Pot.

The great Spirit hight Koraeco, Will never turn into Carrion, The Gircle by a Point of Steel, Turns round the Genter, like a Wheel. Take heed, for you may Evade it, Definitum in Definitionem non Cadita This Notion came by Inspiration, Old Bald-pate Time is a Duration.

A Wise-man may wish his Body of Limbs berest, That his Soul may be in all the rest that are lest. The Stoicks Drop, no bigger than a Pea, Prov'd equal with the Ocean Sea. Gemma, Lapili, & Terra Minutales, Are Philosophick Mysteries Capitales. The leffer the Body, the leffer the Space, The most Wit is in the least Place. Let all these come Face to Face, Before 'um I'le carry the Mace.

Protagoras found out this Treasure,
Man is of all things the True Measure,
Many things were invented for Pleasure,
Especially by Idle-heads, that had leisure.
Jerom ground his Teeth, tis a Jeer,
To teach him speak Oriental Tongues cleer.
Timeus in Wit did abound,
Calling the Intellett, a Circle Round.

He made the Infects all Spirits,
Who shall reward him for his Merits?
An Indivisible is more than a Point,
To roast an Ox, is more than a Joynt,
To drink up a Gallon, is more than a Pint.
These are such Artists as never were,
Cut a Feather, split a Hair:
Hit a Bird slying,
Make an Eel long a dying,
Tho she be slaw'd, Roasting or Frying;
Take a Gracian always Lying.

To Turn and Tune Orbs, the Intelligences
Take pains, but are at no Expences.
Indivifibles may be numbred,
Think how my Idle Pate's encombred,
How long in Dreaming have I flumbred?
Phant as are the Souls Clouds,
Matter is the Demons Vehicles and Shrowds.

Schliger's

Scaliger's Subtility, T know what he did lack,
Turn'd him often upon his Back;
Poor Man wanted a Cup of Sack.

A Point Mathematical wants Parts,
Other Points may be divided by Arts,
Turn up the Knave of Clubs, or Ace of Harts.
Philosophers, a Devi chook um,
Say Lumen non haber Ladam.
They have all Wit at Command,
But they play basely under-hand;
I'le never trust 'um by Sea or Land.

Philoponus was kind to Materia Prima, Gave it a Form, a Summo ad Ima.

Koei Corton & Airela Joung,
Upon every Lye you Intrude us.
Did Algazel make a Bull,
Calling Matter, the Moon at the Full?

Mathematicians and Melancholicks,
Refemble Wizards for their Frolicks.

Rowze up, if you be all in a Slumber,
For Multitude is more than Number.
Moschus, the Phanix-Inventor of Atoms,
Made the Danaides Fubs without Bottoms.
Arithmeticians, take it for no Diffrace,
If Numbers reckoned in no Place.
Nescio's a Word of an Ingenuous Mind,
Candid, when the Truth you can't find.

Would you think it, fair Lady Maio odie 1911111/1. That e're Orphem interpreted Ifaiah.

Mesai

Mer α) Λε Διος πασει με Αγυμα,
Πασαι Λ' Αιθρόπαι Αγυρού.

Aratus agrees with Virgis's Contilena,
Both held, Jovis omnia Riena.

Pliny speaks very Cunningly,
Of all the Properties of a Flea.

So did Aristaphanes too,
Abuse Socrates, having less to do,
Three hundred and eighty Words, says Petron,
In form of a Triangular Metron.
Would you think it, Brave Boys.
Wise-men should ever invent such Toys?
Ask Queen Mab, or King Oberon,
What means the Stoicks Zaya Nospor.

Tell me, or you shall be suspended, Whither Spirits be Extended?
How wise Apuleius was,
With his Philosophick Ale?
A Dream put Aristotle out of Breath,
A Meteor, he call dit, 'twixt Life and Death.
An Quid st Frustra, an Datur Vacuum?
Fill the Pot Eedy, Supernaculum,
A Blazing Star's a Rare Spectaculum.

Take off your Cups, for so we Read it,
Os Homini Sublime Dedit.
Anima Tota in Toto, sed qua Arte?
Et Tota in qualibet Parte.
Cut off a Leg or an Arm,
And it shall do the Soul no Harm.
Because it is such an Elf,
As can shrink into its Self.

Sensus Communis Quanam est Ratio? An datur Corporum Procreatio? Porphyrius was out of his Senfes, In Copulation with th' Intelligences. Avennazar the Arabian Fool, Was raught with him in the same School. ' Now rife up Bungy, rouze up Towzer,

And at'um, for here comes many a Rowzer.

Timochus, after Socrates his Master dy'd. Affected his Damon out of Pride. Went down into Tryphonius's Den, Two Nights and a Day, and came home agen. What he dream'd, he faw and heard, Of Souls, he was not at all afeard. Some Souls were funk whole in Voluptuous Senfe, Others but half-way did dispense,

The like Fancies did Scipio Dream, Not half so good as Curds and Cream. Souls now and then it feems did fcramble. 'Mong Stars and Planets had a mind to Ramble. Penetratio Corporam is mighty Proud, For highest Rooms to thrust and crow'd. Tell me how more Matter is in a handful of Clay, Than in two of Water, which manner of way?

In those Extra-Mundane Spaces, How Intelligences take Places. Spatium in Mundo, non Mundus in Spatio, It is good Rhime, but Quenam eft Ratio? Let all your Disputes alone, There can be no more Worlds than One. Thus all together upon one Tree, Several Fruits you feldom fee.

Shew me another Congregation,
Besides ours, of the same Perswasion:

When you in Wickedness agree.

So well as do Hell and We.

Fewer Witches there need to be,

And fewer Demons you will fee.

' Tyburn and every Gallow-Tree,

Will far less frequented be.

Now break up their Quarters, the Rogues have a Hogo,
They're almost choakt in Terrà del Fogo,
Cicero, yeleped Tullim,
Came short of the Wit of Raymunda Lullius:
Who travell'd with Alsted all the Round Way
Of Sciences Encyclopadia.
The rest like Block-heads made a stay,
And for sear of more Work, ran all away.

At the North-Pole 'twill be made to appear,
That Whales are cheap, and Sprats be dear:
Dogs are dumb to us, and squat on their Britch,
A Blood-hound never yet Sented a Witch.
Aristotle's Brass-Bowl, Hercules Tub,
Plato's Couch and Carpets, Diogenes Tub.
Chairs, Lamps, Desks, Pillows of Learned Swains,
Are excellent Reliques worth precious Gains;
But still he shall be wifest that takes the most Pains.

Every Crab, Shrimps, Cockels and Oysters, Like Friars and Monks are shut up in Cloysters, Till they're turn'd cut by Tyrannical Roysters. 'Tis a deep saying of Horatio, Ratio of Consultatio.

Iden

Idem per Idem in Circle Round, Mean while the plain Truthlies under ground, And, for want of right fearthing, can ne'r be found.

A Diaphanous, Obidous, Chobalous Glass, Representing whatever was; Hangs in the Center of the Brain, To which all Species flock amain, Skipping and Running to and again. A pitiful Whimfield Fanoy, Alas, If another had faid it, he had been an Ass. Sun Flashes, From Dart, Moon Spits, Mortals be careful to keep in your Wits.

the Wirof Raymenday Luthe

Demontrations in Priore & Posteriore, A Majore & Minore. Every way Before and Behind; But you must be sure your Business mind, I'le not give you a Doit for all you shall find. This will be all you can Paposcere, Scire est per Causas Cognoscere.

Would you be healthy, I'le offer you fair,
Bottles of Epsam or Bury Air.
Have you a mind for your Recreation,
Learn Aeris Ferramination;
Use no Motion, keep your Station.
Bel's Statue could Drink and Eat,
Apollo's us'd to Weep and Sweat;
Some cunning floque'twas that acted the Cheat.

'Twas a good Ox that needed no Cord, But came to the Altar of his own Accord. A Hen chang'd to a Cock, and a Cock to a Hen; Man to Women, and Women to Men.

A

A Flying Stone was a fine Sight;
A finer to fee Mountains Fight:
But the finest Sight that ever was,
To see a Bull leap a Cow of Brass,

Borrax of late I am told,
A way to ferruminate Silver and Gold.
Tycho Brache walked about in Landaff,
With an Astronomick Ring, and a Jacob's Staff.
At first making Laws they us'd to fing,
When publisht, why should not the Bells ring.
Did ye never hear of Flesh in Trees,
To feed poor Commonwealths of Bees.

The Hunting of Grafhoppers is as True,
As is their feeding upon Dew;
A Lawyer's in Heaven, Cry Fish New, New.
Corpus Diaphanum & Umbrosum,
Venenosum & Calaverosum,
Serpens Formicis Exosum,
Man was ever a Thinking Creature;
But Woman hath the lovelier Feature.

Venus venustatem depopulatur,

A Devil is a mixture of Monky and Satyr.

Bacchus is a Lust Provocator,

Hercules a damnable Propagator.

Primi Concubitus samper Punites,

'Tis easie to ride on a Spanish Gainet.

Once is enough of a Pockyfued Whoregood

Hang her Jade, shut her out of Door.

Solus Gallus post Coitum cantat, when sont her list.

Solus Philosophus Höhrinen phansat. O agrad and a

Elephants are never seen in Copulation,
Nor Pigmies in any Nation.
Ask Dyttys Cretensis, or Cebetis Tabula,
At Thebes or Athens, are they not Fabula?
Drunkards may soak huge Gobbets of Wine,
For Crater is made a Celestial Sign.

CANTO VIII.

A no suoda hodian e

Alma Mater Cantabrigia,
Lucis & Poculi Privilegia.

Sparkling Lights and Cups Brimmers,
Nothing is too good for Sinners.

Fresh-men take no care for Dinners,
At Cards or Tables you shall be Winners.

There's your Pipe and your Pot-Scholar;
Score up Hostess, till it comes to a Dollar.

Oxonium bears a Crown and Book;
But where's the good Liquor, you may go look,
For this your Alma Mater no care took.
Cambridge is the best Nurse,
Oxford may her Pupils Curse;
Neither of these have a full Purse.
Come light your Pipe, and crown your Bowls,
Both together revives sad Souls.
Rich Scholar, if thus arm'd, ne're fear
To stem the Fen Bastick Air,
You may come to be Doctor of the Chair.

The Sun's the greatest Soaker, and shrowds His Red-sace under a Mask of Clouds. The Large Goblet holds rare Wine, 'Tis that cheers this Heart of mine.

It makes an Old Woman dance, and a Cat speaks, And the Nine Muses to do Feats; True Scholars are seldom Cheats. At high Learning poor People are Wonderers, But all Doctors are not Conjurers, No more than all Orators are Thunderers.

In Right-hand she holds a brave lusty Bowl, And that will rejoyce a Scholar's Soul. 'Tis still supplied by Celestial Drops; Take 'um off still as fast as Hops. In Lest-hand she grasps the Noble Sun, The Prostor comes, Run Scholars, run.

The Sun is your Friend, and his glorious Rays
Will fill you with Learning, and crown you with
Bays.
You'l ne're mend your Self all your days,
These are the most Resined ways.
Oxford the Book does disclose,
Cambridge affords you the lusty Dose,
That will give you a Jolly Red Nose.

Our Mothers Breasts are always full, When drowzy in her Lap we may Lull. Oxford is a Thristy Ant, Cambridge, our Mother, will ne're see us want. Our Mum is naked, all in her Hair; But she is always plump and fair.

The Gold Cup always overflows, I speak this under the Rose. We'l sing old Rose, and more, We'l Caper and make the Welkin roas.

Like

Like Ulysses, hang up every dirty Whore, That treads upon the Colledge Floor; Porter, keep 'um from the Door.

She ever was a Pleasant Dame,
My Aunt was always of great Fame.
But oh, the Sun Brews generous Wine,
Which makes Cambridge Wits so Fine,
She's sure to have this Heart of Mine.
O she's more dearer than the Muses Nine,
And shall be as long as the Sun doth shine.

O'tis Large, our Mothers Cup,
And full of Nectur, drink all up.
Suck your Mothers swelling Paps,
And sic in your Sisters Laps:
But cast not off your Fudling Caps,
And have a care of After-claps.
Her Breasts are always full and dropping,
There's Milk and Wine for you to Sop in.
Still the good Liquor runs in my mind,
Which makes Sophisters always kind.

They lay, Oxford's given to Conjure,
For that I and they should ne're be assurder.
But as long as Cambridge good Liquor lasts,
There I'le stick, and take my Repasts.
This runs most in my mind,
To Scholars Women should be kind.
Oxford hath a Theatre, but where are the Actors?
Send to Cambridge for Wits Factors.

A Brazen-Head was intended to Speak, And Prophecy, at the Devils Arje of Peak.

But

But more than this, all England was,
To be wall'd in with Hills of Brass.
To save spilling of English Blood,
We may burn then all our Walls of Wood.
Frier Bacon was an Oxford Gull,
Tell me a Tale of a Cock and a Bull.

Cambridge, thou Mistress of all Arts,
The World admires thy Childrens Parts.
Because of thy dear Caresses,
The Learned to thee make Addresses.
Indusgent Mother to thy Sisters Seed,
Both honoured by a Princely Breed.
Both surnish all the World with Noble Stems,
More precious than Indian Gold or Gems.

Thou stretchest out thy Arms to embrace, And kissest with a Smiling Face: And to secure us every Hour, On thy Head thou wearest a Tower. Here Venus and Mars close in Conjunction, Maintain and defend a Scholars Function.

A Towred-Head without Pain,
Must needs have a very strong Brain,
All solid Learning to contain.
Lawyers, you want this strong Pallisado,
You ne're knew a Dostor turn Renegado.
To make sure, lest our Wits should falter,
The Cup's a Libamen at the Altar.

'Tis better than the Mules Nine, For they all love Wine: And by the Cup they may Divine, To this my Heart does much incline. ξ

Barbary;

Barbary Gold is most fine, With this a man may Sup and Dine; And quite leap over Trent and Tine, Dear Cambridge, I am ever Thine!

Mark, Scholars Cambridge Cup is Gold, Call for a Reckoning, to be pawn'd or fold. To play such Tricks you may be bold, And then your Hostes will not scold. If you chance to be put to't tuff, There's Meat and Drink, and Mony enough. Sea-men in Storms can Stem or Luff, All this while you are Reckoning Proof.

How well does a lusty Bowl become
A Scholar, when his Act is done?
A good Omen to Dispute under the Sun.
Sophister's Heat in wrangling we see;
But a comly Cup makes 'um agree.
Our Mum has prepared a kind Dole,
To comfort her Sons when they come from School.
Who can choose but love such a Mother?
We shall never find such another.
It is the Fashion of all Nations,
To solace themselves after hard Disputations;
How can this be done without good Collations?

Best a Point of War for the King, Master Drummer, At the Fresh-man's Feast fill 'um a Rummer. Come along good Master Vicar, In all your life you ne're drank better Liquor. Down with it, let it lie to your heart next, 'Tis for your purpose, called Tear-Text. Never sear a Jolly supply

From the dropping Clouds, hard by.

The Cup full of the Rarest Wine,
Is that by which Scholars Divine.
As long as we have such Juyce, leave wandering,
Ne're go to Oxford to learn Conjuring.
Beadle call a Congregation,
The Cup must go round in Convocation.

Squire Beadles, you have always brave Fees,
For Batchelors, Masters, and Doctors Degrees.
When the Wine is commonly drawn from the Lees,
And there's brave Hony among the Bees.
Besides many a rare Gollation,
When the University Cup goes in Perambulation.
Which is a Scholar's great Probation,
Among the Learned Generation;
'Tis highly advancing to Contemplation.

Scholars are still the best natur'd Blades,
Exceeding all other Mysteries and Trades;
And commonly best beloved by Maids.
The Muses are Wet-Nurses,
And Apollo soaks your Purses.
Scholars, though of different Arts,
'Gainst all Mechanicks take one anothers Parts.

Kal Keequels reequel office, & Téxlou Téxlou.
The Clark is envied by the Sexton.
Wizard and Witch are Sifter and Brother,
Never envy one another.
This Juyce I cannot but admire,
Brew'd by the Sun's Celeftial Fire.
Culinary Coals make Drink for Fools;
But this for Purple Doffers of the Schools.

Bb

The Witches.

52

The Golden Cup, and glorious Sin, le lin que ed l' Replenish many a stately Tun. de daidwyd ard el Therefore our Wits must needs be Fine, Furnished with such a Magazine. This is our Theatre and School, Oraculcus more than Delphos Stool.

Oxford, I leave thee and thy Sons,
To quaff in Vintners and Tapfters Tuns.
And then to fatisfic your patery Duns,
Kick 'um down Stairs, put 'um all to the Runs,
Send after 'um a brace of Pot Guns.

mong the Learn Moort N A S I'm highly advaring to Contemplar

Quere, If Toad-stools be Plants?
Quere, If Flora ben't one of mine Aunts?
Generatio non est ab Iden,
Gentes non miscent cum Juden,
Homo est Arbor Inversa,
Est Res valde Controversa.
Ignis datur Inexstinguibilis,
Pontifex-presumitur Infallibilis.

Phago and Clodios were Platter-Scowrers,

Marriot and Wood were the greatest Devourers.

We us'd a Roguish Trick full bold,

To make Wives hot, and Husbands cold.

Priapism or Frigidity,

Come by Jealousie or Timidity.

From hence sprang Cuckolds new and old,

So many as can ne're be told;

Poor Creatures, meerly bought and sold.

The poor Greek Slave with aking Heart,
Chain'd to the Mill, sang a doleful Part.

"Αλω μόλη, άλω, ή μορ Πι-βακός άλω, Πρωτευση,
Μεγάλας Μυγιλίωας Βασιλεύση.
Grind Mill, grind, for Pittacus unkind,
As we by woful Experience find,
The samous Mytilenians doth Grind.

Virgil told an Egregious Lye,
That Dido did for Eneas dye:
When 'twixt him and the Tyrian Queen,
A Hundred years did Intervene.
Nor did Eneas to Africk come,
But fled an Exile to Latium.
Campana Sacra Sponte Tinnit,
Aliquando Equus Pittus Hinnit,
There must be more than ordinary in it.

You is fuxu, by Romes Ladies, Omnia Grace, To our Dames now French is as easie; Concumbunt Grace, if that will please ye. If not, it is a bon Fashion,
To borrow the Pox from every Nation.
No Fashion can be a Load,
The Reins may run, a la Mode.

Within a place call'd Pluto's Cave,
Is bred many an Ignorant Slave;
But there is never a Witch or Knave.
Indians have neither Arts nor Letters,
But they all Reverence their Betters.
In Greece Learning most did spring,
But no true love to Prince nor King:

All

All Frauds and Lyes, and crafty Feats, Perjury, and all forts of Chears, and all forts of Chears, and all of the plainest Natures are the best, which was a sea the best.

Were I not what I am, I would be Just;
But as I am, be Cruel I must.
Yet I condemn that which I hate,
And praise every True hearted Mate.
Right from Wrong I do distinguish,
But still the Right I do relinquish.
Devils and Witches are both of a condition,
And undergo the same suspicion.

We prompt Mortals to be base,
To bring them to our Cursed case.
To be Companions in Sin and Woe,
Is the best Remedy we know:
Therefore we corrupt High and Low,
Strive to bring all to our Bow.
This is the best course we can take,
For all together to Merry make.

Lanificii Camfa fuit Seditio,

Est Principii Petitio.

Lightning, Thunderbolts and Stones,
Consume Marrow, and break Bones.

To abrogate Laws you must not hope,
Till you come to move for't with Neck in Rope.

The Soul of the World, above and beneath,
When was it ever heard so much as to breath?

Odores, they fay, are tot, quot Sapores; But who can Cant all the forts of Amores.

Go, enquire farther at the liles of Azores, Or else to be sure, at Corvos and Flores.

"Αιθρωπός ' GI Πολιβικός Σώος,
Κακθ Κόρακ & Κακός Ότο.
Did ye never mind how Sol Fumat,
And more often how Luna Despumat.
They're both drunk with Vapors and Fumes,
Cleer the Air with Winds and Persumes.

Oleo, they say, Mare Turbatur,

Et Oleo Mare Tranquillatur,

A Cobler is a good Translator,
Search in the large Maps of Mercator.

Mariners, Merchants, if you please,
When you go to Sea, carry good store of Ease.
But of late better Medicines swim all in a Lunch,
To lay Storms, Insuse them in a Bowl of Punch.
Is the Sea Common and for all Free,
Or must some be forc'd to lie by the Lee.

Some may better steal an Ox, than others a Lamb, Come aloft Jackanapes with a Whim Wham. Hiccius, Doxius, Hocus, Pocm, John a Styles, or John an Okm.
Some may better steal a Horse, or take a Pledge, Than others can look over a Hedge; Set a blunt Razor an Edge.
Down with the Woods on both Cheeks, Dress fine, and play with us at Barly-Breaks.

Some have the Poor, some Pandora's Box, Feed poor Slaves with Bits and Knocks. Split your Ships on Shelves and Rocks, Frequent the Stews, and get the Pox.

Stelle.

Stelle pascuntur Humoribus, Vulgus impletur Rumoribus. The Beggars stand præ foribus, Pigme give way, Cede Majoribus.

Succulæ Stellæ, when will they be Wean'd?
When will the Common-Shore be Clean'd?
Moon, Moon, all Hail to Thee,
Tell me who my Husband shall be,
By the Doctrine of Triangles, or Rule of Three?
Tell me, if Mushrooms be Plants?
If Magpies or Partridges feed upon Ants?
There comes a Lion, my Heart pants,
Beware of false Bonds and Counterfeit Grants;
A cheating Scrivener never custom wants.

Venus vix tangit Occupatos,
Carriots are not half so good as Potato's.
Tell me Friar Campanella,
Which is Tramont and Stella?
Tell me, what is Deceptio Visus,
Or what is Sardonicus Risus?
What Creature's that, that never Pisses,
And what Serpent that never Hisses,
And what Projector always Misses?

There are those that live by Smells,
There are those that believe no Hells.
How do Angels understand one another,
Who did the salle Oracles smother?
Ars Longa, Vita Brevis,
Durus Labor, Cura Levis;
A Giant strong, Southampton Bevis.
Stop Rivers, Winds and Tides,
Take Garters and Shoe-strings from the Brides.

The Witches.

Re chaste, as Lucreira, Ladies kind, lower and bank A Lustful Tarquin you shall find.

O poor Clients, have a care,
Justice is sold as Publick Ware;
London is a great Fare.

It will Irritare Crabrones,
To discover Nocturnal Religiones;
When the Candles are out, they Bill like Pigeons.

He that carries a Calf, will carry a Bull,
It was the Practife of an old Trull.
Vinum Opinionem parit certum Amorem,
Vinum Cos habet Saporem, Odorem, & Colorem.
Beauty, Wildom, and Riches to spare,
Make a Composition most Rare,
A Looking-Glass Boys, for Ordure and Lotium,
Ganimede's Tapster at Plato's Symposium.
He'l tell you Tales, that's as Drunk as an Ass,
Therefore, in Vino veritas.

Does the Soul fall in Tropick Cancer,
Or rife in Capricorn? I. stay for an Answer.
Describe a Lion by his Claw.
Measure Hercules by his Paw.
What think you of a Tell-tale Daw,
Who can keep the Turk in Aw.
Has the Soul Wings?
Answer me to these Idle Things.

Such Stuff as our Grave Sophies bring,
Burn 'um well, 'till they cry, Save the King.
Old Afiatick Pride,
Was more than all the World befide;
But now this Proverb is denied,
In Europe swells the highest Tide.

And there our Practife lies most, And there we chiefly rule the Rost; Thither we flock, 'sis the Richest Coast.

There's a private Hole or Vent,
In the corner of the Firmament;
To keep out Air, tight and finug,
Carefully stopt with a Leaden Plug:
To this blind Cell Jove oft comes groaping,
When weary, leaves the Gods a Tooping,
Having from his Companions stole,
He opes this peeping, listning Hole.

There hearkens t'ev'ry Mortals Voice; How some condole, and some rejoyce. The Subject of every Theme, How they bless, curse, and blaspheme. One cries for War, another for Peace, Others for Power, Riches, and Ease: Every one for what they please, In Health, Pain, or Disease.

Some for Fair Weather, Some for Foul,
Sometimes Sing, and sometimes Howl.
When he hath tir'd his patient Ears,
With contrary Vows and Fears;
He fairly puts the Plug in's place.
Returns to his Companions apace:
Forgetting all business and care,
Leaves all to Fate's well or ill Fare,

'Tis brave for us, when ev'ry Soul We have such Freedom to controul: Never regards the Tears or cries Of Wretches, tho they Sacrifice. In vain the Heavens with Groans are rent, Hecatombs, and Incense spent: His heart does not the least resent, At any Offering, Bribe, or Complement.

No Troubles are by him regarded,
Nor any Services rewarded.
Let Mortals shift, every Man,
And take their Fortunes as they can.
Thus he makes it his Recreation,
To let all run at Random in this fashion.
The World's well govern'd, all this while,]
The rest o'th' Gods can't choose but smile.

Where there's much Variety
Of Questions, there's told many a Lye;
'Tis best to give 'um the Go by.
Of what Order, if there be any,
Are Questionarii & Curtesani?

Quindecemviri of the Coram.

Augurs as good as e're came before 'um.

Of our Profession, none so good

To tell Stories of Robin Hood.

These are our Collegues and Brothers,

Vestals are our Sisters and Mothers;

We delight in Rogues and Whores above others.

Tell us if Phanicians were greatest Traders, Or Goths and Vandals the greatest Invaders? At Plato his Symposium, Did the best Sophies come? Where Hercules Pillars stand? Remov'd into the American Strand.

Where or how, when or which way, Supreme Power in the People lay? How the cunning Tribunes got it; Or to whom they did allot it? If the Senate had forgot it, If the Commons were not beforted?

It put the Emperors out of breath,
To get the Power of Life and Death.
Whither the Roman Stare were Fools.
To be governed by Edge Tools?
The Greeks and Romans by stealth,
Drove most to a Commonwealth.
May all the Eastern Folk well fare,
For they their Princes love and fear.

Why the Athenian Minerva chose! The Owls, rather than the Tatling Crows? Because these howling Birds of Night Conceal Mysteries, play Least in fight: The other Gossips sly about, Tell Tales too much among the Rout. Tongues ne're ly still, never give out, Till they be cut quite out,

If Camelions live by the Air,
How does it with the Salamander fare?
The Offridge digefts Iron and Stones,
Just as the greedy Dogs do Bones.
Where are the Fragments of the Ark?
Mars met with Venus in the dark.
Find me out Constantine's Donation?
What's the Grand Signior's Occupation?

Shew me the Original of Lex Regis?
And of the Peoples Privilegia?
Who drew the Charter of the People?
Who laid the first Stone of Paul's Steeple?
The Thunder thumping Claps are Ominous,
That Roar in Homer's The Samue Conference
And the huge Noise breaks all the Glasses,
Of Πολοφλοίσ Coso Θαλάσομε.
Frighted all the Lads and Lasses,
Sunk all the Galliots and Gallioses.

'Tis a true Rule, pra Quartana,
Nunquam pullatur Campana.
'Tis true, at Plato's Great Tear,
All things will be cheap or dearl
If Mules use to bring forth Mules,
'Tis not yet resolv'd in Schools.
Which is best, Salt upon Salt,
(Ask an Ale-Conner) or Malt upon Malt?

Pick up the Sybils Leaves as you go,
Tack them together all in a Row:
Sell them to Augurs at high Rates,
To busie all their Empty Pates,
And teach us to understand the Fates.
Lampon, a samous Priest of Greece,
Used to Swear by the Geese.

Who is the Cato of the Time?
What is Theologick Wine?
Shall he be reck'ned among the Flashes,
That pist upon his Fathers Ashes?
Or she that drove her Coach the rather,
Over the Dead Corps of her Father?

Cc 2

Vespassan, for Piss and Whores, Exacted Tribute of the Boors: But what had he in his Head, That took Taxes from the Dead? Why not for every Maiden-Head? A Juicy Virgin among the Jenes, Was a Tenure ad purgandos Renes.

The Sight of Cræsus Deadly Stroke,
The Organs of his Sons Tongue broke.
Pigeons and Crows are excellent Setters.
When taught to and fro to carry Letters.
In Egypts Continent and Isles,
We found a whole Town of Crocodiles.
Palamede's invented Disc;
So Rich Estates are lost in a Trice:
But pardon 'um, they shall lose 'um no more,
For I see Poverty stand at the Door.

With Numers the World was once well for'd, When Thirty thousand were ador'd, Roman Weddings were fure to hold, When Man and Wife each other bought and fold. A Woman with Child defires more Lust; But Brutes keep their Seasons true and just. Brutes never yet offer'd at Male Coition, Nor after Conception, at Repetition: But Rationals are of another Condition, And too oft taken upon Suspicion; Now Lawyers, ye may come with a Prohibition.

Heathens Gods and Goddesses we adore, That us'd to play Rogue and Whore. Drunkard, Buffoon, Pimp and Pander, So our unlucky Wits do wander. To imitate each Vice-Commander, Pig and Capon, Goose and Gander. Parricides, Incests, Rapes, By their favour make Escapes.

Poets and Mimicks went a Imping,

Jupiter and Mercury go a Pimping,

The rest follow with Vulcan Limping.

We wait with Charms at their Altars,

And at the Gallowses with Haltars,

We dance stark naked at their Meetings,

Bacchus, Venus, Flora's Greetings,

Where we enjoy our Ducks and Sweetings.

'Twas I, that so like a Fool, Climb'd Apollo's Threesoot-Stool. And such as I, mad, mad we grew, Farm'd salse Oracles to the Crew. We had the luck to come off Blew, For our Responds were never True. Just like the Augurs Divination, Speaking like Bagpipes by Inspiration.

Epsam, Dulidge, Tunbridge Waters,
Produce to Ladies, Sons and Daughters;
If not, Lords will shew so much favour,
To make it worth a Womans Labour.
Try Fortunes, you may safer venture thither,
Than to Delphos, or Memphis, or you don't know whither.

Here you advance your Fames, Better than at the Olympick Games.

Rich Bribes flow to filthy Sots,
The Panders thrive by the Venerean Rots.

The ..

The tasest Parasites in Scarlet stand,
The Diamonds sparkle from the bloody Hand.
To these Arabia her Odours breaths,
India her Silk and Spice bequeaths.
So the Fool the Wise commands,
And goes away with all the Lands.

How did Phocas, that cruel Beast,
Advance the Papal Interest?
Then began that Fatal Theme,
When he made the Priest Supreme.
Zachary shifted Pepins Throne,
And set Charles Martel in his Room:
Many a Battel for him he fought,
And to Rome great Treasures brought.
Which the Gallick Liberties wrought,
Pragmatick Sanctions come to nought.

There are such cunning Tricks and Juglers, Such extraordinary Smuglers; 'Twixt Papal and Imperial Sides, That one by turn each other Rides: And all our Wits can never find, From all Points, how they turn and wind, But still in them we have a Hand, And over them no small Command.

Who hope up the Great Turk's Delign,
To take the Town of Constantine?
And with it samous Greece and Thrace,
To th' European Kings Disgrace.
We bewitcht the rich Whore-sons to part with their
Till the Turks got it all by steatth. (Wealth,
From thence the Eastern Eagle sled,
For want of her warm Nest, is dead.

The Western long before was out of Breath, By Goths and Vandals pin'd to Death.

For we had laid those Rods in Piss, And in they broke, when we did Hiss. For Genserick, Attila, Alarick, And every thing that was Barbarick. I gave them leave with Sword and Fire, To over-run the Roman Empire. I brought Saracens from the Levant, In Spain and Africa to Rant, Without the help of John a Gaunt.

There never was a Richer Prey,
In all the vast America.
I farther led them such a Dance,
Over all Germany and France.
Twas I that gave wlarge Commission.
To the Spanish Inquisition.
Furthermore, I put a Bar.
To that costly Holy War.
I am ready upon all occasions.
To bring in Barbarous invasions.
And every day I cut our Works.
For my Journey-men, Tartars and Turks.

CANTO

land to know it word or and

Who dans all day, before Durks For to eachet he hits the Marks

A Francipio ad Ima

CANTO X.

A Hypocrite, Os nettar promit,
Hang him, Mens Aconita vomit.
Take a Miser at the best,
Jupiter is in his Chest.
Justice may be done to All,
And yet no sear the Heavens should fall.
A Man may be in Zeal full Hardy,
And in the best Things too Tardy.

The Throne and Bed no Rivals breed,
'I is a good Garden without Weed.
Tu omnes, Te nemo, leap over this Block,
The Politicians and Priscilians Lock.
Take a Lady in her Smock,
That in a Cradle had a Knock.
Empire's a Shirt so light and thin,
Not to put off without the Skin.

Contrà multos Desipere,
An Idle Toy, a meer Frippery,
A Maiden-head is very slippery.
Tell Fools, to perplex 'um,
Anima non habent Sexum.
Tell bald Sires, in Pleasures bold,
That Souls never grow old.
I lack to know Materia Prima,
A Principio ad Ima.

Interdicts never look back, The Greater sways the better Pack. Who darts all day, before Dark, Ten to one but he hits the Mark.

Rufticks

Rusticks and Commons are Tyrants food, As Tyrants are to Hells Brood. Italian thinks he's fold and bought, When better used than of old for nought.

Tell a Lye, and find the Truth,
Take the Devil by the Tooth,
Caveat Emptor, a Cheat,
Turn the Table after Meat,
It passes for a Trickum Legis,
To cheat an honest Man Von Gregis.
Take heed of an Old crafty Tony,
Latet Vittum, Proximitate Boni.

Fortune hath a Womans Curfe,
For being woo'd she is the Worse.
To keep, not use, a Miser pleases,

κληροτόμοις πλάσι, σοί δι πάρης.

If we rightly judge of Things,
No Servant but is born of Kings.

Mony is Mortals Blood and Life,

Mony is all the Worlds Strife.

If the Fool and Knave don't Ride ye, Fide, fed cui Vide.
All Philosophers bespeak you,
In two words, 'Avix's, & Enix's.
I say, trust not a Brother,
The Daughter devours the Mother.
Great Things the Law will perplex,
De Minimu non curat Lex.

An old Custom, is an old Lye, Be honest before you Dye.

Dd

Women

Women mightily prevail,
Of Families both Head and Tail.
Quod semel placuit, except thou dotest,
Amplius displacere non potest,
Valeat Quantum valere potest.
Drive on the Rule, will never fail ye,
Accessorium sequitur Principale.

Say you so? wou'd it were True,
Then give every one his Due.
They say that Honours stately Gates,
Are shut to all Infamous Mates.
Let not the Cook, but the Guess,
Judge of every dainty Mess.
Hear all, Judge of Thine and Mine;
But be sure, Méanne Ans Mess.

Justice must no Anger show,
If it do, away ye go.
You may speak, as do Fools;
But you must think, as do the Schools.
When all is done, by Foe and Nay,
The World is but a Stage Play.
Polupragmony takes pains,
Invention gets all the Gains.

Obligations among the Wife,
If once extinct, shall never Rife.
Interdum Vulgus rette Videt,
Semel in Anno Apollo Ridet.
Where the Law hath not diffinguisht,
All Difference must be relinquisht.
Bernardus non videt emaia,
Homer's Ballads are all Sommia.

If Witches fail, don't Jeer us,

Aliquando benus dormitat Homerus.

For a Man, 'tis high Time,

When a Woman's in her Prime.

When the Bells give over Chiming,

'Tis time for Poets to leave Riming.

Are you the White Hens Chick,
You'l please a Woman to the Quick.
Benè Nasuti, Benè Mentulati,
Eme Lestum Obærati.
For pure Musick take your choice,
The Night Owl, or the Ravens Voice.
'I'm got into an unlucky Vein,
'When shall I grow sober again?

For fear you should be run aground,
Hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound,
Always Halt before a Creeple,
Always keep in with the Common People,
Be sure never leap over Pouls Steeple.
Make Ale with good store of Malt,
Relish nothing without Salt.
Take no Man at his word,
Flatter, though you be a Lord.

One As scratches another;
Do so, though it be to your Brother.
Are you humour'd at every Lock,
You were wrapt up in your Mothers Smock.
Are you a Fresh looks, Smooth face Boy,
Then you are all the Womens Joy.
Get into the Ladies Laps,
And they'l be sure to feast your Chaps;
But beware of Asterclaps.

Dd 2

Get

Get into a Ladies Favour,
She'l bind you to your good Behaviour:
For fhe always has a Favour,
Something has fome favour.
When she smiles, if you be muddy,
Shall put you out of your Brown studdy.
Hunt, Hawk, Drab, Drink, Rob, Slay,
So Gallants pass their Time away.

If I had kept close my Cell,
I ne'r had known the World so well.
We must be Politicians then.
Because we Women study Men.
If they be taken with our Looks,
We'l quickly get them into our Books:
We have them every Man,
Let them get out, if they can.

Thus we conjure, If you won't pay,
We'l tell all you do, or fay,
We must be fashion'd in all Modes,
And Coacht about in all Roads.
We'l shew all your Haunts and Revels,
And turn you over to all Devils.
Quickly, quickly ope your Bags,
You shall be clothed all in Rags.

Call for a Scrivener, Set your Hands
And Seals, to convey all your Lands, ontail no you's
There's no Denial, it must be for
If you come in to Cuckelds Row.
Alas, you quickly will grow Old,
And so shall we, part with your Gold.
You crinckle already in each Leg, and so you'd and
In time you will be forc'd to Beg. A so waswed and

Then

Then you rotten Rogues be gone, and the fresh Hectors come on the sand to the So we'l ferve you, every one, With Palsie, Gout Pox, or Stone and the Whores, Whiso They shall pay off all your old Scores, and they shall pay off all your old Scores, and they in the Kings Bench, Is to let you dye in the Kings Bench and the Send for a Surgion, your last Dock they last a nearly Are Issues, and the Chopping Block.

The Bactrians kept Sepulchral Dogs,
To eat Parents alive, like Hogs.
When the Crab shall catch the Hare,
For Hunting take no farther Care.
When the Rat took the Cat,
Arras was surprized for all that.
Qui nescit orare,
Continuò ascendat Mare: 1 nobras and ad shay say

At every thing I have a Flingo,
Tutto abrattio, nuella stringo.
The old Witch is dead, O Janus,
Animam Jana pepedit Anus I
'Tis a true Saying, Multi-multa,
And 'tis as true, Plurimi, Stulta,
Tho Hercules got Thirty Maids with Child,
Yet by a Woman his Temple was desil'd.

If the Lions Skin won't do,
Tack the Foxes Fur thereto.
Learn to blow hot and cold,
Learn to be young and old as the state of over-reaching.
Ware Geese, when the Fox is a Preaching.

The best Fish, are always took of and they are it By a Silver Line, and Golden Hook.

There's a Dish that's very pleasant. Call'd Nufaure, or Damage Fefant. If you be troubled with Irifb Rats. Provide store of Tarteffian Cats. There can be no worfe Vexator. Than a half-witted Opiniator. When the Whole Senate fate free. Calpurnia pleaded, as well as we.

Bona, Mala, Pulchra Sordent. To be fure, Mortui non Mordent Ape in Purple, Dog in Manger, Never fear any Danger. If you would ne're be troubled more With any Pain, Drink Hellebore, If you'l be Just, Pardon the Crows. And let the Pigeons feel the Blows.

He that hath confumed you once, Trust him agen, for the nonce. Acigor who was Come Skinkers. Wine's an Afs to Water-Drinkers. Make Welkin roar, ye can ne're be Madder. Than three blue Beans in a blue Bladder. Put it to Questions and Commands. London Bridge upon Wool-Packs stands.

Have ye not read in ancient Rowls. Of the Praexistence of Souls: And where they are, and what stheir Trade Ever fince they were made. Mot set usedes estes sales sales

How they are called from their Plantations, Into Male and Female Habitations. When they depart, whither they go Into other Bodies, or no.

'I'm fomething Curious you'l fay,

'I would fain know what I may:

'If not, I'le be content to flay,

Tho now 'tis Night, it will be Day.

The less I know, the more l'le do,

'Throw after me an Old Shoe,

For in Buliness 'twixt Man and Man,

'I'le do all the Mischief I can.

Quiddities. Quoddities, Entities,
Are Metaphylical Apprentices.
Nominal, Real, Unafinous Colleagues,
Projectors, Politicians, Intrigues,
Banks his Horse, Prince Rupers's Dog,
The Speaking Bear, and Flying Hog.
The Sense of Speaking, and sweet good,
If there were an Interrogative Mood.

Good Night to every drowzy Head,
When the Meen is in her Flock Bed.
A Quartan Ague is an Evil;
But we fay it is fome Devil,
Epilepfies, by Jews Confessions,
Are the same with Spirits Possessions.
A Fiddle, Pipe, or Kettle Drum,
Fit a Fool to a Cows Thumb.

Charles Martel, that Champion great, Did Saracens in France defeat:

Borrow'd :

The Winches 74 Borrowed Tithes to pay, his Men.
But never paid them back agen balles are yad? woll For which we ferved him right well, tons slald otal Turn'd Body and Soul into Hell! . 114 gob god nod W A Serpent found on his Tomb Stones and radio oral Had carried away all his Bones. Of our Antiquity we boaft the rather, 'Cause Zoroastres was our Father. Horti Penfiles, fays Riberat angivi en won on 1 Were a pleafant Chimeram ant wood I alel of I In Minotaurs Labyrinths gay, Ariadnes Thred flew'd the way. Attius Navius had a fore put, 12 11 2011 To prove his August ship a Whetstone cut. The like in Authors Thever Taw, worked on the As Homer, not a Word of Law. It feems there was then many a King, Whose Words were Law, that was the Thing. The Sawcy Dogs bark at the Moon & gurhand on T The Horse ? Gra Silven Spoon to 1 19 9 19 of Tyrefias of the Hellish Blades the na staw aren't if For Wisdom excels all other Shades. Good Night to every drowzy, Head, Twelve Dis Confentes Hetter the Boys and nodW Nonfoi, Aid moi, Hober de Hoyston antwork A Bhilosophere and the Patrick of the State of the Sta Philosophers and the Rabbles For Deities did turn Tables. The Poets broach all the Fables of occide of bird A The Giants ranfack all the Stables, and look and Intramundane, Extramandane Gods, With Medioxumi all at odds.

Dii Patellarii, or Trencher Scrapers,

With Lares & Lemures, are at Daggers and Ra-

From

From Atoms, Numbers, or from Fire, Of Gods, sprang the Celestial Quire: But which of these was the true Sire, I leave Socrates to Enquire; For I dare go no higher.

There were Sober Zéwai Déai, And as Mad headed Maria.

Eucholds and Ecrives,

Médara and Aeuxa Furies.

There are worse Numens, Mice and Rats, With their deadly Foes, Dogs and Cats. And if you should lack Gods to Eat, Onions and Garlick are Sawce for your Meat. All this was an Egyptian Cheat; Ask their Priests, they did the Feat, Witches, whom you so Misuse, Did never Folk so much Abuse.

For these, we turn not Earth like Plowmen, But like Fools, 'Asposalsusy.' Asposalsusy.
'Aspos was an Indian Tower,
Too high for Birds to fly over.
The Observation must not scape us,
The Shapes of Panus and Priapus.
Which in the Temples they Revere,
But in the Theaters they Jeer:
The rest at Alians, they Adore,
But in Scenes call Rogue and Whore.

Alexander's Statue, an Architect, From Athos Mountain did Project: To hold a City in his hand, But wanting Water was at a stand.

Еe

The

The Arcadian Sow selt no disquiet,
Tho a Nest of Rats did in her Gammon Dyet.
In the Kingdoms of Clarencieum and Garter,
Where shall a small Army find Quarter?

Look Bridegrooms to your Genial Bed,
If no Cow-itch should be spred.
If Sheets ben't fown close by some Slut,
Or if the Bed-cords ben't Cut.
Is the Pox an American Disease,
Or came it rather from the Genovese?
Who barrel'd up Venetian Mummy,
And sold it to them again for Tunny?
And so they got both Pox and Money.

I read of a Cabinet of Racks,
For every Limb hung up upon Tacks.
Rhinolabides, Cheilostrophia,
Otagra, Dattylothea, Pedostrata.
I think we ne're were such Fools,
To need to use such simple Tools.
We were never such blind Gulls,
To invent Brazen Bears or Bulls.

What can be fancied in Proportion,
To an Hebrew Jew for Extortion.
Use upon Use, goes on Merily,
But Metal upon Metal is salse Heraldry.
As oft as we hear Quod erat Demonstrandum,
So oft we hear Aliquid restat Probandum.
'Tis a most Hangman like Prosecution,
To deslower a Virgin before Execution.

We fall in nothing from our Scope,
Save only in dancing down a Rope.

- At nothing else we fo much Grudge,
- As at a Hangman, or a Judge.
- ' An Hempen Noose with an ugly Knot,
- Destroys us to rights upon the Spot. The Scrivener, Devil and his Dam.
- * Faciunt nos Longam Literam.
- Some of us are fo fair and bright,
- A hungry Cyclops at first light
- Would spare us, but we know
- You have no Mercy at all to show.
- 'We'l fave our felves then what we can,
- Sooner trust a Devil than a Man.
- We hurt Bodies more than Purses;
- Kill not by Weapons, but by Curfes.
- When we torment or kill,
- No Reason for it, but our Will.
- 'We Covenant to obey
- 'The Evil Spirit, that bears fway.
- "Cause he's all Malice and despight,
- Therefore in the same we delight.
- We serve him, because we hope
- 'In every thing, but a Rope.
- 'He can relieve us in any Thing,
- 'Till we come to a rough String.
- "Tis said, a Young-Wythe unripe,
- Can best choak a Witches Wind-pipe.
- "Tis nothing to break Bars and Chains,
- 'Force Walls and Bulwarks without pains:
- 'But a poor Cord, or slender Twine,
- Is beyond the Devil's power, or mine.
- 'There's one thing more besides a Turn,
- We cannot drown, but we can burn.

- All this we know, but we are High, Malicious, and love to stand in a Lye.
- 'So flout, as rather than be sham'd,
- We dare venture to be damn'd.
- So we in time in Pleasures reign,
- We'l endure Everlasting Pain.
- A Wilfulness of high degree,
 To plunge into dark Eternity.
- So with Old Nick we did agree,
- Therefore it must be, as it must be:
- And he must fmart, as well as we,

'And all his Devils Company.

'This World is his, and by Him, ours,

No matter for Celestial Powers.

We're fure of fomething while we're here,

" Tho it cost us ne're so dear.

Beside Revenge and Pride in the Case, there's Lust,

And Hypocrifie, never to be just.
Cruelty ne're in this World rid faster.

'Than we do behind an Implacable Master,

'It is now become our Calling,

Stand as long as we can, for there will be a falling.

As there are Goods, there must be Evils,
As there are Gods, there must be Devils.

We have the best of a Crast on Earth we can find,

'Heaven is far off, we leave it behind.

'Here w'have our will, and our fill of our Play,

We never shall hope for a merrier Day.

And this is all the account I can give,

We're fure we shall dye, but not fure we shall live.

CANTO XI.

- We can Conjure the proudest Damons,
- 'If you'l not do this, we'l split the Heavens,
- Lay Is's Secrets all ope,
- 'Into their Cabinet-Council grope.
- Plunder the horrid Magazines,
- ' Called Sacred Eleusynes.
- Expose the monstrous Beastly Rites,
- 'Unicen by Moon and Stars a Nights.
- Rifle Mysteries, tell Tales,
- 'Of all your Numens, Shees and Males.
- 'Spoil your rich Trade, and all your Feats,
- 'Discover all your damned Cheats.
- Ranfack all your Golden Cifts,
- 6 Rob your Relicks, starve your Priests.
- 'In Recompence for all your Lies,
- ' Make good every rich Sacrifice.
- 'All our Bullocks and Rams restore,
- 'Or else we'l never offer more.
- We'l break your Altars, flut your Gates,
- Fire the Temples o're your Pates,
 And never ferve you at these Rates.
- 'Restore our Crowns and Jewels Gists,
- 'Or we'l put you all to your last Shifts,
- Dash all your Royal Donations,
- Cancel all Impropriations.
- 'To do This, I adjure you;
- If you do That, I abjure you.

'If you do neither, I conjure you,

If you tell Truth, I'le ne're endure you.

'An be hang'd, you call us Witches,

'An be damn'd, you call us Bitches;

But spight of you we'l wear the Britches.

'l'le make Tantalus Ghoft,

'In Ice to freez, in Flames to roft,

'I'le banish Shades to Fairy Land,

'Or the dark Cabins of the Stygian Strand.

'I'le thrust them into Little-Ease,

' Soak 'um in Phlegethon's Boyling Seas.

'I'e come arm'd with Hercules Clubs,

' And break all the Danaides Tubs.

'I'le hale Thyestes by Magick Tricks,

To loathed Thebes, out of Siyx.

'The Ghosts from Sepulchres shall rife,

By Beel-zebub, God of Flies.

Fright Mortals with horrid Cries,
Throw Fire-balls to put out their Eyes.

'I'le break in pieces Promotheus's Chains,

And dash out the cruel Vultur's Brains.

Rowze Spirits, stand on Tiptoes, Conjurations,

Answer all my Expostulations.

For Murders, Incest, Thests and Rapes,

Tell me who have made Escapes?

'I'le pull Jove by the Beard, and drive

All his Company before me, dead or alive.

'I'le make the Fury Alecto, skip,

With a fierce Satyr's knotty Whip.

'It is our fpecial Wills and Pleafures,

'Forthwith to observe all our Measures.

'Upon pain of high Displeasures,

'To deliver up all our hid and lost Treasures.

From the Center of both Poles, From all dark skulking Holes.

From the bottom of the Waves.

'From rotten Sepulchres and Graves,

'From Lakes and Woods, and Defart Sands,

Mountains and Vallies in all Lands.

From the Dungeon of Hell,

And you that in Aery Regions dwell.

Take all the Word of Command, Before our awful Prefence stand.

'Come up, come down, you Hellish Rout,

'Follow our steps, never give out.

All the Jolly Teutons and Franks,

Never yet plaid fuch mad Pranks.

As long as our Senses ne're fail us,

' Never think to over-hale us.

'Our Spells, Charms, and Incantations,

'Turn you from your lofty Stations.

We'l clamber to your stately Halls,

'And toss you down like Tennis-Balls.

'Is Justice fled to you, fend her down,

We lack her amongst them of the Long-Gown.

Rule you aloft amongst your felves,

Domineer over Hags and Elves,

'We'l make you do as we please,
'Or you shall live at little Ease.

If you won't yield, to do fo, or fo,

' Have at you all, down you must go.

'You're

- 'You're glad to lick the Fat, and fuck the Blood,
- Of Beafts, that are for you too good. Yield, O yield, you Tyrant Pride,

'Your Hogen Mogens are defy'd.

Come down from aloft. Come up from below,

'Whither we please, Run and Go.

'Ye hungry Gods are glad of Collations,

From our Fryings and Fumigations.

But down your Altars go, your Temples fall,

"Tis in our power to starve you all.

We'l be Gods too our selves, away,

We have a mind to go to play.

- Do as we bid you, never frown, We'l clamber up and pull you down.
- 'Know that our Sea did never love you,

And that we are a Power above you.
Our Charms and Spells, and Incantations,

Are more than all your Divinations.

For Fashions sake y have been ador'd,
But ye shall be as much abhor'd.

- Look to your felves, I come, I come,
 And all my Crew, make room, make room.
- Make never fo strong a Plea,

'I'le bind y'all fast in the Red-Sea.
'To do your Enemies a Favour,

- 'I'le tye you to your good Behavour:
- And the ye flourish in your Prime,
- ' I'le make you stay and wait my Time.

Come Spirits, when I call, rowze up amain,

'What will you do for the King of Spain?

When

When you're took upon Suspicion,

What will you do for the Lords of the Inquifition?

If the Pope or the Turk lacks, Empty all your poyson'd Sacks:

Or I'le hang y'up upon Tainters or Tacks,

And proclaim you all for Quacks.

We'l march and knock at Hell-Gates,

Enter, and turn out all your Mates.

'Take possession of your Rooms,

And bury you up close in Tombs.
In a word, We'l level all your Towers.

And rifle you of all your Powers.

When we have knockt you all i'th' Head,

We will command all in your stead.

'Take Quarters, while you may, yield or dye,

'Thefe two ways, we're refolv'd to try:

'For I'de have you all to know,

'Ye shall and must come to my Bow.

Such is the force of a damn'd Spell,

To turn you out, and stop up Hell.

Give up quickly, do what we lack,

'Or 'tis decreed to make Hell crack,

' As were the Giants to Mankind,

'Such to you, you hall us find.

Do then, I say, as we would have ye,

Os all the Powers of Hell can't fave ye.

O how the pitiful Ghosts shake,

'At our Threatnings, how they quake?

Because they know they cannot stand.

Except they floop to our Command.

- 'You that love to be called Gods,
- Shall like Slaves be whipt with Rods.

Foolish Mortals use to feat you,

- When you fall they shall feer you.
- 'You know when I please to use my Power,

'I can destroy you every Hour.
'When we find you in Transgression,

'We can bring you to Confession.

'Have at you, once for all,

- 'We'l make you on us for Mercy call.
- 'Except you firive to make me your Friend,

'I fay, your Power is at an end.

- 'This of Mine is the most working Spell,
- That e're was fent to Heaven or Hell. "We'l take your Brass, Silver, and Gold Mettals,
- 'And melt 'um dewn to Pots and Kettles.

'That which now an Idol makes.

'Shall ferve for Pispors and for Jakes.

Your Silk and Tiffue Robes we'l burn.

Or them into Fools Coats turn.

- 'The World shall know you're Stocks and Stones,
- Or nothing elfe, but Dead mens Bones.

'You call your selves Planets and Stars,

'That are but Sepulchral Jars: 'Crocks and Dust, Mummy at best.

- 'Yet you would be ador'd and bleft.
- 'The Cheat's found out, the Truth to tell,

No fuch Gods are in Heaven or Hell.

Learn then, us Witches to adore,

'Such Gods as you shall be Gods no more,

That are no better than Rogue and Whore.

From

The Witches. From henceforth Priests put up your Pipes, With us in Markets go fell Tripes. 'A company of rascally Canters, That fet up the Trade of Inchanters. 'Ne're think to cheat the World more. 'You grow rich, and we grow poor. You are the diffembling Wights, Cheating us with Familiar Sprites. Never was fuch a Reformation, ' Practis'd in any Generation. 'Mortals, fear the Demons no more; But be afraid of Rogue and Whore. Those are the Paries, those the Fiends. 'That appear to be your Friends, And are all for their own Ends. 'Spare your Altars and your Gifts. All these are but pitiful Shifts; 'I have given them all their Lifts. 'From henceforth, ye honest Slaves, 'Arm your felves 'gainst Rogues and Knaves. He that will be an Honest man, Let Devils hurt him, if they can. Never fear Stocks or Stones, ' Never worthip Dead mens Bones. ' Never be more daunted by Elves, 'The Devils are amongst your felves, "More or lefs, in Folio's or Twelves. A company of filly Apes, Be no more fear'd by Necturnal shapes.

Princes and Generals give gifts like Fools,

To Apollo's Three-Foot-Stools.

0

| 86 | The Witches. |
|--|--|
| Was there Witchcraft | he Scab, this was the Itch, Kings poor, and Priests rich; ever such a Tearing Witch? t by Witchcrast is smother'd, by Witchcrast is discover'd. |
| And drag to And fend 'And fend' For Honesty, | rpose, I have sent out Roisters, t these grand Impostors, hem out of their Cells and Cloisters, um posting to their doom, men to make room. I dare say, arries the Bell away. |
| And every I have pro That ever | Vitchcraft is Hypocrifie, thing that is a Lye. ov'd the greatest Spy, found out Villany. e garbled every Sect, did the World Insect. |
| To cheate Hitherto K But I'le fen This is my Which a P Put 'um all Let all the | o more of these Tricks hereaster, very honest Son and Daughter. Inaves have made it their Laughter, ind 'um to the Slaughter. In piercing Wit, hilosopher could never hit; lupon the Spit. Ranks of Rogues and Knaves, from Gibbets to Graves. |
| "Use to thre | s hitherto the Rout, ow Stones, Jeer and Flout; or hang'd, would not give out. |

| The Witches, | 87 |
|---|------|
| 'Tis to be hop'd they'l spare us now, And look better to the Pen and Plow, | Ti a |
| 'I have been an observing Ranger, 'Where's the least shew, there's the most Danger 'Have a care of the Dog i'th' Manger. | 3 |
| 'Alas, we have done petty Harms, 'What think y' of Gowns and Gens d' Arms? 'O this Steel, O these Gowns, | |
| O these Leathern Clowns handle of these Men of Wit. | 3 |
| The Golden Mark how they hit! We are ugly, poor and old, We did never shine in Gold; | 2 |
| But we have been basely bought and sold. | 5 |
| 'If we had got but the true knack, 'We should have Bowl'd at the Gold-Jack, | 1 |
| 'This Trick the Devil found, 'Shews us all the true Ground. | 2 |
| Defame, Lie, Rob, Murder, Whore; What can Witches do more? | |
| Nay, tho the World at them doth grutch, I never knew them do so much. | |
| Alas, we go flowly, upon Crutches, They fly, and take you in their Clutchese | |
| *Keep close to your Callings, if you be wife, And beware of Saints in disguise. | |
| But at last we shall out-wit 'um, Or the Devil shall out-split 'um. | 1 |
| 'In all my Born I ne're cou'd abide 'um, 'But tell the World where they use to hide 'um, 'I take him for an excellent Setter, | 1 |
| That Preaches by the Spirit, and acts by the Lette | |
| | |

Ten thousand Plots to my One they have hatche,
But now, I think, they were ne're were so well
As in this Satyr I have patcht. (macht,
Yet all I go by, is by Books and by Fame,
And for it my Satyr has got an ill Name;
But his Honest desire is Mischief to tame.

' My Salyr henceforth would confine to his Den,
'And never more come amongs wicked Men.

'They have try'd him fo long with their Sins,

That he too often frets and grins.

He's tyr'd with skipping and whipping about,

Among the Rascal, Revel Rout.
I'de fain be quiet too, if you please,

'Reform, and I'le fend him his Writ of Eafe.

The Scholar will fay, in his Execuation,

'He finds me too often change my Fashion.
'Sometimes I'am a Devil, and the Devil I paint;

Sometimes I appear in the shape of a Saint.

A fecond Guzman, He or She,
A Knave and an Honest man be.

'I am all Villany, I confess,
'But I love to go in an honest dress;

'I hope, I'm Rogue ne're the less.

Only I am a great Painter of Faces,

Giants and Dwarfs of all Ranks and Races,

Ambling and Trotting in all Paces.

By this you may know, what is good or bad,

And where both are to be had.

'If you choose the best, I'le be glad,
'I confess, Knaves have made me mad.

· All Grace I am long fince paft,

But you may be fober, honest ande haft.

'In

In this Glass all Faces I show,

An Honest man from a Knave you may know.

Still I teach Honesty, I say,

Tho it be the clean contrary way.

When you fee I'am a Fool, if your Wits you don't lofe,

'I hope the Fairest you will choose.
'My Instructions are good and ample,

Tho I give a bad Example

'However I'm in a Disguise,

'To commend Vertue, I am so wise.

A wicked Witch may open your Eyes,
The Devil will teach you to Sacrifice.

- By good Doctors you refuse to be Taught,
- 'Try, for this once, one that is Naught. 'That is in Practife, but teaches True,
- ' And so you may give the Devil his due.

In all this Race Virtue offers a Prize,

' Tho the come in a Fools Difguife;

'Tis a most rare Enterprize.

'You're a great Fool, if you won't fee,

You're a great Knave, if you won't agree;

'You shall be no Witch for me.

'Say once, you were to Honesty turn'd,

By Witches, that deferv'd to be hang'd and burn'd.

"Tis a good Conversion, by bad Means,

A Black fometimes a White man cleans.

A kicking Cow has good Speans,

Some body knows what Some body means.

Among Tares good Wheat gleans,

I've always bid you have a care of Beans.

- ' If Angels can't force you from Evil,
- Hell may, and the fear of a Devil;

'For my part, I love to be Civil.

Any ways, if you can, get to be good,

When hungry, from the hands of a Slut take Food.

'This is more than a Tale of a Tub,

Have at a good Cast, Ruba Ruba Rub.

I was always a Good Fellow,
I love the Man that will fometimes be Mellow.

But I cannot endure the Rogue that is Yellow.

Surely, rather than make your felf a Starver,
Of good Meat, for once, let a Witch be your Carver.

If I mean no good, you may mean well,

By me good from bad you may spell.
And the more you see Baseness increase,

The more you may love Goodness, if you please.

Never give the Devil his Eafe,

While others love War, do you love Peace.

Chuse the Better, resuse the Worse, Take the Blessing, and leave the Curse;

'Say, you were taught it by your Witch Nurse.

Say, you met with a Witch of late,

* That brought you from Hell to Heaven Gate :

And there the left you, and you went in,

'This was Joan Silver Pin:

Fair without, and foul within,

'That went through thick and thin-

'Who at last dy'd in a String,

Prognosticated by Almanack Wing.

- So Vice has alwaies a Deadly Sting, han I nell od
- Which Rogues at last to Hell does bring of a find a At which for Joy, Hidance and sing, it and an always
- And all the Bells in the Town shall Ring.
- Let them count one for their Friend.
- That have brought 'um to this End. has mend of
- Thus I've took pains to make you understand,
- What belongs to a Witches Command
- Who fo fit as Cacodemons Lun moment the one ow
- Tunravel the Snarles of their Fellow Epiftemons?
- Thus we have you Aftrat Damons all at a Bay,
- Stir if you dare, if we bid you flay.
- But if by chance our Project fails
- 'We'l ceafe Conjuring, and tell Tales.

CANTO XII.

See r are faile-hearted Scabs.

A Lady fair, as I am told,
Never defired to live to be old:
And therefore this most Curious Lass,
Spying the first Wrinckle of her face in a Glass;
Out of the World in all haste she stole,
And told never a living Soul.
Poor Fool, when Youth and Beauty sled,
Was woundy willing to be dead,
As e're she was to lose her Maiden-head.
Agreeable to the old Relation,
Better be out of the World, than out of the Fashion.

A Vestals Hair-Lace drew the Hulk, In which the Mother of the Gods did sculk! To fetch her off, many a Yoke Of Horse and Men their Tacklings broke, So Nun Claudid, that was Caft.

By this Trial, was proved Chaft.

Mark it, she that cries Whore first,

Of Whores proves evernore the worst.

The Spaniard is a Formal Fop, The French a Whirligig, Town-Top.
The Savoyan a dull Thinker,
The German's deep Drinker,
We are all Tramontana Gulls,
Meer Affes, Artick and Antartick Bulls,
And Dunces of empty Skulls.
Italians are the Worlds pure Wits,
It we're Ingenious, tis by Fits.

The Scots are false-hearted Scabs,
The Irish lazy, lowzy Shabs,
Live upon Vinegar and Crabs.
Hollanders Slovens, Swedes and Danes,
Old Goths and Vandals have no Brains,
All that dwell in the Alps Northside,
Are full of Ignorance and Pride.
Italy's the place for wanton Boys,
Curtesans, and Fantastick Toys.

Believe Don Quixot, Amadis de Gaul,
The Suns Knight Palmerion, Devils and all.
Lucretia dyed not cause she would be chaste.
But because Tarquin from her made such haste.
Tertis dyed of the Pox,
Supposed honest by Cato the Fox,
Cuckolated with broad Horns, sike an Ox.

Morfe and Men their Tacklings broke.

Italy for my Money, Roma Santa,
Better than Greece and the Levanta.
Here fit I in my dark Cell,
To tell Tales from Earth to Hell,
And I like my Humor well.
Ask Venm, if Hettor or Mars were not Twangers,
If Polyphemus and Hercules were not Bangers.
I Canidia am highly Fam'd,
Because I was yet never Tam'd.

Spirit of Harts-born and Amber,
Make my Fancy caper and clamber.
Give me the Italian Liberty, Wedlock's miscarried,
Tis a perfect Bilboes to be married.
They do be witch 'um and bewhore 'um,
As their Fathers did before 'um;
Cuckolds all, More Majorum.

I desire to be rich in Pleasure,
More than in Rotten Sheep and Treasure,
Aristotle was my first Brood,
That Metaphysicks understood,
Solon was my Son in Law,
Lycurgus kept Rebels in Aw.
Sappho was my Daughter dear,
That taught Poets to sing clear.

My Dogs are of a Spartan Race,
Lælaps, Melampus, not Fox or Bawdy-face,
Who was Adam's Tutorling?
Or, who taught Eve to spin?
Old Maids may keep their Maiden-heads,
Till the Moon drop Milstones on their Beds.
Maids appearing, Maids in being,
These, it you know where, wou'd be worth the seeing.

G g 2

On

The Witches.

94

On Cuckolds heads, Horns are planted, They deserve to run the Gantlet, And to be call'd Gentlemen of Antlet.

Pig Sows and Pig Boors, Boys and Girls, Rogues and Whores.
Dawbd, Patcht, Clapt and Chopt, Stew'd, Salivated, Slopt.

A Hot, Wet and dry Banian, Shav'd, Rub'd Slic'd with a Wannion.

All will not do, never Sound,
Rotten above, and under-ground.
A wholfom Husband or Wife,
Rarely found Comforts of Life.
Jack and Joan Silver-Pin,
Fair without, and foul within,
An honest Wife can't Favour win.
Honours high, and Riches gross,
Seeming Beauty, Humors cross.
An ugly Miss makes endless strife,
To a fair, rich, and wholsom Wife;
This Paints the Age to the Life.

Parents and Guardians, look well to your Charge,
Let not Striplings and Girls run about at large;
Such Vermin you'l find in Gravefend Barge.
Keep'um close up to their Books and Thimbles,
For sear they be took with the Throw-go-Nimbles.
Leave'um to Selves, when their Tails shake,
I'le warrant you, they'l make your hearts ake:
If you don't nip'um in the Bud,
I'le pass my word they shall ne're be good,
But vex and torment your Hearts Blood.

vest know where word be worth the fear

Male .

That

The Witches.

That for which you have toyld and sweat, In Riot, Excess, they shall drink and eat. When you're dead, they'l be frolick and jolly, Laugh at your Care, Labour and Folly. They handle the Pitchfork, you the Rake, They scatter all when your heads don't ake.

A rich young Heir comes to make his abode
In the City, to learn the newest Mode.
In a Tavern, so it came to pass,
He meets with a delicate painted Lass.
Shee's free to kis and sit in his Lap,
She knocks with her foot, and in comes a Snap.
Oh Rogue, what ravish my. Wife,
Damme Villain I'le have thy Life.

Thus Scuffling, in steps an old Cinque-Cator, And offers to be a Mediator.

Nay, pray Sir, spare the poor simple Lad, Your self was young once, and sull as mad. No no, but I'le be civil, let him sight for't, But as I live, he shall dye for't.

Hold Sir, I beseech you, I'le propound, The Gentleman's willing to compound, And Seal y' a Bond of a Thousand Pound.

A thousand such Cheats are continually framing, In Cosses and Stews, and Houses of Gaming; All which are not worth the naming. Did it ever Rain Geese? Has Spain got the Golden-Fleece? Who sav'd the Capitol at Rome? Who brought the Empire to its Doom? As long as our Senses don't fail us, Never think it to over-hale us.

Ple tell you a prime piece of Skill,
You may believe me, if you will.
There was a certain Bumkin Lout,
Who was at every flashing Bour.
With Heat impetuously drove,
To cool himself in Venus Grove.
He be g'd for Rods, would madly rail,
If Lectors with Rods did not brush his Tail.
He needs none to put in Bail,
That resolves to go to Gaol.

And so furious was the Lown,
That he must see the Blood run down.
Thus he delighted above measure,
To feel at once both Pain and Pleasure.
The more tormented, the more he itcht,
None can say, but he was bewitcht.
He was conjur'd into Venus Arms,
No otherwise than by Whipping Charms.
We taught him upon Rue to seed,
To stop the Urine of his Seed,
For fear their should be more of his Breed.

Gonsales at several Stanza's,
Got up to the Moon by the help of his Ganza's.
And let them that long so to climb,
Get up if they can, but let'um take time,
And they must be every Man in his Prime.
We can teach a hundred Tricks better than that,
With Moon and Stars to sit and Chat.
Command their help for Peace or War,
Famines or Plagues to surther or bar;
Alas, I feel my Brains jar.

Amalthe's great Horn,
I never faw the like in all my Born.
It is called Cornucopia,
It is to be feen in Utopia.
The dogged, fullen Indian Tree,
With Solar Beams will not agree.
Of all the Plants, there's but this one,
That shuts its Leaves against the Sun.

If it Rains Frogs 'the Ominous,
But if it Rain Hogs, Abdominous.
If you lack Bread to your Meat,
You may watch till it Rains Wheat.
And to compleat all, 'twere fine,
If there were a Spring of Wine.
Of Wonders, these and more forts,
Are recommended by Reports.
Of all the rest, it is not good,
When it rains Fire and Blood.

Rome tam'd the Barbarians, and made'um Wife, Good Reason to take'um in War for a Prize. The Worlds Fortunes were ne're at a stay, Till they inclined all one way.

While Marins and Scylla made a Fray, The Casars chanc'd to get the Day.

All Fluctuations that had been,
Setled in the Bosom of the Roman Queen.

Aristam Proconesus, as Herodotus writes, Travelling abroads for his Delights, Stept into a Fullers Shop by meer chance, And there fell into a deadly Trance. The Fuller amaz'd shuts his Shop in haste, To tell his Friends the ill luck that had past.

When

When in comes a Cyzicens, that as he rid Post, Said, he met with Aristaus Ghost.

Trudging as fast as he could Trot.
Into another World, (I'le lay's Pot.)
Then sought they to bury his Corps underground,
But no Aristaus could be found.
It seems he was but in a Swound,
Some body setcht him again, I'le be bound.
But after Seven years the story rehearses,
He appear'd for a while with a Paper of Verses,
Call'd Arimospei, and then vanisht,
As if into Hades he had been banisht.

Three hundred years after, as it had been a Vision, He shew'd himself, after so long Disparition. After he had wandred out of Breath, And play'd Bopeep so often with Death; He dyed at last, and dyed in deed, Made no more hast than good speed. His Statue erected stood in Wind and Weather, Was never made of Running Leather.

Clazomenes, the same that his Soul did down lay, And took it agen for an hour and a day. Cleomenes Assipulaus all in the Dark, To escape his Foes, shut himself in an Ark: And by a cleanly conveyance out sled, Which was a sign he was not dead.

If you had trac'd him rem moda, You might haveovertook him upon the Rode-a.

Zamolxis was an honester Knave, aw sonoil snow Dwelt in a Subterranean Cave : Dall 109 5 4 5 Thereby to deceive the Scythian Nation. By Pythagoras's Soul Transmigration ; You may believe, if you will, this Relation. For this and fuch like ftories are as good, and by As the Tales of Tom Thumb, or Robin Hood.

Did the Conjurer play fair, a somebastic rish sved That lockt Old Nick in th'Inchanted Chair? It feems by contract on a day, and had a warm bord a V. He came to fetch his Soul away. Whom the better to beguile, The Witch pray'd to fit down a while. He quickly found himself supplanted, del sool A ad T Must not rife till a longer Lease be granted. 101 alla.)

CANTO XIII.

And bring them back to try your powe

At Babels Hell confounded Spire, M. yd adord you We Giants began first to aspire. I know not how we were derided. And all our Company divided. This spoil'd our Job, that fatal Day, doon & pharmach We were all glad to run away, 3 1 1359 abrid We ne're had the luck thus, Never to know the Hand that struck us.

But in Agypts famous Land, who seld bas a short of We were taught better to underfland. A soam all What belongs to a Command. And how none thould dare withfrand, What we prefume to take in hand. dH, water the transfer the

From

From thence we did advance to Greece, Where we got the Golden Fleece.

Philosophers and Poets woe us, But hang'um, they long to undo us.

Travelling Sophs came in like Fools,
To work Journey-work with our Tools,
A fleck of Owls staring and hooting,
Gave their attendance at our mooting.
The young Scholars were our Darlings,
We had many pleasant Parlings.
They lov'd to see us in our Fits,
And we delighted in fresh Wits.

The Moon labouring in Eclipse by us Strumpets,
Calls for Cymbals, Drums and Trumpets,
Homer's Ballads, Hesiod's Ditties,
Were the Inventions of Witches.
Bring in the Ashes of a Flower,
And bring them back to try your power.
Play Tricks by Magick Aspersions,
To entail Mischiefs upon Reversions,

Idei Dattyli hug'd in our Arms, Found out the Six Ephelian Charms, 1994 and V

dH

Thence

Thence grew the Proverb, as they say,

Eφήσια Αλεξιφάρματα Γράμμαζα.

The Greeks stole the salse Palladium,

Eneas brought the true to Latium.

Apuleius, Jannes and Jambres,

Apollonius Thyanaus, came out of our Chambers.

Semhamphorash's dark Intentions,

Palestine Lots were our Magick Inventions.

King Prussus seared more by half
Than Hannibals, the words of a Cals:
But Casar wasted to Africa,
Tho all the Augurs did gainsay.
Alexander marching to the Red-Sea,
Was bid halt, 'cause a Bird stood in his way;
But Mosellanus shoots and kills her, saying,
She could not save her self by staying.

Plato's Commonwealth was ground by Mice, In Tully's Study, that day that Cateline did Rife. Troy's enduring Ten years Test, Was charg'd on Chalca's Sparrows Nest. To Midas's mouth Ants carried Wheat, From Plato's, Bees suckt Honey meat. I doubt this and that Feat, Were no better than a Cheat.

Varro at Cannæ fouly falls,
Not celebrating the Circæan Festivals.
The German Prophecy disannuls us,
By that Neck Verse, Vulpes, Leo, Nullus.
Pompey, Julius, Augustus, Teny,
Lepidus the idle Chrony.
Candidates for Universal Rule,
Augustus rid th' Imperial Mule.

Delphos basely Philipiz'd,
Sybils (esar Idoliz'd.
He may be Lord, or any thing,
But he must not be a King.
Caligula swept the way from Rome,
And sprinkled it as far as Belgium.
He marcht with Forty thousand Men,
Fetcht Cockle shells and so came home agen.

We dine at the Philosophers Table,
Scorning to be amongst the Rabble.
In Muses Chamber we come
Into Apollo's Dining-Room.
In Plato's Academy we stalk,
Zeno's Porch, Aristotles Walk,
Ptolomy's Library we scan,
And study in the Vatican.

If on a Tree ten thousand Figs,

If in Sows belly be ten Pigs.

If in Sows belly be ten Pigs.

Chalcas and Mopfus could not agree,

Bout this famous Controversie.

Lady Hypasia understood Cartesus,

Better than men do Hobsier Amesus.

Bacchus, Garagantua's ned Noses,

Pantagruel's triple Chin disclases,

Pythias finks into the Cell,
Sits brooding thatch an answer from Hell.
Virgins Menstrua's cannot breed,
Without help of the Male Seed.
Egyptian Hieroglyphicks we write,
Delphos Oracles we endite.
We wash the Ethiopian white,
Choak the fair Day with black Night.

'My Spirit's up, all in a heat,

Ready to bewitch all I meet.

Keep off ye Dogs, ye mungrel Curs, For fear I make more difmal Stirs.

Fools and Slaves will needs be ridden,

By Rogues and Knaves before they're bidden.

Perhaps sometimes I may relent,

But I can never Repent.

'Who dares lay an Embargo,
'In any Port, upon my Cargo?
Alcam was a Giant able,
To purge more than the Augaan Stable.
Scavengers, Fencers, Fidlers, Dancers,
Mimicks, Players, and Romancers.
Patching Matchevilian Tinkers,
Mummers, Roary Tory Drinkers.

Menippus watches, jeers and winks, Epicurus Hogfly stinks.
Each Deipnosophist has his Punk, And murders his Rival Drunk.
O Rome, Jove must be Capitoline, Before he be acknowledg'd Thine.
And Mars must be Quirival,
Or else not own'd for a God at all.

The Monky stroaks the Carved Crown, And calls him pitiful dull Clown. Thyestes Rapes, and monstrous Feast, Declare him a very Beast. Oedipus the Ridler, such another, Fill'd Jocasta his Mother.

estatio her mad Pits.

The Witches.

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Dionysius rob'd Jove of his Robe of Gold, Too hot for Summer, for Winter too cold. The same bold King was not ascar'd, To spoil Æsculapius of his Beard. To wear a Beard, a sawcy Son, When his Father had none.

Why was Apollo always young?

With Lyes, when will Hermes a done?

The Ass, whose wit lies in his Tail, Gives Palm to Cuckow from Nightingale. Isla Bills sweeter than the Dove, Or Venus the Goddess of Love.

Isla's more blith than Molls or Cisses, No Pearls can value Isla's Kisses, What Isla's this? 'Tis Publius's Bitch, O she was a Roguish Witch.

A Dog in Ladies Bed hath room,
Not forgetting her rank Groom.

Publius dallies with his Bitch,
Better than with his Laundress Witch.

Catullus bills his Sparrow, a poor Trade,
Rather than his Boy or Maid.

Take heed of eating Turky Cocks,
That make men out of love with Smocks.

Who but one troubled with the Brimps, Would pick up Mal Cutpurses Nymphs? If fair Ladies had not been chaste, Joan would not be look'd upon in haste. A Fairy Else in Cradle chang'd, Grows up for a Witch to be hang'd. See you a fawning Saint, look to your Hits, When she gets into her mad Fits.

A demure simpring Saint is naught, The still Sow eats up all the Draught.

Tell us of Fictions and Chimera's,

Egyptian Epocha's and Æra's.

Reckon Solar or Lunar years,

Before, or fince Adam appears.

How Muliters and Grooms

Crowded into Imperial Rooms.

Draw Lots with Lybians for your Dads,

Mothers are fure to Bastard Lads.

Verus Emperor, by a Pleonalmus,
Buried honourably his Horse Panalmus.
Others clad Saints, by scornful Jests,
In Devils, Fools Coats, Skins of Beasts.
Is there a Magnetick Sphere?
Or a Revolution of Plate's Tear?
When all in the same shape shall appear,
Or is all this but a Jeer?

Apollonius understood the Sparrows Tale,
(If you please, o're a Pot of Ale.)
To a Flock of Sparrows, That at the Gate
An As had spill'd a Sack of Wheat.
An Elm with Female voice articulate,
Welcom'd Apollonius to the Gate,
Where Egyptian Gymnosophists sate.
Orphens taught the Postern Lust,
Of Boys or Brutes, Buggery just.

Tell me, you that fay 'tisa Tale,
How Vulturs breed without a Male?
Amphystione, a Virgin pure,

Before

Before her Husband Ariffo knew her, Conceiv'd Plato by Apollo; Who could Divine what would follow? Whether Athens or Rome had the best Laws? Casar or Pompey the better Cause?

Out of his Body into a Vally:
For a Diversion now and then,
To take the Air, and home agen.
But for fear he should be too bold,
He hasted least it should be cold.
Euphorbus the Ivy-thigh and Shouldred. Boy,
Wore Plato's Soul at the Wars of Troy.
If Nero had the Senate at a Beck,
What need he wish them all but one Neck?

' After all this, ask me the Reason, why

'You think I've told to many a Lye?

'I'le answer you by and by,

'I don't know when I shall be drawn dry.

When the World's honester and better,
I shall cease to be a Setter.

- 'I'le promife you, when all the Store
- Of Rogues are took, I'le hunt no more.
- 'I'm just like others of my kind,

That never any Goddefs mind:

And yet I cannot but commend at ragues and go

Vertue, and Vice reprehend and some of of

And howfoe're I feem to rail,
Vertue will hold, and Vice will fail.

And though I Rant it at this rate,

The Truth is, Hell muft be our Fate.

- ' Howe're from Goodness we turn Tail,
- ' Honesty will at length prevail.
- You may be honest still,
- Tho it be against our will.
- You may be just, tho we
- Desperate resolve to be.
- And fo at last I Congee make,
- And you may better Courses take.
- Leave us then, for we're refolv'd
- 'To be damn'd, as long as damning will hold.
- 'Tho you promote Vice in Fact or Letter,
- 'If you love your felves, you will grow better.'
- After all this you may mend,
- But we shall never make good End.
- You may take care to bless your selves.
- 'Tho we be ever Curfed Elves.
- 'Thus by us you may be befriended,
- 'Tho you're good, we ne're intended.
- 'So out of Evil, Good may come,
- We are past hopes, and know our Doom.
- Leave us then, tho we ne're leave you,
- All our aim is to deceive you.
- 'You may deceive us, if you can,
- 'And be faved every Man.
- So we bid you all, Farewel,
- 'For our Portion is Hell.

e're from Cealhele we tain "

CANTO XIV.

Mexicans do strangely dote-a,
Upon their Almanack called Rota:
Of Fifty years Calculation,
For the Worlds final Termination.
Then they must break all their Pots,
And Utensils, as useless Lots;
Who can unty these knots?
Go Nine miles to such a Bull,
'Tis but next door to get a Trull.

Whither Americans came by Sea or Land, From Tartary or China's Strand.

If they're such fools to stretch their Gartars, And return to enlarge their Quarters; It were better to be no Starters.

For they have room enough to dwell, If they could see when they are well. Besides, will they leave their Gold, To endure Hunger and Cold?

How was Vespasian at a stand,
When a Dog brought him a dead man's Hand?
He set the Game, took Scent for Judea,
To be the Roman Eagles Prey.
He wagg'd his Tail for Syrian Land,
An Omen, He should there Command.

At Altar, take it for a Flam, An Heifer, forfooth, brought forth a Lamb, But oh, the Ox, of Wonders a Million! Came to Velpafian's Pavilion:

Proftra-

Prostrating, you may see by his Eyes, He beg'd to be a Sacrifice. Vespassan, to Miracles enur'd, With Clay a blind man's Eyes he cur'd.

Herodotus wisely uses,
Totell Stories by the name of Muses.
So I usure the Witches Name,
If they lye, to take away the Shame.
He says plainly, the Tale of Troy
Was blind Homer's Fiction, that old Boy.
The Tale of Enem and Dido,
Was Virgil's Olei putredo.

Pansas the Painter was cunning,
For a Horse tumbling, drew him running.
To save his Credit, as he was able,
Horse-heels turn'd upward, by turning the Table.
Eneas, Romulus were no Dastards,
For they were Mars and Venus Bastards.
Centaurs and Hermaphrodites may be proud,
To be begot of Ixion's Cloud.

Of Apollo, what can we conclude, Father of Poets, for his Verses rude? He that inspir'd a losty Strain, How had he such a dull Vein? But he is silenc'd and suspended, And all his salse Prophecies ended. But to admire, the greatest odds, Is the Burial of all the Gods.

In Countries where they have been most fam'd, Strange, now they're not so much as nam'd!

Ii 2

And of their Names we should be to seek,
Were it not for the Days of the Week.
But still we hold it out lusty,
Tho you count us old and musty.
We understand, by Yea and Nay,
Tela Kawaa Xaxisa,
And Tria sunt Omnia.

I have travell'd too and agen,
Could ne're see Pigmies, or One-ey'd men.
Cybele was not over Chaste,
Yet her Priests must be cut short i'th' Waste.
It seems her Holiness is Wise,
None but Eunuchs must facrifice.
The Mother of the Gods, tho by her favour,
Might be of better Behavour,
And her Rites have more good Flavour.

Old Jove kept Sol ty'd to his Bed,
Till Alcumena was fully sped.
Orpheus went down to Hell, to find
Eurydice; was sain to leave her behind,
Then to stay amongst her kind.
Ceres would have rescu'd the Rape
Of Proserpine; but she could not scape.
'Sted of returning to Mums Pap,
She chose to stay in Pluto's Lap.

What were the Ingredients of the Bole, That intoxicated Cerberus's Pole?
Lull'd three Heads and fix Eyes afleep, Hercules drag'd him from the Deep.
Where the scowling Curs Foam,
Impregnated the Fatter Loam.

Which

Which breeds the Aconite Bane; Was not this Labour in Vain?

Whither fly th' Atoms of the Day,
Or the Nightingale past May?
Confluxes of Primordial Seeds,
Are Causes of several Breeds,
Which fill the Earth with pois'nous Weeds.
Which may be good to kill the Flees,
Besides Omens and Prodigies.
Other great Lords and Ladies
Got nothing, by descending into Hades.

CANTO XV.

Socrates was given to Toys,
Committed Sodomy with Boys.
Phado came reeking from the Stews
To Plato's School, this was no News.
Dionysus took Plato by the Sweet-Tooth,
A Trencher-Chaplain, for sooth.
Democritus bor'd out his Eyes in all haste,
Of purpose, that he might be Chaste.

Aristotle was very base,
To put his Friend Hermias out of his Place.
The same man flattered Alexander,
Because he was a great Commander.
Aristippus in Purple play'd the Sot,
His seeming Gravity lov'd the Pot.
Who would not send their Sons to School, if 'twere no more,
Than to learn, how to get a Whore?

Ariflip-

Aristippus had Laïs,
As right, as the Corinthian Thaïs.
Aristippus had all Gratis,
Because he brought her Pupils Satis,
Truly her Wits did not wander,
She had a Philosopher for her Pander.
That Youths, by their Masters Fame,
Might frequent her without shame.
Yet this Man, give him his Due,
Is preser'd fore all the Gowned Crew.

Severus cry'd, O Jupiter, O all ye Gods,
Aribanus, and such as he, 'tis odds.
They all live, and live so,
As into Senate to come and go.
Plato was crafty, false and loud,
And all his Scholars prov'd proud.
Socrates and Plato were Cuckolds and Panders,
And yet all their Geese were Ganders.

Philosophers seek to mend us,
And will mend themselves, ad Gracas Calendas:
When the Geese piss Holy-Water,
I dare not be their Compurgator.
Thus in the World we daily see
Far greater Atheists, than we.
We're such by Practise and Yocation,
But they, by Deed and Speculation.

By the Laws of Oleron, (I had almost said of Oberon) Trial of Ordial, hot Plow-shares, Fighting with Swords and Spears. But by Water, fink or fwim-This is the right Witches Trim; This ducking make my eyes grow dim. But the wifer Rhodian Rules Had no fuch Tricks, made no fuch Fools, 'Tis bad jefting with Edg'd Tools.

Those that are high-flown i'th' Crown, The Jovial Boys in all the Town. What the they wear a Sword or Gown? I fay, fuch Rascals must come down. But for a poor old Toothless Dame, T'endure the Water, or the Flame. Watch whole Nights and Days, 'tis a Shame, And Hang, or Burn at last, there goes the Game.

'Hitherto, afore and aft,

'I've labour'd t'uphold my own Craft.

But with all I've done my best,

'To beat down Hypocrisie and Interest.

'Those of all Sins would vex a Saint,

'Create just Causes of Complaint:

For tho I be ne're so base,

'I loath that damn'd confounded Cafe.

'In this I know all of our kind,

'Will be exactly of my mind.

'Should Perfius's Muse, or Juvenal's tart Quean,

Scold, till they should be cuckt in Hyppocrene.

And having garbled every Sect,

'Invent strange Vices, only to correct.

"Mongst all their Gaol-delivery of Sins,

Nothing there is whereat their Salyr grins,

'So bad as thefe.

'Tho we are counted damn'd Infection,

We could give th'oppress Protection.
And so be witch the Extorting Furies,

As to provide them Harpies Juries.
To hang them up in th'Air a drying,
Or Press them, to be long a dying.

Send them therefore to us, and we'l fcour'um,

Cut them out in Sippets and devour'um.
Teach them to oppress Mortals so,

Without difference 'twixt Friend and Foe.

Tell us plainly, in a Word,
Why Devils abhor a naked Sword?
Why Spirits are afraid to enter,
Into an enchanted Circles Center:
And yet a hungry Mouse shall venter,
And a Cat after her to shent her?
Why are the Northern Devils worst,
And of all others most Accurst?

Whither Enceladus's Tomb,
Under Æina's Fiery Room,
Be the cause of that Flame and Smoke,
Which the poor Neighbours burn and choke?
What is Entelechia, I trow,
Pluto's Idaa, that none can know?
Whither do those Spirits sly,
Darted from an Enchanting-Eye?
What are the Rules of Fascination?
Or the Best Forms of Incantation?

Whether 'tis worth a Revelation,
If Chrystal be Ice of harder Congelation?
If Coral be under water soft,
And hardens when it comes alost?

If Diamonds yield to Piftillation?
If Goats-blood makes fortness, or duration?
We need not the tryal of Ordeal,
To know if Gold be a Cordial.

If Porcellane or China-Ware,
No less than an Age can prepare?

If it rain Wheat, if Sheep drink?

If Goats are sweet, or Jews stink?

If Oak-Apples shew the Fates,
Or if Camphire Eunuchates?

Whether Vipers eat their way
Out of their Dams belly, as they say?

If it rains Porridge, I wis,
We may chance to lack a Dish?

Whether the old Accubations,
Be the best postures at Collations?
If it rain on Egypts ground?
If Nilus measuring Wand be found?
With what Glasses Archimedes did Ships burn?
What Engine he had the Earth to turn?
Shew me Cocks-Eggs, and Crows white?
Turn me days into night?
Teach me to walk out of fight?

Give me the true Weapon-Salve?
Tell me what my Cow shall Calve?
Shew me that fine Sight;
Where the Devils painted White?
Ephialtes, have a care,
Whether it be Horse or Mare?
Gracia mendax, Crete a Glutton,
If Rogues or Whores best love Mutton?

If Gypfies be conterfeit Moors?
The Spaniards turn'd the true out of doors.
Jews and Gypfies, the only Nations,
That do Penance Peregrinations,
After wandring Diffipations,
Shall they ever have Fixations?
Gypfies are the Grand Signior's Spies,
Imploy'd to fetcht and carry Lies.

If St. George, that fighting Saint,
Was ever, as they now him paint?
If Homer dyed by a Riddle?
If Amphion to Fishes did Fiddle?
If the Stork eats Snakes?
Which the As loves best, Grass or Brakes?
If a Star on Hemlock baits?
If Hannibal knockt at Romes Gates?
What is Fortune, or the Fates?

If for any thing Mushrooms are good?
If any Islands were before the Flood?
If Blood and Smoke be Damons Food?
Mahomet's Gamel, Livy's Ox,
Neapolitan, or Indian Pox?
Tell me, if poor Robin Ruck,
Be the Author of good Luck?
Why Gentlemen Ushers have stender Legs?
Of what use are Muscadine and Eggs?

Where are the Fragments of the Ark?
Is not China a great Park?
Tell me the Noblest fort of Roses?
The best Persian and Roman Noses?
If Orestes was bewitcht,
Or if his guilty Conscience itcht?

Paracellus dyed in the Portal
Of's Age, that would make men Immortal.
Milo at th' Olympiads carried an Ox,
And after eat it up, with a Pox.

Whether Gyges his Ring;
Discover'd every invisible thing?
Shew me the Sabbatick Stream,
Of which the Rabbi Jews dream?
Sferra Cavallo serves to loose
Iron Locks, and Horses Shoes.
Had Scipio that Picklock from the Fates,
He needed not so long battery at Carthage Gates?

Are Catadupe, one and all,
Deaf as Millars, with Nilus Fall?
Why Tulips never bear a Blew?
Why Harlots wear a Virgin Hue.
If Virgil was a Plagiary?
How he came to be to Airy?
If Vulturs all Females be,
How were they got without a He?
The Clergy may wish the Tenth Egg best;
This is as true as all the rest.

If there be true Giants Bones?

Ætites, or true Eagles Stones?

Tell me, if Husbands be Proxies,
In Labour, to fecure their Doxies?

Tell me, that Queen that fate
I'th' Lap of her Fathers Affassinate?

Had she the heart, a beastly Trull,
To quast with him in her Fathers Skull?

If Mahomet's Tomb, O Rare,
Hangs like a Meteor in the Air?
Magnetick Rocks, Chalybiat Mountains,
Salt Springs, or Petrifying Fountains?
Why no Blacks in America,
Tho the fame Clime with Africa?
First Spawn, next Tadpole, last Frog,
More work with them, than to make a Dog,

Iron Filaments weav'd to a Cloth,
(To tell y'a Lye I would be loth.)
Resist the Fire, if my Wit don't wander,
More than the suppos'd Salamander.
Could Vinegar eat out a way
For Hannibal, o're the Alpes, I pray?
How Philtrums, Ligatures, and Charms,
Lustrations, Amulets, Characters do harms?

Anaxagoras, after a Bowl of Sack,
Affirmed, that Snow was Black.
Who was Autopta, but Adam?
What Mother had he, but Ceres Madam?
Ptolomy's Account was but from Nebonazzar,
Who is the fame with Salmonassar.
Chaldean Records, counted most good,
Got up no higher than the Flood.

Arcadians rose very soon.
Reckoning Elder than the Moon.
The Sabbatick Seven thousand Year,
Steps the Course of every Sphere.
Tell me Chronologists, most sober,
Began the World in March or October?
In the Moons Full, or Prime,
Was the Beginning of Time?

He shall be Mine and Apollo's Friend, That tells me, when the World shall end?

Butter will silence Bombylation,
Earth and Blood have Circulation,
Opium and Scammony will dead the blows,
In Dog days tell me it Snows.
Tartars vegetable Lamb,
The Food of Wolves, is but a Flam.
As if you said, a Sheep or Ram,
Or the Devil and his Dam:

Bernacles or Goofe Trees,
Remora's, Common-wealth of Bees,
At the North Bole Words Freez,
Honesty lyes by the Lees.
I should as soon endure
Drunkenness, Statary for a Cure.
In Nature, which is East and West;
In Morals, which is Worst or Best?
Of all Truths we may make a Jest,
Need never come to be Confest.

Hunt after those strange Sights,
Of Hares being Hermaphrodites.
If Hares change Sexes too and agen,
'Tis work for Lawyers now and then.
But not to lay all upon Hares,
Nero's Coach was drawn by Hermaphrodite Mares,
Hares multiply both ways,
To make work for Hunters now-a-days.

Strange Mysteries in Generations, Hares and Womens Superfætations.

Hares

Hares have Retro-Orinations, As also Retro-Copulations. A Creature hard of finding, Every way turning and winding; Are their Laws always binding?

Was Judas hang'd upon an Eldar? (Here's a Health to Hanse in Keldar.)
At the Root do Jews Ears spring,
For Quinsies, Medicine for a King.
Could strangling such Virtue bring,
To cure Choaking? sing Hey ding ding.
Sir John Mandevil tells Ctesta's Tales,
We are all drinking in Wales,
'Twill make us merry in Hills and Dales.

Where does the Eagle make his Nest,
Why Storks affect Republicks best.
'Tis a very prety Jest,
And much like all the rest.
Whores would leave Savin, if Brakes or Fearn
Would serve as well to kill a Bearn.
Phylla and Mercury produces Boys,
Which most of all are Womens Joys.

Dog finds his Master in the Night,
Sooner than an Honest man by Light.
If I should take Pliny the Naturalist,
The Two theuland Authors Rhapfodist.
Or Athenam of the same kind,
I could not better please my mind.
Why did Augustus's Pontifex Sacrifice,
To Vulcan Ten thousand Prophecies?
In contempt of Apollo's Rives,
Erected the Order of Twelve Knights.

The Witches

See plainly Nisa's Golden Lock,
And the Ship Argos in the Dock;
Bootes in his Boots and Frock.
The great Syracuse Bulk,
Holds Barns and Stables in her Hulk.
When all Tongues were boyl'd in a Pot,
Was Lingo Franc the Scum, or not?

Tell us, how Hydra's Seven Heads,
Slept all together in their Beds?
How Argm's hundred Eyes were bob'd?
And the golden Orchard rob'd?
The amorous Moon, stole to her Minion,
Whole Nights kissing, sleeping Endymian,
Caveare, Sack-Possits, and Cock Treadings,
Were they Dishes us'd at Weddings?

In Naturalibus putis puris,
I pray resolve me Quid Juris?
Tell me whence Reason and Speech spring,
If we see or hear Nothing?
Why the Rich, that have no need of Dinners,
Can find in their hearts to eat up poor Sinners?
To be took by the Teeth, or be took by a Bribe,
Prevails more than the Learning of a Scribe,

You'l ask me, Will I ne're a done?
Tilt the Hogshead, make it run.
Many foul Faults I have forgotten,
You'l find the worst in the Bottom.
War wherries Rome for Fluctus Decimanus,
At Thule who shall entertain us?

Procopii opera Anecdota, Were call'd Arcana Historia, In which Justinian was blam'd,
And Bellisarius desam'd,
To blast those Hero's he was not asham'd,
With whom the same day he was not to be nam'd,
So Epicurus, Seneca, Nicholas, of great Fames
For Vertue, for Vice got unlucky Names.
A Trick has been too often us'd,
For Gallant men to be abus'd.

Occult Qualities, is a poor Come off,
The last Resuge for a Cavelling Sopb.
I observe in all my Travels,
Adam and Everpainted with Navels.
A Midwise will resolve you, that none
Are so, but such as are bred and sed in the Womb.
Absyrtes scattered Limbs, who tore
And re-joyn'd them; but that Witch Whore,
Now I'm quite spent, I must give o're.

CANTO XVI.

Residentand Specco Ipun

But first I'le handle some Law Points,
That are torn and rackt out of Joints.
'Tis the great Design of Law,
To keep us Witches most in Aw.
Laws are good, but manag'd so,
As to manage our deadly Blow.

Then have at some for all their Threats,
For putting us into cold Sweats.
Have at those Pety Foggers that fright us,
And for our Craft so oft Indict us.
At Tyburn with Halters you make us take Turns,
At Smithfield you furnish us with Faggots and Urns.
Law

Law sleeps, you say, but never dyes, I wonder when she opens her Eyes, You take us all for Whores and Spies.

'Tis for our health to make Discoveries,
If it be possible, of all Recoveries.
But of Recoveries it is complain'd,
Some are True, and some are Feign'd.
A True one, rightly got, is a just Evistion,
A False one, wrongly got, is a bad Fiction.

To this pass it is now grown,
We can settle Estates, that are none of our own.
And destroy other mens, without Attainder,
Which are truly theirs in Reversion or Remainder.
For this, enter into the Scene,
The Stage-Players with their Bands starcht clean.
The Demandant, or the Recoverer,
The Vouchee, or the Discoverer.
These two Knavishly agree
With the Knave Tenant, the Recoveree.

If then you would cut off the Entail,
Of Land you give, or put to Sale,
For ever, from the Heirs Male.
For a feign'd Entry, you must be at Cost,
Sur Disseismen to Post.
This feigned Tenant, Lug him by th' Ears,
Is to appear in the Court of Common Pleas.

For a Wilful Default, a Writ of Seifin flyes,
For the Tenant against the Voucher of Lyes,
Who is the poor Bag-bearer unlanded,
To warrant the Heir in Tail, if you understand it,
And you may, when you please Command it.

Ned Hones, the Bag-bearer was He, That was for Thirty years Common Vouchee.

To whom past the greatest part of English Ground, For his own, Lands, which could never be found. To answer the Remainder in Tail, That the Recovery might never fail. Thus for all you have a Warrant, Which is, some pitiful Knight Errand. To prevent Everlasting War, This is an Everlasting Bar, All this passes through the hand Of the Common Hang-Land.

This is the famous Alienation,
That runs from generation to generation.
The Statute of Westminster the Second, they say,
Was made to hinder, this foul play.
But this is suffered by Men of Parts,
Because of the hardness of mens Hearts.
I wonder before 'um All,
How this passes in Judgment Hall.

Things of this Nature long time have proceeded,
'Tis high time such Gardens should be weeded.
Inossicios Testamenti Querela,
Iniqua Prateritionis est Medela.

A Ranting Son must have his Merit,
His Father may him Disinherit.
The Dutiful Son, without Extortion,
May come in for a Childs Portion.
It is Justice in all Laws,
To Disinherit none without a Cause.

Minors, Fools, Prodigals and Mad,
From Prator Guardians and Tutors had.
So to preserve Estates, 'twas fir,
For such as should have more Honesty and Wit.
A Father resuses his Daughter to marry,
At Five and twenty she need not tarry,
In the mean time, she's like to miscarry.
Then, without his consent, her self she may wed,
To a Chaste equal marriage Bed.
And being then in her own Power,
He's bound to allow her a fit Dower,
She may make her Husband a Cuckold each hour.

Is the Case rightly stated,
By Bedding Matrimony is consummated.
Reason of Law gives better content,
Marriage is compleated by Consent.
In a Thing Common, at first sight,
The Usurper seems thave the best Right.
Twere better said, Hath the most Might,
We may bid all Justice good Night;
Such things as these are very Tight.

If an Evil deed be done,
And a bad Consequence thereupon run.
The Post Fact, by Estimation,
Is counted no good Augmentation,
How can this be Restum in Caria,
Scienti non sit Injuria?
Because I see and seel my Loss,
I must come home by Weeping Cross.

An Obligation by Words alone, By other Words is overthrown. This is to give and take a Thing, a Rambling Will, Runs round like a Horse in a Mill.
But if you go among the Moors,
They'l turn such a Rascal out a Doors.
In some Case, a man may not as in another man's Name,
Tho, with his Consent; Is not this a Shame?

He that shall begin an Action,
May stop it, without a Fraction:
But why is there no Coaction,
To prevent endless Distraction.
To have the Thing, and thave the Right,
Seem to run parallel at first sight;
But all's overcome by Might.

Sued to an Outlary, and never know it,
Pay the Mony, and nothing to shew it.
The Cheating Rogue you shall never find,
Have a care always, before and behind.
This can't be revok't for many a Crown,
As soon turn Westminster Hall upside down;
For this have a care of the Men of the Gown.

The Law tells you what Fear is Just,
But be a Constant man you must;
But still have a Care whom you trust;
Because my Goods, to a Carrier-deliver'd,
Are sold by him, they can ne're be recover'd.
If an Officer steals the Kings Artillery,
He can only stand in the Pillory:
Or lye in Prison, 'till the next Gaol-Delivery,
Or wear a Paper Livery.

An Interest, as we read,
From Law, not from Fact, shall proceed:
Why not from both, if there be need?
It is no part of my Creed.
Is there less Right, Ask the King,
In the Action, than the Thing?
Hallow Boys, make all the Bells ring,
At every Turning and Winding.

A Debt is due at such a Time,
When the Cause is in its Prime:
To ask for't, Till that's past it shall be a Crime,
To speak, out of the Nick of Time.
Why should Counsel for Common-Strife,
Be refused for a man's Life?
Why should a Man Swear for the King,
That never knew of such a Thing?

He hath no Sin, they fay,
That Sins because he must Obey:
And because he don't say Nay,
On whom then shall the Fault say?
He that obeys an unjust Command,
For an Innocent must stand.
'Tis no Justice worth a Straw,
To make Necessity a Law.

When once by Law a thing is Bad,
Necessity makes it good, O mad!
Non Expressa non nocent,
Tales Honestatem non docent.
Tho Honesty be not express,
'Tis the meaning of all the rest.
And we must take the Sense that's Best,
Or else we desile our own Nest.

Res Indicata accipitur pro Veritate,
Makes Pro Judicii Majestate.
A Wrong Judgment is took for True,
Not so in Hell, give 'um their Due.
Let Judges look better to their Causes,
Not to be excus'd by such lamentable Clauses.
The Condemn'd Innocents will never cease,
To condemn such Innocent Judges as these.

Just so the Physician kills by the Book, As the Lawyer does by hook and by crook. Ignorance and Bribery destroys Mens Lives and Fortunes, O brave Boys. This makes for us, for to these we are Saints, We never admit of unjust Complaints. Examine how by Lawyers Skill, Causes are grounded in a Mill.

The best Rule is, Non remittitur Peccatum,
But least observed, Nisirestituatur Ablatum.
It runs in Rhime, and is great Reason,
And the performance ne're out of Season.
But you shall find men of the best Constitution,
Never guilty of so good a Conclusion.
Alas, it would be counted Intrusion,
To bring into the World such monstrous Consusion.

Shall a Cause be cast, for lack of a Letter, Or a saise Name by a Rascally Setter? Or the misdating a Minute of Time, Be counted an Incorrigible Crime? 'Cause solemn Forms must not be changed, Therefore a True man must be hanged? By a Mistake Truth is Consuted, So is many an honest Man basely Cornuted.

Why do Jurisconsults tell such Stories,

Durior est Causa Recitoria.

The wronged Supplicant hath favour Lesser,

Than the cursed Oppressor.

And all, because he is Possessor,

As if thereby his Crime were Lesser.

If these things be done by these Law Rooks,

The Devil sends Meat, and the Devil sends Cooks.

In Causes of Gain, 'tis much observ'd,
The Rule is, First come, first serv'd.
Should it be so in Justice too,
Then run Boys for Game, Alas, Aloo.
Righteous Dealing shall never find room,
When Justice and Charity begins at home.
A man of Estate, and flourishing Condition,
Shall never be taken upon Suspicion.
But a poor Honest man is ever neglected,
And without cause is ever suspected.

If a good Caufe be not put in a right state, Shall a Judge therefore put it out of Date? For a small failure, that may be Recruited, Shall an Honest man forthwith be Nonsuited? In Forma Pauperis to Sue, Is the same as to come short of your Due. If a Process by a Knave be unduly took, An Honest man for his Cause may go look.

Estates, we may say, without Suspicion, Are Absolute, or on Condition:
That is to say Allode or Fee,
As Goths and Vandals did agree.
Littleton labours Tooth and Nail,
To make them Fee Simple or Fee Tail.

Fee Simple is a Contradiction, And for the Tail it lacks Friction. Simple and Absolute are all one, As is a Fee and a Condition. Whip'um foundly, my Maid Alecto, For a Contradiction in eodem Adjecto.

When there is most need of Reges,
Inter Armasilent Leges.
It is the Burden of a Song,
A Post Fact shall increase no Wrong.
In all my Spells past and gone,
I ne're met with the Spirit Formedon.
The Romans never heard of Battels,
As now there are, 'twixt Lands, Goods and Chat-

An Heir and an Executor divided, For this our Law is much derided. What is that horrid Affidavit, Of Felonice Murderavit? If the Law be the bare Letter, How shall Equity fare better? I like well the word Habendum, I can't endure his Fellow Reddendum,

To abate a lawful Writ,
To make causeless Demurrer, is not sit.
To be judg'd by old Reports,
Are the Benches Dernier Resorts.
Tho there's variety in Cases,
As much or more as there is in Faces.
To kill a Thief se Defendendo,
Deserves not a Reprimendo.
But what if Ego me Suspendo,
Then of a Fool there is an Endo.

John an Okes and John a Stile, Dwell but within half a Mile.

Baron and Feme, Felons together, Shall not both hang in wind and weather. The Man is streightned with a Rope, But the good Wife shall have her Scope. Shees reckoned nothing at all, Accessory nor Principal. Because she must be always at hand, To obey her Husband's Command; He bids her steal, let him bid her be Hang'd.

Tho a Feme doth steal or kill,
She is suppos'd to have no Will.
We can't come off so when we do harm,
Tho we be under Covert Barn.
What is the Astion upon the Case?
He seems to have a broad brazen Face.
He looks to be always the same,
Yet he ever lackt a Name.

Reason, Reason of Law, Reason of State,
How it swells to a wondrous Rate?
To be condemned for Fraud or Thest,
To lose his Right hand, of which he was berest;
What think you, Shall he lose his Lest?
Murder and Manslaughter,
Which is which, Mother or Daughter?
We shall not know them as funder hereaster.

Mm

Chance-medly to Murther is no near Kin, 'Tis a Misery, no Sin.
In Natures Laws they are not skilful, That say, all other Homicide is not Wilful.

Is it not a sudden Passion?

Excuses for Life lost in such a fashion.

Tho there were no Malice Prepense,

To aggravate so great Offence.

Because every mad Fool is crost, A wise Man's life must not be lost. Malice, Passion, and Pride shews, By giving of such fatal Blows. Omnia que movent ad mortem, Must undergo the same sortem.

The Law requires Life, Lands and Goods, For the Wilful spilling of Bloods. No Life, but Goods only for Manslaughter, 'Tis pity it should be so hereafter. Tho it be Se Defendendo, It shall have the same Reprehendo. But that which is of all the Core, Felo de se suffers no more.

If a Thief rob and break no door, Is he no Felon therefore?
And if he chance in fear to fly for't, Doth he then deserve to dye for't?
Fear no harm shall come near ye,
Idem est non esse, & non apparere.
Trust Aristotle's Ipse dixit,
Qui bene latuit, bene vixit.

The Eldest Male must fole Inherit,
Tho the rest have much more Merit.
What shall they do for better or worse,
But Beg, or Steal, or take a Purse?
This will extort many a Curse.

Shis

This makes them march, against their Will, Along with us, up Holborn Hill: With many a Jack and many a Gill, Who all at Tiburn hang their fill.

We never wear Purple-Gowns,
But we command Scepters and Crowns.
The Men that most converse in Books,
Look upon us with wry Looks;
Because we prove them the greatest Rooks.
Whether a Custom may break a Law,
Whether I stumble at a Straw.

Elopement from a Husbands Bower,
Forfeits clearly the Wives Dower.
The Man loses nothing, though by wilful Mistake
He from his Wife Elopement make.
Why should the Man only be free,
From Matrimonial Treachery?
Ask the Fair rich Lady Pomona,
If Lands as well as Chattels be not Bona,

Magna Charta & de Foresta,
Statute of Marlebridge are the Best-a.
The great Petition of Right,
We get no benefit by't.
No Habeas Corpus can shent us,
Latitat, or Non est Inventus.
Exigents or Certioraries,
We are in the Land of Fairies.

Our Distringas's at the Tree, Where the Hangman gets his Fee. The worst of all that can befall us, Is at the Gallows to Enstall us.

Nel

Nil Factum, quod non factum Prius, Seldom fuch Justice you deny us.

How fometimes is a Service choakt, Interlocutory Judgment Revok't? Many Escheats and Primer Seisins, Are contrary to Sense and Reasons. Prodigals, Madmen, Fools by Right, Should have their Guardians all alike: And their Estates by Publick Cares, Prescrib'd for their wifer Heirs.

If my stollen Goods be dropt or waiv'd,
For me they never shall be sav'd.
The Reason why I am deseated,
Is, because they are Escheated.
I am risen on the wrong side,
I must not take them, if brought by the Tide:
For help, I know not who shall be my Guide,
And which is worse, I must not Chide,

Buyers of Justice must sell at last,
The Devils do not, all so fast.
Rhadamanthus, a brave Lad,
Scorns to do a Deed so bad.
Politick and Personal Capacities,
Are contrary to all Veracities.
An Outlary you may stick, if you will,
As you do a Bear or Bull.

He that to kill is an Instigator,
Deserves death as much as the Perpetrator.
What think you of Writs of Error,
To Innocent Sufferers, a Terror?

Supersedeas, Procedendo's, Rules of Court are no Amendo's. Never Question Pope Joan-a, Moritur Actio cum Persona.

Writs of falle Date, The Via Lata, False Charges of Rata pro Rata; Or, if you please, Pro Renata.
Corpus cum Causa, I ken well, Corpus cum Causa, I can't tell.
Mala Grammatica non vitiat Chartam, Sed Mala Causa spoliat Partem.
'Tis true, as they say at Falerno, Beato il Filiolo qui Padro in Inferno.

I've made my felf a great Dictator,
A Magisterial Arbitrator.
I censure Lawyers and Sophies,
Vaunting with Triumphant Trophies.
Not without just Cause, I'le assure you,
We have no Reason to endure you.
We tell them their own more clearly,
Than they that pretend to love'um so dearly.
Others are Meal mouth'd, dare not speak,
We sear no Vengeance to wreak.
Tho we don't do, we dare tell Truth,
More than the best that cry, Your Servant for footh.

We hold not fit to deal Cum Regibus, Nemo debet esse Sapientior Legibus. I may venture into Curiam, Actus Legis non facit Injuriam. There's no Writ ad Procedendum, A Communi observantia, non est Recedendum.

How

How can there be a Legitimation, Of a Bastard Generation?

Can Edicts, Seals, or Decrees,
Purge the Drois of a Spurious Difease?
When Blood in Nature is polluted,
How can it be by Law diluted?
The Law grants Priviledges when none due,
But no Law can make Falshood true.
Civils, not Morals change, I am a Dotard,
Once a Bastard, and ever a Bastard.

We find in Classical Records,
The Lawyers then were Roman Lords.'
As Noble Patrons they did plead
For poor Clients, but scorn to be Fee'd.
No Mercenary Tongues there,
When Justice was Mistress of the Chair.
'Tis an intolerable Abuse,
When hackney Tongues and Pens are in use.

Then Justice freely had its play,
Equity, Rigor did allay.
All were punith'd that went astray;
The Righteous Case got the Day.
The Common Judge was Prator, and then,
Able to give Right to all kind of Men.
By this, in glory, peace and health,
Florisht that samous Commonwealth.

The Law sleeps, but never dyes, Teach me a new way to make Lyes. 'Tis a dangerous Ingovation, To revive Truth by Reformation. By no means, let all Ill lye quiet,
'Tis dangerous to change Diet.
Whether Ingratitude make void a Gift,
When lowzy, whether I want a Shift?

Before a Monk creeps to his Cell, He makes his Will, then ring the Bell: For the Razor passing his Crown, Into Hades sends him down.

And now he's dead, he can't Revoke, The last Words that e're he Spoke. How can this be Restum in Curia, Summum Jus, Summa Injuria?

The Heir shall meddle with the Land, But of Goods he has no Command; For the Reason, I am at a stand. The Abating of a Writ, Is the Abating of Wit.

Elegits, Fieri, Scire facias, Ad satisfaciendum Capias.

For Twelve-pence stole out of Box, a Thief musting.

For less, if taken from a Person; Why?

I'le be an Honest man, live or dye.

I am for the Custom of Gavel-kind,

By which no Child is lest behind.

The youngest 'fore the Eldest I never saw

Preser'd, but by Nottingham Law.

He that's best born, is call'd a Mulier,

Is not this a Common Law Peculiar?

Shall a Judge condemn by a Process right sent,
The Man that he knows to be Innocent?
Justice is ever in Laws well meant.
For this find out an Expedient,
Forms must not hinder a good Intent.
Shall the Discoveror for a Warrant stay,
'I ill the Thief or the Murderer be quite run away?
When the false Witness gainst the true Man cries,
Which shall the Judge believe, his Ears or his Eyes?

When there is matter of Law to act,
The shift is, to plead matter of Fact.
The Deed is wrong, the Cause is right,
So Justice bids us all Good Night.
If then this way of Reasoning hold,
To do all wrong we may be bold.
A brave Rule, much for their Credit,
Factum valet sieri non debuit.

So the grand Sophs by fuch falle Rules,
Make felves and others Knaves and Fools.
They talk much of Womens Reasons,
But when did we justifie Treasons?
And slubber Crimes so slightly o're,
Suffer Hypocrifie to keep the Door.
That we are wicked, we can't deny,
Yet we're not so much given to lye;
In this they give us the Go-by.

Matter of Fact, Matter of Right, Ever maintain a deadly Fight. O the Rogueries and Cheats, That Men can work by such damn'd Feats. They say Women cannot dispute, But our Honesty can Men consute. We profess no good, therefore defie it; They profess all good, and deny it.

Surely we have as good Brains
As they, and do take as much Pains.
But they exceed us in the Main,
Because they get all the Gain.
Philosophy and History,
And every profound Mystery.
We dare agree with them for their Bones,
For all their Philosophers Stones.

They hide all Ill by their Gravity,
We discover all by our Pravity.
Why cannot we be given to Reading,
Tho they take up all the Pleading?
They're glad to come to us a woing,
We're more for knowing, they for doing.
Video meliora proboque,
We can kill ye, so can they and stroke yes

We stand aloof from sacred Ares,
Because our guilt creates our Fears.
They draw nigh to holy Fires,
To sacrifice with foul Desires.
We offer at the Devil's Shrine,
Because to serve him we combine.
We'l not compare with Men for Lungs,
But dare outvy them all for Tongues,

We can contrive, and boldly charge, And fend them to look out at large. As Underlings they act our parts, While we fludy the Curious Arts. We can do more with a Words speaking, Than they with all their pains in seeking. We cut out, they do the rest, They are but our Apes at best.

We conquer and get the Day,
They carry all the Credit away.
Sic vos non vobus fertis aratra Boves,
Sic vos non vobus vellificatu Oves.
When all comes to all, you Men are dull,
A great Cry, but a little Wool.
All the Wit is on our fide,
But you Men take all the Pride.

Mira vox aures meas percrepuit,
Factum valet Fieri non debuit.
The Man was hang'd wrongfully for good and all,
'Tis well done, tho it should not have been done at all.

The Man's turn'd out of Home and House, Lands, Goods and Chattels, and's not worth a Lowse. He must bear it now 'tis done, The Constable cannot be out-run.

In a dark stormy Night, what hope?
My Life and Estate lies at the end of a Rope.
Save me from the Turk and Pope.
And Land me at the Cape of good Hope.
I had rather be knockt o'th' head at the Altar,
Than basely to dye like a Dog in a Haltar,
Hearken well what the New Law saith,
Pay Debts by Debenturs or Publick Faith.

Panormitan, Hottoman, Bartolus, Wesembeck, Godofred, joyn to Cajole us.

Navar,

Maters of Sentences befool us.
When cold they can heat us, when hot they can cool us.

The Doctors, be the Case good or bad, Can make Clients merry, or sad. Manufacture sold for make them mad, St. Thomas of Aquine was a pretty Lad.

St. Thomas of Becket was a man of great Fame, But Aristotle was the Cock of the Game. A Company of Witches shall get the Day, Rout 'um, and make 'um all run away. Infatuate 'um, besot 'um and blind 'um. And make 'um leave all their Wits behind 'um. Every Bufflehead and Pickeroon, Gets him a Name, and lyes a Bed till Noon; As Famous as the Man in the Moon.

The Man of the Dwarfs or Giants Statures, The Man of two Names, and the Man of two Natures.

You need not for Lawyers and Schoolmen call, For we know as much as the best of 'um all. Intelligent Spirits are the Masters that teach us, In nothing but Law can you over-reach us. 'Tis that Letter alone that strikes us dead, Tho all the Arguments we knock on the head.'

By murdering Weapons, for want of good Rea-

You may make what you please Felonies or Treafons.

So when a Cuckold is Cornuted, Send him to the Hangman to be confuted, N n 2

Your

The Witches.

144

Your Tutors can never be fo wife, or fo good, Because they, at the best, are but Flesh and Blood. They understand by clear Intuitions, You fetch a Compais by blind Propositions.

If a Thief in the Way that is called High. For a Purse of Gold makes me Promise or Dy Must I perform it, Tell me the Reason why? You say a Nude Patt's of no more force than a Lye. And yet I am bound my Gold to bring. As if it were the Word of a King: Will Reason allow of any such thing?

You fay, Fallere fallentem non eft Fram, But Honesty forbids such a Cause. For I must not Cheat, tho I be cheated. But I may defeat, rather than be defeated : I hope my Promised Gold is not Escheated. I presume, if I have any Skill, A forced Will, is no Will, Especially, if you threaten me to kill,

When Questions are put for matter of Fac, Should we not mind the Justice of the Act? Should only Cuftom and Prescription. Make good or bad against Juri diction? How are wife Men out in this Caufe. When Wrongs are done contrary to Laws? And yet because done, in this Case, The Fact before the Right takes place.

Farewel then all that's good and just .-When wicked Customs prevail must. Is it enough, because they are aded? Then bad need ne're be reiracted.

Then all past Evils may keep their station, Then there needs be no Reformation. Let Wrongs be still, say they, for hear ye. We must not Queeta movere.

To remove Dun Thiefs take no care,
For fear of Infecting the Air.
Leave the Sick to dye amain,
For fear you should put them to pain,
Or for fear they should come again.
Take no Physick, 'swage no Tumors,
For fear of stirring the Humors.
For fear of Surfets seave eating or drinking,
Use no Close-stool, for fear of stinking.

If this be Honest, or good Sense,
In Arts I never will Commence.
Farewel for ever studying Laws,
If we must make so many Flaws.
And whatsoever Wrong is done,
It shall be made right at the Long run.
How can that, that ne're was True,
Be made True? Give every thing its due.
A Spade's a Spade, all's Right or Wrong,
Else all we say, or do, is but a Song.

There are more Leaden Lesbian Rules, Usual in Courts and Schools. Distinctions without difference, Sentences, Proverbs without Sense. Juvenile Wits they make quick, But mature Judgments downright sick. But the old driveling doating Dunces, Will never leave their old Mumpsimusses.

For want of found Argumentation, Even Laws fail of a good Foundation. Where right Reasoning is wanting. The idle Smatterers fall a Canting: But we are of a clearer mind, Our Intellects far more refin'd. As for our Wills, we'l have the Day, Tho by never so much soul Play.

We plead best Right from first Possession, Time out of mind, 'tis our Profession. We had it first, call it not Fury, Qui prior est tempore, potior est Jure. Upon our Bounds you make Invasions, We'l be reveng'd on all occasions. Dolus malus, mala Fides, So the Devil gets up and Rides; And so we pull down all their Prides.

Our Female Tempers have no more Malice,
Than will fill Flagon or Chalice.
And for profound Understanding,
In Obeying or Commanding.
For all exactest Regulation,
None compare with our Corporation.
Your Laws are always turning and winding,
Our Charms are Everlassingly binding.

No Devils endure more Blows, No Carrions can kill Crows. Alas! Men are but a Blast, All our Generations last. Where are the old Sects of Plato, Zeno, Aristotie, Cato? They quickly marched o're the Stall, But we out-live the Devil and all.

We never flatter, give us but scope,
Nothing stops us, but a Rope.
O this ugly Hemp withstands our Spell,
Sends us, before our time, to Hell.
We conjure all things, but that Grass,
The basest Plant that ever was.
So true it is, Contra vim Mortu,
Nonest Medicamen in Hortu.

This ugly Hemp's a worfer Weed,
Than Colchis, or Thessisch Breed.
So may a Mouse destroy a Boar,
A Cock make a Lion roar.
A Sword Fish conquer a Whale,
A well stretcht Haltar will never fail.
We bear swimming, scratching, banging,
Endure every thing, but hanging.

The Judge pronounceth Right, they fay,
Tho it be Wrong; How or which way?
A Blot's no Blot till it be hit,
'Tis neither Honesty nor With
A Fiction's taken for Truth, they fay,
A Ship in Cheapside's cast away.
Possession is twelve Points of Law,
'Tis like the prating of a Jack-Daw;
And thus Fools are kept in Aw.

A Promise naked, without a Consideration, Is Conscience of the newest fashion. A Servant's dead and hath no Will, Such a Lawyer hath no Skill.

They

They are Fcols that Reason thus, Communis Error facit Ju.
He that confesseth must be hang'd, He that denies shall be but bang'd.

Inheritances must not ascend, I pray,
Then hang poor Parents out of the way.
To what Absurdities will you hale us?
Semel malus semper prasumitur essemalus.
There is a saying that we have,
Once a Knave, and ever a Knave.
It is a Saying of the Devil,
Once Evil, and ever Evil,
It is a Saying of Robin-Hood,
Once good, and ever good.

When will Follies have an End, If that which is bad can never mend? 'Tis a Saying of as good Delivery, Qui nescit dissimulare, nescit vivere. Vox Populi, vox Dei; How so? Then they may let all Truth go,

If Husband live within four Seas,
The Wife may play Whore as she please.
'Tis a Saying but to half,
He that keeps the Cow must keep the Calf.
He needs no Cow, says pretty Jenny,
That can have a penny worth of Milk for a Penny.
Fallere Fallentem, non est Fraus,
Fallere Clientem, non est Laus.

At this Rate the World's undone, The Mother must not breed the Son. If a Rogue Swears to a Lye, we may a long the world and the Swears to a Lye, we may be supported to the Book of the Book of the Lye of the Book of the

Lords and Lands must pay no Debts, Alastin and I of The justest Law that ever was: 10 : 979/11 does almined The Timber-Trees may walk there stanches; I do From Title, their Bodies excuse their Branches: Wills Nuncupate, at second hand, 10 By no means can convey Land: 10 May a wrote in Sand, 10 A Souldier's Will may, the wrote in Sand, 10 A For a Priviledg'd Will shall stand.

A Murderer may fly to an Alter, I have a second as the But a Thief must not miss a Haltar.

Stop Thief, he is undone, ided that not each of the County of the cruel Murderer run, which is a contract that the cruel Murderer run, which is a contract that the cruel Murderer run, which is a contract to see a second that the county of the cou

I may not chest a Private many all a sure of the Common wealth all I can.

My Shipwrackt Goods, I claim no more, he stadd that it for a case the Sea brought the private of a state of the Ship be Dog or that it can it can it is the lift in the Ship be Dog or that it is a sure of the sure of the

If Stranger robshhamint be hangides M. angold at If Stranger robshhamint be hangides M. finding of the Stranger robshhamint be hangides M. finding of the You may not prefime sold the general property of the Control o

When Justice is for none a Factor, and the first of the Why is Reus favour'd more than Aster Insert on val That Januals Rails was made to well We're blue? A Salus Populi suprema Leatent livy b'aboliving a not would these Sages strike us blind,

A Murderer may fly Schnidslimord besond a nas wold Ent a Thief must not miss a Haltar.
Stop Thief, he is undonenided shall notes on each state or the cruei Marder Schnid right of the last of the cruei Marder Schnid right in the part of the state of the

What so the Commonwealth all I can.

My Shipwrackt Goods, I claim of their soft s'tardW

Examine the Sea brought the applicage H a rol ti sake I

I the ship be Dog beerge I as i nolean thiw it in the ship be Dog beerge I as i nolean thin it is the challenge the brain and senit a rol altofink.

What if by charce bud a altoy before the strong and the senit sold and it must lose them Vaironik with niera erasono short.

I must lose them Vaironik with the seriod and the seriod that

| It is the Commes dense by Sampleson mind the Commes dense by Sampleson | |
|--|--|
| Leave Laws, live only by Examples, was an and a live only by Examples, was a live only by Examples, was a live on ly by Examples, which is a live of live on ly by Examples, which is a live of live on ly by Examples, which is a live of live on ly by Examples, which is a live of live on ly by Examples, which is a live of live on ly by Examples, which is a live of live of live on ly by Examples, which is a live of live on ly by Examples, which is a live of live on live of live on live of live on live of live on live on live of live on live on live on live of live on live | |
| Then Trunk Britches, Vardingals, Ruffs, | |
| Pickaditto's come up, with double Cuffsetumino | |
| Fee Ogg the great Comiffing before and behind, | |
| Why should a dead Corps be Arrested to nie north | |
| Keep him till the Cause be Artested: | |
| Let him be fure put in good Bail, and W 1001 and | |
| Or fend him forthwith to the Gaol: | |
| And when he is gone to the Portit, miswe slote M | |
| Let him pay the Debt, or let him Rotal alfiely | |
| 'Twill put Creditors to the Frets, and the same the | |
| To have such Payments of Debts and a second | |
| The Silkk Law is a rare Tool, | |
| Excludes Ferrales I retail Tithes, il relates Ferrales | |
| Let no Woman Fee sey disid two Abuld bluow on 12. | |
| Hercules kept Heathens in Aw, 12 210 W ni shanna | |
| Made them pay Tithes by Club-Law. | |
| Against Tithes there's no Prosepption, and charles. | |
| But they may be cut of by Composition & adt & | |
| Tis a rare Effatum of Ferdinandi, am dedt mond | |
| 'Tis a good Modus Decimandi. Do 2100 , flag entil | |
| For a Recovery you may Rail. | |
| In Books ftrong Reasons you may fees gaigooft of | |
| Tithes are new born, a Lay-Feen with unimotant! | |
| Wizards Egraph, agriculturation it available of the original of the original of the original of the original or | |
| You may count them a Rent-Charge. | |
| The Templars or Cifercian Rout, | |
| Ravisht all Tithing at one Bout of tils as out I as all | |
| I look upon Momus, that fate in a Sorner, ing of A | |
| As a pitiful Mapas Informers of the wood & suballe | |
| A Law Jyppo, a Hangby Retainer, 514 Complaining, but never a Gamer. | |
| Assemble the heart of a Porter, | |
| That could endure soot or a rotter, | |
| remain a ma (and cost and a pinou sed If | |
| | |

It is the Common Law Conditions, and ille of the To haunt Courts Christian with Probletions.

Are you a Smock Sinner, or fo,
Commute foundly, and you shall be let go.
Fee Ogg the great Comissary before and behind,
Then Sin on, you know my mind a shall be let go.
To Females, all Males must be kind,
But Poor Whores no favour find.

Whistle Litthesmattheir Plows,
Whistle Litthesmattheir Plows,
Essens, Withernams, Vouches,
Recapia's, are stuffed in beathern-Slowches.
The Salick Law is a rare Tool,
Excludes Females from all Rule.
Let no Woman Fee Inhenit, and the beathern Because in Wars they cannot Merit.

As freely Fathen goes to the Bow, dies, all heigh As the Son handloothe Rio to the odynamical and From the Females, on Heira Male, and A Fine past, cuts off the Entail.

A Fine past, cuts off the Entail.

For a Recovery you may Rail,
No stopping a Ship under Sail head good a local at Pantomini Historical, and a new dies of the Wizards Egregii Newslones and it was dies of the wines.

Von Populi, von Del, itis conlecto

Is as True as all the nest, and as goide. The thire of A Populous Regent each that a more long should be a Modus & Conventio vincent Legent a lating and It drives Shopkeepers into Nets, and the heart of a Porter,

That could endure to be bray'd in a Mortar.

Cultoms

Customs of contrary Feature,
Should they be call'd a Second Nature?
To fay this Point is Law, is in dark to grope,
Unless it agree with the whole Scope.
From Truth how can Falshood come?
Or Lyes harbour in Truths Room?
If all are inevitable Fate,
All Good or Bad's quite out of Date.

Whether it be fair or just,
Men, more than Brutes, continual Lust?
How does Reason rule the Rost.
When Lesciviousness rides Post?
They couple only for a Brood,
Men for every wanton Mood.
They take their times for Generation,
Men at all times without Moderation.

What Witches were at the taking of Troy?
Fair Helena stole by the Roaring Boy.
Paris was that unlucky Toy,
Both fit to be call'd, the Witches Joy.
Two contrary Parties, Hallow Boys, Hallow,
Jupiter in Troism pro Trojastabat Apollo.

Tis good, well fung in Catches or Canto's,

Il Nion in world's.

Which with a Pipe of Smoke to blow to,
Is Dimidium plus Toto.

Tis time to bid your Companions be gone,
The Farthest about's the nearest way home.
The Whole is greater than the Part, That's safe;
But the Contrary, Thou lyest Ralph.

Realon

Every Effect hath a Cause.

There should be Reason in all Laws.

Clerks, if you rightly apprehend um,

Hold Dignities in pure Commendam.

'Cause men of Parts cannot be sound,

(While they are living) above ground.

No harm for Wrong done shall come near ye,

Idem est non esse & non apparere.

A Minor acts not without a Tutor,
An old Incumbent hath a Coadjutor.
And a Miftress hath a Suitor.
Status Naturæ, flatus Belli,
Is worse than Cock-broth in Gelly.
Jus unicuique ad omnia, O rare,
Look out sharp, the World's a great Fare.

Nothing's good, but wha'ts Commanded,
Why should any manbe hang'd or branded?
Nothing's bad, but whats Forbidden,
Let Thieves and Rogues do as they're bidden.
It should seem by all these Flaws,
Definitions are dangerous in Laws.
Go and be bound, and pay the Debt,
You're just taken in a Net;
I am all in a Sweat.

Come hang Laws, they that have Brains, we doing To know or do them will take no pains, which is for to be fure, they'l get no gains of the dorsemine of And they have many unlucky Strains, fraction of For they keep us all in Chains.

Reason

Reason of State, Reason of Law, Right or Wrong keeps all in Aw.

Trust no Man, if you would live brave, in the world live brave, in the

Get a Picklock for the Law,
To open every Crevise and Flaw.
Get Pincers and a lusty Screw.
To wrest from every Man his due.
Where Rocks are, get Axes and Hammers,
Spades, Pickaxes and Rammers.
Let all your Implements be ready,
And be sure to hold your hand steady.
Look big, stand all in your Robes.
Like a Conqueror of both Globes.
From you every Line or Word,
Cuts more than a Two-handed-Sword.

Truth must not be spoke, you say at all times,
The way to huddle up the basest Crimes!
To be an Informer, is thought a Disgrace,
Then how shall Capital Laws take place?
Never of any Tale bearen tell,
Tho you love me never so well.
But if I get a Friendin a Corner,
He will tell me the salse Informer.

He that is an Inventor of Lyes of it, bong and by him many an Innocent dyes,

Deferves to be made a Sacrifice, bluow award to the

For shall not the good Law punish him fore, And not suffer him to live, to kill any more? Is it not good for the Common-weal, To reward him that shall Felons reveal?

Is he my Friend that will fee me misus'd, (bus'd? Or behind my back, not tell me by whom I'am a-Consider this Case better, and try, And do as you would be done by. (Maces, 'Tis come to a fine pass, you'l say, when Witches with Authoritatively must Resolve Conscience-Cases. For this call us no more Brazen Faces, Nor load us with soul Disgraces; We understand some Common Places.

Marcus his Scholars loofely taught,
That the by all kind of Vice debaucht:
Yet no more tainted by these ugly Steams,
Than are by Dunghils the Suns Beams.

Selostric was first Institutor of Fees,
To Souldiers he gave the best Ægyptian Lees.
He fed them and taught them all in Warring,
And by this Tye restrained them from Jarring.
They must keep strict to Military Art;
From which Mechanicks might never depart.
And to preserve Families from falling,
The Son must be of his Father's Calling.

And so a Captain, as well as a Good, and a support of the His Father's Profession ne reference, and a support of the His Father's Profession ne reference, and the His Father's Profession of the His Book, and the His Father of the His Book, and the His Father of the His Book, and the His Father of the His Father's Profession of the His Fa

But our Laws would never this Coftom Brook.

Preferv'd them close to the Kings Command,
Better than the old Preferring Band.

3

He also freed them from Taxes and Gabels, Whose Names were listed in Washke Tables. So much Bread and Fless he daily did award, To all the Yeomen of his Guard. They served their Master, the rather, Because he was their Foster Father. Nomus Thebam assigned to Regiments, Panopolitus, or Chemnitus all in their Tents.

Turk to this day profecutes the same Intents, For Love and Gratitude strong Arguments. So Janizaries and Timariots, Are hindred from Rebellious Plots. The Roman Agrarian Law, Kept Souldier and People all in Aw. The Linotrophi, not for Name, With the Feudatories were much the same. Airm divided into Nomi Pannels, Betwixt Nilus and Ostia Channels.

A wife Lady was once in hope,
To get License from the Pope.
For Women, as well as Men, to hear Consessions,
Resolve Cases and pardon Transgressions,
His Holiness his Answer diddelay,
And bid her wait till such a day:
And gave her a Box, to bring with her own hand,
But not to open it by strict Command.

The good Lady and her Sisters all glad, But to open the Box were stark mad.

Pp

Much

Much ado, they venture to open't at last,
And out flew a rare Fly, all so fast.
The Lady returns to deliver her Charge,
But no Fly, for which she was chid at large:
How could she be trusted with Souls Secrecy,
That could not be faithful in keeping a Fly?
And so this vain Motion did dye.

Manzers and Slaves had no Prohibition,
From any Incestuous Coition;
Because they were of a vile Condition,
They were never taken upon Suspicion.
No Matrimony 'mongst them, no Possession,
Not free of any Profession.
Tho ne're so nobly born or bred,
To all Rights they must be dead.

Did this Curse come from Cham, Or from the Devil and his Dam? Or is it not a mere Sham? Most contrary to Nature's stand, To be made Brutes, to be unman'd. 'Tis well Man and Wise are sure to hold, That were by Rome's Law bought and Sold.

Tis a Rul'd Case in Bardish Rhimes.
Truth must not be spoke at all times.
The like for Punishment of all Crimes,
Such Laws would run well with Chimes.
Twill rise high, when 'tis upon the Fretts,
There shall be no time for paying of Debts.
Patriarchs were no Judges, but Doctors,
In those days when no Courts with Attorneys or Propunishments were by War, not Law,
The Sword, no Word, kept all in Aw.

En

En mis Σομασι μη Λαιίζαι,

Es Nioumia μη Αξονίζαι.

Es Alienum quando Remittitur,

Acceptilatio in Lege dicitur.

Σωσαχθως, thakes off the Onus,

Usuram non facit vir bonus.

We Withces, no body will own us,

If we fall, no body will bemean us.

Stepfiades brought a Thessalian Hag,
To shut up the Moon in a Box or a Bag.
To excuse Debtors from paying their Fine,
Because no Proof that the Moon does shine,
This was never no Practise of Mine,
Usurers reckoned, every Night and Noon,
To the coming of the New Moon.
A Burning-Glass to scorch a Letter,
In Court, to disprove a Deed the better.

Culpam in Jovem rejicias,
Say 'twas the Gods, not you that were Vicious,
Try, if for that they will be Propitious.
Our syn and Zws, Moles, where's all your Law,
If in an Indicament they find such Flaw.
'Twas 'Exmos & Einappan,
And her own Self, Madam Lehm.
Choak'um with this Bolns at last,
Try, if they carrecover in haste.

If thou beest a Thief or Unchaste,
The Gods did as much, Let them be Cast.
Nay, they decreed me to do so, and more,
I cannot be guilty therefore;
It must be put upon the Score.

Pp2

For

For I was forc't behind and before, Let no Serjeant come near my door. Gods hid themselves in Caves and Groves, To prosecute Murders and vilest Loves.

Why then, if Mortals committuel Rapes, May they not plead, as just Escapes. Curse us Witches be sure, Bite our Noses, Et Conspergitions Ross.

Son prov'dit just, to beat his Father, if wild, Because he beat him, when he was a Child.

Socrates taught him to come off, With Bis Pueri Senes, a Seoff.

He made Abyor Afford & apartora a Clause.
For an Inferiour and Superiour Cause.
Lawyer like, 'twas very fad,
A bad Cause good, or a good Cause bad.
Apollo his Malice could not smother,
Urging Orestes to kill his Mother.
For which the poor Soul complains,
He was clearly left in the Lurch for his pains.

But the Conscious Numer made him amends,
Made him and Menelous Friends.
Repair'd his Throne for his own Ends.
Never learn Justice from Jove above,
Nor Chastity from the God of Love.
Socrates but one Supreme Power own'd,
For which like a Fool he had like t'have been Ston'd.
But by favour that he might swallow no more,
They wo'd him to drink Hellebore.

This frighted Ariftotle and Plato, Seneca, Cicero, and Cato.

The

The Country Gods must not be deny'd, when brice the Strate had them Cry'd. The Poets were all Rogues, in the Letter, They spake Wers, but understood better; Apollo was a good Bone Setter.

'Now I have my Cu, and I must come in,

For me and mine, to prove there can be no Sin.

Tho in Wickedness you be up to the Chin,

'Never complain, go through thick and thin,

Over Shoes and over Boots,

Pluck up Liberty by the Roots.

'In Witches, fuch as we be,

"Cause we are forc't by a Decree.

'I am of Opinion, as fuch,

"We can ne're play Rogues or Whores too much.

I am afraid of a Rod,

If I take in Vain the Name of God.

The Chain of Fates is fo wonderful Grong,

Against our Wills drives us all along.

We try fometimes, but all's but a dream.

There's no firiving against the Stream.

There's a violent Motion, above our own,

Whereby our free Actions are all overthrown.

Tis in vain to use a Lanthorn and Candle,

When we take up Things with a wrong Handle,

We talk of Free will at a montrous high Rate,

But all's over-rul'd by Fortune or Fate;

' Nothing can Post or Apridate.

'Things must be, it feems, as they must be,

Do your best or your worst, all's Destiny.

For all you do or fuffer, there are Spyes, Few tell Truths, and most speak Lyes; I can't endure to think of Sacrifice. "Tis an idle, needless thing, an your one 'To tye an Ox to an Altars Ring. 'The harmless Beast must rost and fry, Because I deserve to dve.

'And for telling of a Lye,

'I'le be judg'd by the Standers by.

'I had spoke Truth, I'le try, by my Troth, "Tis either good, or bad, or both. "Twas the Lot that was own'd then, in good Sooth.

If it be bad, and better haps,
It is your good luck, Boys throw up your Caps;

But have a care of After-claps.

Hallow Boys, one and all, We shall either Rise or Fall.

'Never bemoan Man, never be fad,

"We shall have a living, a good or a bad.

Whatever it be, once it will fall,

'Nothing venture nothing have, the Devil take all.

Why then should any just Laws be us'd,

When Good or bad can't be chose, or refus'd,

And still no body can be abus'd.

'I'le sin out my Sin, if it must be so,

'No Body knows which way 'twill go.' But 'tis a hard Fate, to be forc't to do Evil,

'And for that, to be forc't to go to the Devil,

'In vain then to Cry or Snivel.

To blow Meat, the Burcher must have a Scyvel.

The take no more care then, The do what I pleafe,

'I shall have Trouble, or I shall have ease.

But fill do or fuffer, there's no Body minds me,

Yet still some Body stands behind me.

I move like a Pupper to and fro,

And know nor whether I move or no.

'The Satyr blows hot and cold,

'Tis all alike to young and old a lo not

When Waters are crost with a contrary Wind,

'The Ship is toft before and behind.

'It should then either stop or stay, 'Or be mov'd to a contrary way.

'There's Will, or no will, Region or none,

Then leave me to my felf alone.

"And I'le leave'um now to pick this Bone.

'If I thought I were not a Witch or a Whore,
'I should never endure my Self any more.

They come off with a Certiorari,
Res noluit male Administrari.
'Tis no Thanks to the Administrators,
When they themselves are the Judge Arbitrators.
'Tis long of their Causes in these Cases.
That puts things thus allout of their Places.
'Tis much to Wise mens Differace,
That dare Reason so much delace.

In vain they hope to be Excus'd,
When Reason is by Reason abus'd,
And against all Reason resisted.
They that have given the deadly Draught,
Thois kill not, its naught, its naught.
These men to true Reason will ne're be brought,
The Reason is, they are better sed than taught.

I

'I know better than fo, the unlucky Bird fings,
'Tis true, nor do I believe fuch Gins,
'That ferew my Soul to worfer things.
'In plain terms, 'tis to deny

Justice, and all Deity.

And therefore such false Rules I defie, The fault is my own, I deserve to dye,

'I am a Witch, I tell you the Reason why, Because I did wilfully Vertue deny.

Tis neither better nor worse,

'I have justly invok'd my Curfe.

"Tis in vain to use any more Discourse,

Set the Saddle on the right Horse.

Alas, some Sciolists do but prate, 'Tis just as the Stars would ha't.

We are all bewitcht, when plain Bitchery,

' Is called Conjuring, or Witchery.

The Dog (they fay) excuses the smell,

'The Lady is perfum'd very Well:
'But the Toad Cur flinks like Hell.

For Right Reason ring out the Bell,

There's many fuch a Develish Spell.

Thieves, Murderers, Witches, Burn'um, Stone'um, De Mortus nit nifi Bonum.

Gavelkind Land, de Hæreditate dividenda, To younger Brothers, Familia Erciscenda,

' Take your Conge, make your Leg,

'To them that have brought you to Beg.

'If you be of a good Constitution,

Rob all you can, and make no Restitution,

Take all good Turns, and make no Retribution.

Qq

The Witches.

166

Do all Harm, ther's no Prohibition,
All fare alike, there's no Præterition.

Will you call an Eunuch chafte,

Or him Patient, that's ty'd in Fetters fall ?

'Had Bajazet no Tyrant Rage,
'Caufe shut up in an Iron Cage?

A Lion may be a Lamb at these rates,

Because he is shut up in Grates,

'So is good or bad by force of Fates.

Where sits the Legislative Power,
Ruling in his Majestick Tower?
In the Noble or Vulgar Race,
In the Prince or Populace?
Kings do Jus facere & Jus dare,
Judges Jus dicere, I'le Swear ye.
Did the high Power of Life and Death,
From the lowest Root take breath?

What Supremacy is in the Feet?
When, or where could all the World meet?
Tribunes, Ephori represent,
Who knows the Multitudes Intent?
Tis a few Pragmatical Squires,
That Rule Publick Desires,
Kindle, not quench Everlasting Fire.
These Lead the Vulgars by the Nose,
And do all Business under the Rose,
Who then shall Rebellions compose?
Factions or Seditions disclose?

A Coblar cries, Mio non Consento,
11 Popolo non Contento.

The

The Mobile swells all in Wayes,
And are driven by Fools and Knaves;
'Til they make themselves Slaves,
And go all Beggars to their Graves.
But when good Princes have their Will,
By Gods Laws, 'tis Freedom still.
So the Rabble is besool'd,
To Rule, and be over-rul'd.

But when Supremacy is lodg'd
In One or Few, the Rout is dodg'd.
They'l cheat themselves, and be cheated,
'Til all there Madness be deseated.
From themseves they can't Appeal,
Where is then their Common-weal?
Who does Liberty from them steal?

When they Rage, Murmur and Grudge, Who shall Moderate or Judge? When they Head all in a Riot, What Power shall the Tumult quiet? If all croud to steer at the Helm, The Vessel needs must overwhelm, Who is able to Rule alone, When all shall rush upon the Throne?

When all on Power make Intrusion, It must needs produce Consusion. All are Slaves, when all Command, Who can Obedience understand? Status Belli & Status Nature, Each to his Fellow is a Fury; None can be tryed by a Jury.

Il Popòlo is a Wide Ring,
Dance in a Cirele's an endless thing.
Unicuique Jus ad omnia, Quare,
Get what you can l'le ne're spare ye.
And if I prove the Better Man,
I'le get all agen from you, if I can.
If you invade your Neighbours Lands.
He'l fight you upon Calice Sands:
And then where are your Demands?
Your Right on a ticklish Bottom stands.

Anacreon refus'd five Talents of Gold, By Polycrates given him, and told, That for Cares he would not be fold.

Où Tipa an ras feel of,

Deferv'd the Title To Oxide.

Another greater Fool than He,

Threw all his-Wealth into the Sea.

But few such Fops this day we see,

Yet Fools flock to good Company.

They say, De Mortuu nil nist Bonum,
Thieves and Murderers never stone um.
Do all mischief live or dead,
Expect not to be punished,
Nor so much as mentioned.
Why then should Vertue be rewarded,
If Vice must not be regarded?
These are simple, filly Themes,
The Off spring of idle Dreams.

Burn all Histories to Ashes, Call Plutarch, Tacitus and Livy, Flashes. For daring to record the Doom Of Tyrants, in Greece or Rome. Call Domitians, and Nero's, After their deaths brave Cavalero's. He that flatters, living and dead, Now is the Man that is best bred.

Of Salick Law Women complain, 'Cause it excludes Femal's from Reign. To be reveng'd by Fascinations, They rule the Rulers of all Nations. Id tantum sit, quod Jure sit, Is more Honesty, than Wit. By Flattery oblige Mankind, What true Return hope you to find?

If Fathers force their Daughters to fast From Husbands, till Twenty five be past: They may then take their own measure, Marry, and Repent at leisure. But the Father must part with his Treasure, Not at his own, but the Judges Pleasure.

Pone Legem, fill the Paw,
This is Justice, this is Law:
This is Cheats Clapper-claw,
So they keep the World in Aw.
Your Nose will be out of Socket,
If wise, keep Mony in your Pocket.
The Law is costly, no Trial,
If you make the least Denial,
You must pray, and pay and stay,
And at last make shift to run away.

He that refuses Silver or Gold, Him for a Natural we hold.

t comes formationes as in as Proffing

Call Domitians, and Nero's sew. rayo bne, sliw is oH That takes the Mony, and lets go the Als. The poor Jade is rid amain. Pity him, put him out of his pain : When loaded, bid him come again, Juft a Pettifoggers Arain.

In short, I'le describe the Condition, Of the Bloody Spanish Inquilition. The Prison resembles exactly well, All the Cruelties of Hell. After Seven years Incarceration, In Chains, and goods Confifcation. The Judgment passes in dark Rooms. Like Vaults of Death in Charnel Tombs. No Accusers are ever shewn. Nor must Witnesses be known.

The Prisoner with Fools Cap and Mitred Crest, Green Taper, Sambenito Veft: Mounts a Theatre, where stands an Altar. Priest with Cross, Hangman with Halter. The Lords Inquisitors sit on high. The Bishop and Chapter hard by. The Migistrates and Nobles next, The Bloody Preacher takes a Text. To justifie all the Proceedings. Of Whips and Racks, and fatal Bleedings.

After all this, why are Women Witches 'Cry'd out on more than Dogs or Bitches. All the World of us do ring. Only this Hanging's fuch a thing mile a rol mile It makes us fhrug for not Confessing. It comes sometimes as far as Pressing.

'Or

- Or for want of Right turning,
 Oftentimes it comes to burning.
- Are there no other Wirches then? What are Wizards, but Witches Men?
- Cunning, Wisemen, Magicians, 'And by Laws, Mathematicians.
- Augurs, Sorcerers of old.
- Pontiffs, Flamens, Priefts I'm told.
- We are Mistresses of Reason.
- And Wit, for Felony and Treafon.
- We only frisk it fine and near,
- Ready for every unlucky Feat.
- We are the Active Party, Men are Lubbars,
- Dozing at home, like lazy Scrubbars.
- A Female Eagle is the Bird most brave,
- 'The Male's a drunken fottish Slave,
- And fo all Birds of Prey may be,
- 'For any thing that I can fee.
- So for Witchcraft the World doth find,
- 'The Women are the Noblest kind.
- 'I look you should fend me to make Pudding Pyes,
- For telling fo many Lyes.
- Choose for your Love, and buy for your Mony,
- 'There is good Ale at the Sign of the Cony.
- Sturbridge Fair, Canterbury Tales.
- 'Sung all over England, Scotland, and Wales.
- At last we are crowded all into Gaols,
- ' And hung up by the Crags upon Pales.

or & wat of Right turning,

Are there no color NA sheet on?
A have an to me wis but Wagers, Nich?
Concerns, States, States

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196 o in the Address Proof, Man are Lubb in

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S. willing after the Control of the co

Sura Moles England, Soil ind, and Wister

Anthal we air crowded all into Gable, and hung up by the Cross roop Pales,

CANIDIA,

OR

The Witches.

RHAPSODY.

The Fourth Part.

By R. D.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1683.

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The Prologue.

Percufarome you did so lindly Resort.

Poetook care to shew you the bravest Sport.

C Angled the constant of the file

I will provide you Fresh Horses, When this I've dong Fine Ledies rake your

The Witches.

A

RHAPSODY.

The Prologue.

Elcome so far on your Journey, my Maids,
Thave met in your Way with gallant Blades;
Could you huse your selves in better Trades?

Rr 2

Because

The Prologue.

Because to me you did so kindly Resort,
I've took care to shew you the bravest Sport.

If you'l promife me, not to be flow, I have but two more Stages 10 go.

I will provide you Fresh Horses,
When this Job's done, Fair Ladies take your
Courses.

RHAPSODY.

AHT The Prologue.

Thave met in your Way with gallant Blades,

Could you buffe your selves in better Trades?

Because

Rrs

THE

WITCHES.

CANTO L. TO A DOBS IN

wes to pull down nieu in Scarlor.

Fear you'l count me Knave and Fool,
For telling Tales thus out of School.
But perhaps you may like it well,
If I tell stories out of Hell.
I say, there they are all Drunk and Mad,
Jovial, or Melancholy sad.
'Tis nothing what here you'see and know,
To that which is added here below.

Something like, but not the same,
Either for Nature or Name.
The Persection of all that's Base,
Is demonstration of Hell's Grace.
There's roaring, Revelling and Damming,
Blaspheming, Cursing and Ramming.
'Tis beyond Limming and Painting,
To describe Insernal Ranting.

Packets

Hatching

The Witches.

2

Hatching and contriving Plots,
Drawing Cuts and casting Lots,
Breaking Pates, Glasses and Pots.
Answering Spells and Conjurations,
Towards the Ruine of all Nations.
Promoting all degrees of Strife,
Taking away every Honest Life,
Wars, Plagues, Famines, Invasions,
Fires, Waters, are their Recreations.

By Evil Spirits fecret lunking,
Politick Pates are fet a working.
Each beggarly, malicious Varlet,
Strives to pull down men in Scarlet.
No Ill acted Above; I trow,
But is projected close below.

For you must know, each damned Spirite
Doth a greater Wit Inherit,
Than Mortal Wights yet ever had,
Nor can they be fully so bad.
They are the Springs and Engineers,
To screw up Jealousies and Fears.
'Till they come up to th' highest pitch,
Far above all that we can call Witch.

Creating Lyes and false Pretences,
Whence all Destruction commences.
In Common-wealths and mighty States,
Amongst Princes and Potentates.
Plenipotentiaries, Masters,
Orators thence hatch all Disasters.
Lawyers Tongues are Tipt, to prate
Right or Wrong, at any rate.

-midotel-i

Packets.

Packets from Witches daily fly,
With wonderful Celerity;
To Pluto's Court Polls all about,
Come crowding through the Danned Roun
The News in every corner Rang,
At which the meager Spirits forzag
For Joy, to hear the Mischief done
In all Places under the Sun.

At which the nimble Caltiffs prance, And all the tatterd Mallions dance. Not a base Goblin but will skip, No slavish Robin but will trip, Frisk it brave, curvear, and cut It handsomly with his stump Foot.

Each grizly Ghost, that er's looks grim,
Appears in Print, spruce, tight and trim.
Each ugly Empuse, with his Mate,
Gossips it up and down in state.
The dullest melancholy Wight,
Envy its self, comes now in sight:
And like a Gallant too will strut,
A Thin-chopt Wretch with shrunk-up Gut.

Each horrid Fury now could plate
Her snaky Tresses bout her Pare,
And frizle too; each Elf was quaint,
And for a shift could skill to paint.
They know how to make bare their Breasts,
Shoulders and Back, Arms and Wrests,
They understand the Wanton-glare,
And with a rowling Eye-ball stare.

They had the right Leering awry,
The lustful glancing of the Eye.
They had the demure Simpring grace,
The Forehead high, and Brazen Face,
The scornful Flirt, the Jetting Gate,
And every idle stinking State.
They had their famous Indian Plumes,
Top and Top gallant, rare Persumes.
Arabick Odors of the best,
Snatcht from the dying Phanix Nest.

They had the Perewick, the Col,
The monstrous Tires, the Devil and All.
Their black Bags, Buck am, bumbast Shapes,
Their Doublets and nort Jumps, like Apes.
Chippins, Galloches, Samars, Manto's,
And all the Modes in the Curranto's,
Wanton Aerial Lawns that hover,
And do immodest Pares discover.

They had their Mufflers, Fans and Vails, Their Masks and Busks, and Vardingals, Their Gorgets, Points, knots and Muffs, Pickad llo Bands, and Cart-wheel Ruffs.

'Pardon, kind Reader, if at all
'I some forget, or some miscall.
'My Ladies Waiting-Maid, perhap,
'Me in these Fopperies might trap.
'Or her sight Reverend Usher carp,
'And swear how old amiss I harp.
'In all these Implements, in good Truth,
'You do my Lady wrong forsooth,
'But let such Fancies know, I hit
Logeneral at what's fit.

They

They have their walking Mates on ground, On Horse and Coach, the Foysting Hound. The wanton witty Ape that squats, Chatters and pisses in their Laps. Their curious hands support the gay, Canary Bird, or Popinjay. They have the Monky, the Musk Cat, To make them laugh, to make them chat. Not a Device, but they had caught, And, as I think, our Gallants taught.

They had the French, the Italian,
Sp. mish, Dutch and Polonian
Postures to a hair, Courtesie
That does belong to Cap or Knee.
They had the flovenly Dutch slop.
The Pastbord Pad, or English Crop.
The curtail'd Cloak, and the French Felt,
The Munmoth Cap, the Zodiaque Belt.
The Bilbo Blade, and Jyngling Spur,
The Monstrous Boor, and Cap of Fur.
The Antique Trunk, Scant Hose, wide Russ,
The Wounded Doublet, and the Buss.

The Persian Cassock, the Flat, Steeple crownd, narrow, broad-brim'd Hat. Bands and Crevats; If I should range, I must ransack the Exchange: But I am drawn dry, I must give o're, I am quite spent, I can no more.

Who ever was Companion made To th'Elfs of Hells Infernal shade? Who through Mare Mortuum, Hath sail'd to sair Elyssum? Who hath as Pilgrim past along.
To Sign, Cocytus, Acheron?
To Ghosts, to Furies, who hath been,
A searful fellow-Citizen?

He may perhaps call to mind,
The Devils of every kind:
And how the monstrous horrid Lust,
Of Incubm and Succubus.
Damn'd Copulation, produce,
Or Goblin, Fairy, or Empule.
Which appear in as many Fashions,
As are used in all Nations.

CANTO II.

Hell revels it, this day, Respite
Is granted to each ragged Wight.
Ixion's Wheel stands still a while,
Tantalus Grapes cease to beguile
His greedy Jaws, Sysiphus play'd,
When once his weighty Rowl was laid.
Next day th'old Man is at a loss,
And swears, his Stone had gathered Moss.

He for his part was laid secure,
Next Morn the old Trout was ta'ne dead sure.
Napping, rowz'd with a wholsom Jerk,
By some stern Imp, and set to work.

Tantalus had so drank his fill
O're Night, that thought he might do so still
Ixion did so madly Reel,
That for himself, mistook his Wheel.

Promethem's Heart was ope, poor Man. He had foak't many a cordial Kan. That drove the Eagle from his Heart, Do the her worst, now he'l not flart. He Vows, more men he will Inspire. And quicken Clay with new stol'n Fire. Shall Jove, proud Jove, thinks he, confine Solely to himself, that Power Divine?

'Tush, tho he be this time in Hell, He knows his own Power to well, That none of him more Tales should tell. He will for ever all Tricks quella ... 'He'l make his Art Nature excel. 'He has fuch Whimfies now in Pickle. Shall make Mercuries Fingers tickle. 'To do more Feats, he has the Gift, If need be, to give Jupiter a Life on syan and

'He hath now more fublime Notions, To operate far swifter Motions. His Head is full of Crotchets now, 'To Jade a Race-Horse by a Cow. He swears he'l tell you, when and how (Pledge him but this full Bowl) the Spheres 'Shall play y' a Lesson, that your Ears Shall Judge which Orb the Treble founds, 'And which the Mean, and Bess rebounds.

'These warbling Globes, he at his pleasure, 'Can tune distinctly in exact measure. Do but fit down a while and lift angol and Whip one more Cup theer off, then whift, Hear you nought yet? No, off with t'other.

'Nor yet ? quick, quick off with another.

Begin

Begin a fresh Health, make haste, Bravely come off, you'l hear't at last,

'And when y have heard it, you'l turn round,

And dance to that melodious Sound.

'Now cut it—Rare, unheard of strains!
'Thank's good Promethew for thy Pains.
It is the merriest Rogue in Hell,
This day he likes his Humor well.
And 'tis the wittiest Knave, who dare,
For choice Inventions with him compare?

All Bunglers, Hermes Self stand clear, He scorns there should a man come near. He's for contriving, he's so neat, So spruce, so curious in each Feat. A most quaint Artist, in this mood, Pity we have no more o'th' Brood.

Archytas, a dull Engineer,

His Dove was faulty, it flew not clear ::

'It flag'd, he'l tell you, the Report

He knew right well in fuch ffrange fort

The Spidar a small Chariot drew,
And the like golden Fly, which flew

From off her Masters Fist, the length

To turn, and backwards fly, nay light

Inft there, from whence she took her flight,
And bad the Company, Good Night.

Poor Petty foggers, what rich Prize Deserve you, that thus trade in Flyes?
Are you not bold, that dare presume,

'The name of Artists to assume?

For Spider-Molds? What credit then Dowe deserve, that can frame Men?

'Proud Syracuse too much admir'd 'Her Archymedes, 'cause h'had fir'd

'A few weak Ships; a Toy, a Toy,

With Wild-fire ; ev'ry little Boy

Could do as much, a very As,

'That made the solid Heav'ns of Glass.

'A fit resemblance, a pure Bull,

'The Fancy of an empty Skull.

' Jove's politick, keeps me in bands

For fear, tying an Artifl's hands,

Least - but he shall know in this rare Vein.

'I have a Project in this Brain,

(If loft, will ne're return again.)

Shall puzle all the foves to reach,

Much less in practice to out-fetch.

The good man's lost, in setting forth His Infinite conceited worth. He's so high flown, that he out-vies, Higher and lower Dignities. Whole Troops, while he thus boasting sate, Flockt round about, to hear him prate.

Tell him of Eagles now, Alas!
A poor Conceit he swears it was.
And no less base Revenge, h'had eas'd
This Flea-bite, had it but pleas'd
Him, long e're this, and can do't still;
But scorns, let Jove do't, if he will.
Since he laid't on, this is his Scoff,
He'l make him glad to take it off.

A Jolly Vein, if it would hold,
This while he sticks not to be bold,
While he is neither bought nor sold;
Of this he cares not to be told.
I doubt my Gentleman will cry
Peccavi, when he's once drawn dry.
He must to the old Trade again,
'Tis but a Folly to complain;
'Tis not his Skill can ease his Pain.

Honest Prometheus, I deplore
Thy wretched Case, when this Light's o're.
Fove's Bird, I sear, will hungry be,
Fasting so long for want of thee.
Alas, poor Man! the time is short,
'Tis but a day, I'm sorry for't.
Minerva lov'd thee, so do I,
Would I could end thy Misery.

As for that most persidious Brood,
That compact, bloody Sister hood,
The Belides, methinks I grutch
Their Ease, a day for them's too much.
O may their Tubs for ever drill,
And they ne're have the pow'r to fill.
A Punishment for them too slight,
That slew their Husbands the first night.
And yet for these that less deserv'd,
Was the fair day of Rest reserv'd.

Stern Radamanth, whom all did fear, Is most bucsom and debonair. He's now as blith, that er'st did frown, The meanest Elf in all the Town Is not at all 'fraid of his Gown,
But at his Feet dares fet him down,
And guzzle with him by his fide,
Who yesterday would skulk and hide
(When he saw him in all his pride,
Among the Shades in state to ride.)
His Devils face, poor simple Wight,
And glad he could play least in light.

Kind Proferpine, it was thy Grace, And Princely Favour, for a space; Freely to hurl such a Release, And set all tortur'd Wights at ease. They made mad Rendevouz the while, Roaring and keeping such a coil, Beyond all compass, as if pain Were ne're to be renew'd again.

Pluto's vast Court eccho'd aloud, Shaking the Earth, tossing the proud Insulting Waves, so did they roar, As if they never should give o're. So did they seast, drink, smoke and shout And keep a rascal Revel-rout; That the Superiour World might know, There was a Hell indeed, below.

There might you see, on the bare ground, Kneeling, how Pluto's Health went round. Next Proserpine's, how they stood bare, And at the Health's end, rent the Air. That stifling Air, with horrid sound, As it had thunder'd under-ground. How the Infernal Dungeon rang, When the whole frightful Chorus sang.

Was not this a fearful Gang?
That Eccho'd such a dreadful Twang?

How lightly the trim Shades did trip,
How they did vault, curveat and skip,
In all their gambols, neat and spruce,
Not one but was complete through use.
Having pledg'd all in this low Roof,
Some they must think upon Aloof.
Some famous ones, to whom they tender
Most Love, they Vow now to remember.

The Turk, says one, then swears another, The great Mogul he dare not smother. A third starts up in hast, and damns, Shall we forget the renown'd Chims; The Crim Tartarian, or the Brood Of Negro's for their likelyhood? Prety black Rogues, They carouze oft, To us, and so to them we ought.

Friar Bacon, Bungy, Faustus,
Merlin, these will ne're exhaust us.
During this Counsel, out one yalls,
And by my Name Canidia calls.
Devils, quoth he, Is there no Fame
Amongst us all of that Noble Dame?
Was't not for her, that we have had
This liberty, to be thus mad?

For shame, my Slaves, do her that Grace, To drink her Health in the first place. Conidia, and then they tore Their Snakes, and 'gan asresh to roar.

They

They thought themselves, no doubt, to blame, To forget that Virago's Name.
Then they began asresh to squat,
There's ne're a Fury but must ha't.

Canidia, strait they're down, all bare,
Hang Turks now, let her have her share.
First in our Bowzings, then they hatch,
And for the vastest Goblets snatch.
O, 'twere unkindness not to laugh,'
Twere horrid baseness not to quast.
'T goes about double, to the Great Nurse,
Besides to every Health a Curse.

The Liquors, Rum, Mum, Sherbet, Brandy, Old Hock drank by every Jack a-dandy.
All the Sulphureom Seggian Juyces,
Ran in full Conduits and Sluces.
Where every Skullion Imp might fill his Pale,
And stretch his Gut with Nordown Ale.
Sullen Diogenes was got drunk,
And the Rogue had closely got his Punk.
Every Philosopher was a good Fellow,
Poets and Orators Brains were mellow.

CANTO III.

'And now I have gone down to Hell, you'l see,
'I shall conjure up Hell to me.
'Go, Screetch-Owl, my Apparitor,
'At Midnight loudly at an hour,
'Rowze all the Sleepers in this Bow'r.
'Summon all the Chosts to appear,
'And make their solemn Meeting here.

As in a clear transparent Air,
The glorious Sun displays his fair
Enlivening Beams, that pleasant while,
The Earth doth laugh, the Heavens do smile.
But sh! how soon 'tis chang'd? the Scale
Turns on a sudden, lo, a Cale
Breathing from the South-west, out peeps
A sullen Cloud and small, that creeps
O're the whole surface of the Sky,
And turns all to Obscurity.

The golden luttre of the Jaw, Is chookt with Vapors now, that run. At random o're the Earth, till all Together in a huge Deluge fall. Or as when Earth within his Den. A gen'ral Silence, not a Breath, So much to flake a tender Leaf.

How quiet Nature is thow whist?
'Till those unruly Rebels list.
(Boreas with his surly Mates)
To burst wide ope the Prison-Gates:
And all together headlong rush,
Striving each others force to crush.
Then th'Universe, quiet before,
Is all in a confus d uproar.

And such a Hurly-burly kept,
As if all things were to be swept
Out of all order; such a Bussling
They make, such a promiscuous Justing.
Thus from a peaceful Air come Jars
Of Winds, from Calms, tempeltucus Wars.

Then

Then in Iprang these Hags, whom had the Sea Beheld, as well it was his hap,
To be safe sull'd in Theris Lap.
He would have started back again,
And dowstinto the Eastern Main.
When they came in, their presence made
Of Darkness an Egyptian shade.
Which to dispel large Flambo's were,
With Tapers lighted here and there.

O thou bright Sister of the Sun, Who from thy lower Region, Dost the most seeret Deeds descry, Of Magick and Necromancy.

Thou that art conscious to each Fast, Which Imp or Witch did ever act.

'Tis Thee I do Invoke, thine Eye At filent hours can efpy,
When ugly Fiends affume the shapes Of Men, of Lions, Goats and Apes, Affrighting Mortals, thou canst tell, When by a strong enchanting Spell, They are call'd up, it is no News, To see them keep their Rendevous.

Therefore to thee I make Request, Thou would'st be pleased to Attest Unto the naked Truth, I write, Of which thy Self hast had the sight.

And now because the Subject's rare, And searful, vouchsafe to prepare Thy chaster Ears, kind Reader, First Peruse, and then pronounce it Curst. 'Twas just at Midnight, when dead sleep, and and Had seiz'd on Mortals very deep."
When Dogs did bark, when Wolves did how!, When As if strong to the Raven strangely hover did so when Batts did cry, when Owls did tear, With hollow shreeks, the trembling Air.

When the Ill-boding Satyrs pranc'd
Through filent Woods, when Farries danc'd,
When all that Melancholy Fry
Were loofe, then did the Scene draw nigh.
But when the Winds and Seas did roar,
When Lightning flasht, when Thunder tore
The aged Oaks, when th'Earth did shake,
And the whole Universe did quake,
When Hells wide Jaws did yawn,
Ope slew the Scene with all the Spawn.

If you would fee the Face of Hell,
And hear the Pack of Hell-Hounds yell.
Lo, here it is! Heavens be ye abasht!
And thou dull Earth, stand all agast!
Avant, and keep aloof, standclear,
Come not I charge you, Sirs, too near!
See now, and see your last! ——A mixed Fry,
Of Imps and Haggs in Kennels lye.
Altogether, such a Mass,
Such a Chaos, as never was!

Stare thou bright Cynthia, thou Sun,
Drop from thy Sphere, thy Course is done.
Keep thee below, and go not on,
Nor peep above our Honizon.

Thou

Thou shalt not see't, lose not thy Raies
Th' hast kept, these Myriads of Days,
For here is that will stain their: Here
Are monstrous shapes of Wolf and Bear.

Of Bats and Toads, of Goats and Swine, of Soats and Tygers, Dogs and Kine. We will be a soat of Wiper and Dragon, Rat and Snail, John Tyler and Vultur and Scorpion, Extremal Quail not gloved son to Porpuse and Sea-Horse Draft of the Brothest Screet Cowl and Locust, Duck and Swan, Crane, Goss-hawk and Pelican.

Crab, Elephant, Mouse, Goose and Gander, Ignit Cameleon and Salamanders.

Pismire and Camel, Mullet, Flare,
Dolphin and Shark, Lizard and Hare.
Fox and Baboon, Stork and Ospray,
Fesant, Beetle, and Popinjay,
Spider and Cock, Swallow and Pye,
Parrat and Tit, Eagle and Flye.
Monky and Squirrel, Otter, Doe,
Hyena, Crocadile and Roe.
Griffon, Leopard and Cockatrice,
Crocadile, Tygre and Lioness.

All these, with other mixed Forms
Of Antick Fowls, Beasts, Fishes, Worms:
Each in their fearful Troops are clustered,
In horrid Squadrons rang'd and mustred.

Would make offer beings Land upright

Thoughalt note for loss not the Reit

The key of the Canal

Tell me without Dissimulation,
Who e're shall read this Exercises.
If a rare Martial Soul possess.
They manly Trunk, that dares to press
Thee bravely forward, to withstand.
The Forces of a mighty Band?
If thy stout-Genius could rusts
Through a Wood of Pikes, and crusts
Whole ordred Files of Men in Steel,
Trainple whole Ranks, and never feel
The sting of Fear; if thou darst meet
The thundring Culvering, and greet
Whole Canon in the fact, out-brave
A showr of Lead, and slight the Grave?

If thou can't do all this, then come, I'le lead thee to Elyfum.

Crown thee with Honour in those Fields Where Death his fearful Standard wields. Amidit a Regiment of Shades, tell Me, if thy Courage would not quell, When thou discern's the Face of Field. Wilt meet a thousand Deaths? come on, I'le teach thee but to meet this one.

Should Scipie or Cufar defery
These in their Trenches, as they lye,
They'd soon remove their Siege, this Sight
Would make their hair to stand upright.
And the Commanders hearts would ake,
For horror, all their joynts would quake.

Oft have I feen in Femry Bogs
Loathforn heaps of Toads and Frogs:
Adders and Snakes, with Ruts and Fries
Of ugly Vermin, Infects, Phes.
I could not choose but admire,
To see them crawling in the Mire.
'T hath made my tender Limbs oft quake,
To see the surface of a Lake
Cover'd with Locusts: but to see

The Stygian Lake come up to me.

To see a Brood of Hellish Hag,
Crawling together in one Quag;
And I so near in the room;
Strange that my Bed was not my Tomb!
O, I did live to see it! But heed,
What drops d'you think my Heart did bleed?
Whither did my chill Blood recoil
For warmth, suppose ye, all that while?

Saw I so many Gorgons, and none
Would please to turn me to a Stone.
Merciles Mercy, to allow
The sight of Death, and not know how.
To taste it, Heavens do ye bemoan
My Torments, whilst I all alone
Lay gazing on this Sight, beforead
Your sable Weeds, and firike me dead:
And in compassion of my Years,
Let fall a doleful showr of Tears.

As I'm a Woman, I'le not deny.
These Fears; bur as a Witch, I desie
Ten thousand Hells, if I should dye

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| | | |

No, but in scorn and base neglect,
Back to his Face they did reslect.
His now black Sooty Beams again,
Angry at which, he turns his Rein,
To drive backward his fiery Wain.
But was not able; at Mid-day
Quite lost, he could not see his way.
Wondring at this contempt, he wist
Nothing but Hell could this resst.

Wherefore, he must go on, or turn
Beyond his Tropicks, tho all burn.
'Mongst the North-Stars a Track t'enquire,
Ne're trampled by his Steeds of Fire.
At last, he ghest it was his Crime,
Perhaps to b'up before his Time.
But was mistaine, nor he alone,
The World was out of order thrown.
During that space, the Stars next Night
Thinking to shine, had lost their light.

The Prince of Planets Purblind grew, Glaring with a strange dusky Huc. Cerberm, whom Hercules drew From Hell, when he began to view The Light, turn'd his head aside, Sol's Beams not able to abide:
Now, Sol himself his head did shrowd, Envelop'd in a wat'ry Cloud; Fearing his stately glittering Grace, With Stygian darkness to deface.

And yet some Mists in th'air did bake, And just under his Circle Cake;

Which

Which markt him like his Sifter, fair, But pale and speckled here and there. Thus for a thrice succeeding Noon, He appear'd spotted like the Moon. In short, all things had some Translation, During this bloody Convocation.

CANTO V.

By this the Court was forward grown,
Almost all Actions overthrown.
A thousand sev'ral Dooms, some Death,
Some Life; but hardly drawn with putrid Breath,
Exhal'd from corrupt Entrals, panting,
Better if such a Life were wanting.
Some languish daily with faint Sweats,
Others consume with extream Heats.
Some clog'd with Swinish Pursiness,
Some seeble, through Bursteness,

Some crackt, fantastick, some deep mad, Some melancholy, dull and sad.
Some raving desp'rately, some rame, Sporting at every Toy and Game.
Some trade in Wounds and Purple gore, Some for Ulcers and Cancers roar.
Others had aches, grypings, throws, Inward intolerable Woes.

Catarrhs, Cramps, Wheafings, Obstructions, Goughs, Belching, Issues, Eruptions; Apoplexies, Gouts, Stranguries, Green Sicknesses, Love Maladies.

Surfets

Surfets, Piles, Gangrenes, Drophes, Tumors, Pleurifies, sharp and brinish Humors, Fevers, Convulsions, Scurvies, Strains, Distorted Sinews, shrunk up Veins. Lethargies, Passes dead and shaking, And all manner of Heart-aking.

Purples, Collick, Gravel and Stone,
The Disease that rots the Bone:
Neapolitan, French, or Indian Pain,
The Modish Flux, the Gentile Strain.
Quinzies, Corns, Tooth-ach, Blisters, Burns,
Scalds, Agues by fits and turns.
Kings Evil, Emeroids and Blastings,
Lungs, Kidneys, Lights and Liver wastings;
Others troubled with the Hastings.

Many a woful Wretch must Rue
For the days work, what will ensue.
For these sew hours, for which whole years,
Thousands may justly shed forth Tears.
Thousands may have just cause to roar,
And their most cursed states deplore.
Each had his day, each had his hour,
Even all that came under their power.

CANTO VI.

But here's not all, A second Train
Forthwith came marching up amain.
A Regiment of Ninety two,
I told them, having less to do;
With Sagan on their head, all old
Experienc'd Witches, sierce and bold.

V 2

Foul

Foul Squalid Creatures every one, Dreadful Hargies to look upon.

With fallow Countenances, and Hair
Dishevel'd o're their Shoulders bare:
Coal-black, and curled into Flakes,
Twining like to so many Snakes.
Grey, hollow Eyes, and Cheeks as thin
As Envies Self, and wrinkled Skin.
Lank Breasts, lean Arms, with wrizled Flanks,
And mummy Hips, and shrunk up Shanks.

But that I knew them in that form,
They had been Furies, I had fworn:
These all with Bag and Baggage chose
The same place of Rendevouze.
'Twould tyre y' in order down to set,
How these two Jovial Armies met:
What Ceremonies, and what Toys,
What Tricks they us'd t'express their Joys.

After a General Salute,
Strait these Black Regiments were mute.
And a Command proclaim'd to all,
By the Lieutenani General:
That each of every Rank and Station,
Should prepare for a Consultation.
Which done, each took him to his place,
According to his Stock and Race:
And solemnly in mighty State,
All down unto the Council sate,

CANTO VIL

By this they were compos'd, a show Of goodly Benchers, all a row. A deep Silence was made, all whist, After long Pause, when the whole List Sate looking one upon another, Waiting who should that Silence smother. Softly in state, rose up a Dame Of reverend Worth, Sagan by Name.

She was of proner Body, Face Printed with Gravity and Grace. With lefty bending Brow, quick Eye Sparkling forth Beams of Majesty: Of Forehead high, of Visage lean And long, of Feature mean: Of Colour swarthy, darkish Cheeks, Furrow'd all along with Reeks.

High Roman-Nose, Hiir all grey,
Loosly dangling every way
Down to her Heels, her Back a Bow,
Which Age had bent, Supporters flowAnd faint, Wast long and small,
Breasts limber, Body brindled allAnd yet a kind of Decency
Shone from that squalid Gravity.

In this fo comly Equipage,
Rose up this goodly Personage;
And casting a sad sober Glance
O're the whole Round, the did advance

Her graceful Self to the full View,
And hearing of that Damned Crew.
Then with an Eye submissly thrown
Upon the ground, she fetcht a Groan:
And making a low Courtesy,
With demure simpring Majesty
She thus began

'My Lords and Ladies, and good

It grieves my Soul, when I reflect

'Upon my long careles Neglect,

Of that great Charge your Honours have

' Nobly conferr'd on me your Slave.

Wherefore my Blood you may Command, For at your Mercy here I stand,

With that, the deeply figh'd, and wrung

Her ruful hands: Alas my Tongue,
And Hands, and Brain, and all's too weak
To do you fervice! Speak, of peak
Your lowly Vallals Pardon; speak

Quickly, or my poor Heart will break.
At which she stopt, yet would have spoke
More still; but fear and sorrow broke
Her faultring Voice; the Tears distill'd
Amain, all down her Cheeks, and fill'd
Those deep Gutturs, trickling apace

So have I seen a Trait rous Wight
Behave himself, just in that plight.
With what true Tears, I knownot, wetting
The Pavement where his Prince was setting:
So hath he groan'd, so hath he wrung
His too much guilty Hands, and slung

His Arms across, so hath he tore
His Locks, so could he speak no more,
Not for his life, 'til Pardon brought
Out of his Masters bosom, taught
His Treason-tainted Tongue, from hence
A thankful strain of Eloquence.

Thus was our Oratrix allound,
Thus ran she, stuck she fast aground,
And would not be fetch'd off, till one.
Brought her a Relation
For that offence in Phito's Name,
And the whole Bench confirm'd the same.
Which put new Courage to this faint
Matron, and made her brisk and quaint.
She that of late, seem'd quite depriv'd
Of Speech, now being re-enliv'd,
Spake to the Wonderment, and fear
Of all the Powers that did her hear.

For starting up with far more Grace,
She star'd them boldly in the Face:
Yet so, as she had not well shook
Her former Dread quite off, she took
A handful of the Hair she tore,
And standing where she did before,
Wiped her Eyes and Cheeks, all red
As they were, with Tears, all blubbered.
Then hurling the wet Fleece away,
The Cloud remov'd, out burst the day;
Fear banished, and sorrow gone,
She boldly, chearly thus went on.

.llaw idait em awona Luio's

CANTO VIII.

- My Lords, quoth she, making a low
- Obeifance to them all, I rebestow My hearty Thanks, in lieu of what
- I have receiv'd, and take you that.
- 'As for your Honours thus appeas'd,
 For these Indulgences, be pleas'd
- Thus to take notice, that you have thrown
- Your worthy Favour upon one
- 'That hath deferv'd it : No Courtefie
- Shall come, but it shall go from me.

'My Spirit's high, Nay, I'le be plain,

I scorn to think, but ye shall gain
By what y have done, and shall for me, for know

'I am no Ideot, I tro.

No Meal-mouth'd Novice, 'tis not for nought,

That for so long a time I have fought

Into your Mysteries, and div'd

Into the Depth of Hell, contriv'd

- So many Deaths, plotted such Woes,
 As cruel Witchcrast could impose,
- Am I not Mistress of my Art?

* Can I not finely act my Part?

- A Sagan, and not skill'd, 's a Fiction,
- 'Not hurtful, 'tis a Contradiction.
 'It cannot be, but where I am
- There must be Blood, my Name

'Is never us'd without a Spell,

The whole World knows me right well.

- It cannot be, but where I tread,
- There should be forthwith heaps of Dead.
- To pave the Way before me, Thus-
- 'The Infant, and the Aged Sire,
- 'The Stripling and the youthful Squire;
- 'The Matron and the stately Dame,
- 'The Widow, and the Wife of Fame;
- The gallant Virgin, all a row,
- At my approach down they must go.
- 'And shall not I be thought a meet
- Mate for the best? that at my Feet
- 'Can level with one look a Score,
- Let's fee the best of you do more.
- For when I come, I come like Thunder,
- And madly tear mens Bones afunder.
- 'I choak the Embryo, and from the Womb,
- 'I dash the Infant to his Tomb.
- Before he's well enur'd to Light,
- Ile hurl him into endless Night.
- 'The Child that's scourging of his Top,
- Or trundling of his Ball, I pop
- Next Morn into his Grave: To day,
- 'He is a Lord, perchance, all gay
- ' Amidst his Ladies; but to morrow
- He dyes, to theirs and his Friends forrow.
- When Boys are at their Waggery,
- 'If I do but by chance pass by,
- The Youth on whom I glance, shall fall,
- Struck dead o'th' place, before 'um all.
- 'He that sate pratting at the Table,
- So pretily, shall not be able,

30

Before an hour go about,

'To get one Syllable distinctly out,'
'Not for a World; put him not to't,

'He is bewitcht, he cannot do't.

Some have but tipt over a Frame,

'And have been all their life-time Lame:

'Others but stept out in a Night,
'And ever after lost their sight.

' And some their Wits, some have been taken,

And with Convultions frongly faken;

So torn and rackt, that you would wonder

Body and Soul flew not afunder.

The fprouting Stripling, that in fhort time

Would unto perfect Nature climb;

Whose rare Endowments have began Before his time, to style him Man:

Then come I to prevent

Those over-hasty Vertues lent;

A powerful Charm forthwith flew
Towards this Mark, and hit and flew

'The lufty Youngster, that hath run

To the degree of Twenty one;

When commonly the Climate's liot,

And scorching, It shall be his Lot
To dye by Coals: I'le convey

'A Julip shall that Fire allay;

'Insensibly it shall congeal

"The Marrow in his Bones, and steal

Into his Bowels, by a Trick,

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And at last strike him to the Quick.

Or it shall rot his Lungs, or stop

The Fountain of his Blood, or hop

Into his Bladder, or his Reins,

And plague him with continual Pains.

His Blood that dances in his Veins,

' And boyls with active Fire, my Strains

'Can freez, I have fuch Spells at hand

'Can finely fettle and command

'His cap'ring Spirits, no more to rife,

'Nor keep time in his Arteries.

'The curious Virgin,' in her Prime

And blooming years; O then'tis time

For me to blaft those Roses, stain

The Whiteness of her Lillies, drain

*The Channel of her sprightly Blood;

O this to me is precious Food!

' To squeez the Juyce from out the Veins,

'It ferves to me for th'greatest Gains,

'My Soul could wish, to choak

'The Spirits Vehicles, and foak

'The Archeus, moisture Radical to quench

'The flock of Life without a Drench:

And by fecret Art leifurely,

'To pine the whole Mass, till it dye,

'No Joy so pleasing, no Delight

Affects me, as does fuch a fight.

'The Man whose full Confistency,

Spreads him in perfect Decency;

'To shew Dame Nature's chiefest Art,

'Fairly perform'd in every part,"

'And the whole Fabrick Strong and neat.

Makes up a Microcofm compleat,

His tuned Humors in just weight And measure, boyl'd up to a height;

And every Limb exactly knit

- With fevere Sinews, strong and fir.
- 'I say, the Man, that truly may · Call himself so, during that stay;

'And not before, nor after, He

- Is the object of my Sorcery. 'Tis he I aim at, and I must
- Level his Bulwark to the Duft.
- I hate, O I cannot abide.
- To fee him strutting in his Pride.
- ' Or He, or I, or both must fall,
- 'I care not which, but down he shall.
- 'I will deface his Glory, if I can, ' And raze the stately Fabrick of a Man.
- "Tis done already, he has ta'ne
- A Dose, that shall warrant his Bane.
- 'His well cemented Joynts shall slack,
 'And all his stubborn Sinews crack.
- "Twill make his flurdy Limbs to quiver.
- 'His well compacted Bones'twill shiver:
- 'It will corrode through every part, And last of all infect his Heart.
- 'Thus the best work Nature can frame,
- "Tis I am able to mar the fame.
- He whose declining years begin,
- To warn him to the Common Inne,
- Where Clods are the best Couches, Stones
- The foftest Pillows, rotten Bones

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- The choicest and the daintiest Fare,
- The Worms be Delicacies there !
- Where pale Death is the courteous Hoft,
- That doth his Ruful Guefts accost
- Welcoms all Comers to his Bowr 17 and of the late
- But ah, his Entertainment's fowre.
- 'Yet he hath harbour'd Kings and Peers,
- And Emperours of ancient years, oil more anno?
- Ladies and Queens have not deny dynamic and
- 'In his dark Chambers to abide,
- His novsom Steams do not molest,
- 'No Sounds disturb his quiet Rest.
- Within those filent Cells do lye and and and
- The Series of Mortality and the bas the min sole
- The Noble and the Vulgar, All annuit Della miles
- ' Have lodg'd with him, and ever shall.
- He then, whose Years call him away,
- And tell him, long he must not stay:
- Whose oft Infirmities bid come.
- 'And hasten to his longest Home:
- Where, after all his Toil he may
- Keep Everlasting Holiday;
- Though he should beg but for a bare
- 'Year, Month or Day, I'le tell him, No,
- I pity none, down ye must go.
- 'Tho with his feeble Knees he wear
- 'The Marble-Floor, nay, tho he tear
- With groans and cries the yeilding Air,
- Yet for all this I will not hear.
- The Reverend Age 1 much neglet,
- And the grey Hairs I difrespect :

- 'I flout at that, which would require fissions all
- Due Worthip from comp Sire. On the on to World of the Courteous Hold.
- 'That doth his Ruful Cunword walladal h blad sid
- His frosty Beard, und his Fur d'Gown, la emonie Ve
- His Snowy Scalp, and what elfe Age

' Hath in it Venerable and Sage."

- I Jeer the hoar Grandfire, Nodding,
- * Poring upon the ground and plodding, and
- With his cramp Shoulder and his Staff
- 'To see him trudge, it makes me laugh 2 hab and
- I fleer at the old driveling Swain,
- To fee him feud to and and again:
- To fee him fit, and mump and mosp,
- And in the Chimney-corner grope.
 Amongst a few small Embers raking.
- The Ashes, shivering and quaking.
- 'To hear him cough, and spit and spawl,
- 'As he would fetch up Guts and all.
- 'I'le try, if the old Mangy Knave,
- 'Can't cough a little in his Grave.
- 'He's just upon the brink already,
- And is not able to stand steddy;
 But the least touch will push him by,
- 'And plunge him to Eternity.
- "He's gone, past all hopes, the poor Wight
- 'Is with a Blast puft out of fight.
- 'I quickly, flily gave him a Bole, oldes ind drive of T
- That fent him down to the Pit hole. 3 da M ad I
- The furious Captain I can tame,
- And cool his waiting Blood I frame and loos bank.

- A mixture, that at the least taste.
- Drives him to Limbo in all hafte.
- 'Let Mars, the man that's clad in Steel,
- *Take heed of me, I'le make him feel
- 'That at his Heart, he no're shall know,
- "Which way it gave him his Deaths blow.
- Let him rage, chafe, fret and fume, dob i it to
- 'Til he be weary, I prefume.
- 'For all his Swaggering, he is fure, haid world
- You'l strait perceive him as demure,
- As calm as may be; on his Trotter,
- Methinks I fee him gin to totter, an norw bal
- And fnatch the Reins; but all in vain, and sid ain
- Down comes the Rider and his Train aid all and
- 'The Drunken Gull, that fays he's arm'd
- " With strong Juyce, and cannot be harm'd;
- But fwears and stares, as he were mad : 1 81d flow
- Let me alone, I'le tame the Lad.
- 'I'le give him that, for all his fwagg'ring,
- 'Shall put him to a fit of Stagg'ring,
- "So long, till the fottish Slave, of I has numural
- 'Stagger at last into his Grave. mid adam bes
- The foul Gluttonthat lies and struts
- 'His gorrel'd Paunch, cramming his Guts
- Whole days and Nights, with greazy chear:
- 'I'le make him buy that at a deathraddul vaslod I'
- 'And fawcy Rate . That beaftly Joy bus and india
- 'He now conceives, shall most annoy
- And loath his Taste, I'le spice his Pyes,
- And feafon his Delicacies, and luci a stall ad bal

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'l'le sowce his Dainties, l'le prepare

'For him all his Bill of Fare.

'I'le feed his Maw, and feaft his Eye,

I know he likes my Cookery 1, om to bood ad

" I'le Candy and Preferve his Fruit, and and an and f

'His Marmalade and Syrups, fute

'T'his Palate; his Sweet-meats I'le fit,

For if I do't, be fore with hir land of an in it.

'I know his dainty liquoriff Tooth, we add !!

'His curious Appetite, forfooth,

'None but my felf can him pleafe,

And when in pain I give him eafe,

'I hit his humor to a hair.

I make his Fire, and fetch his Chair.

'I fet his Clofe-stool, and his Pot,

'Warm his Neck-cloth and Night-cap hot.

'I wash his Diffies, clean his Plate,

And scowr his Spits early and late.

'I fetch his Water for him, lay

Napkin and Trenchers every day.

'l'le sweeten and l'le spice his Cup,

Yea, and make him drink all up.

' I'le dip his Morfels, fill his Wine,

' And fat him up like a Swine,

'Cut his Throat with this hand of mine.

The lazy Lubbard dawb'd with Scurf,

That fits and smoaks him o're a Turf,

Poking i'th' Embers, when there lye

Good Faggots and Billets hard by,
And he like a foul lazy Cur,

For fear of Cold is loth to ftir.

'That

'That in his nasty Kennel snorts

"Til Mid day, with his grey Conforts

'Crawling about him, while he shrugs
'And rubs, and scratches, yawns, and snugs

'And rubs, and icratches, yawns, and inugs
'O're head and ears; an ill beginner,

'That knows not where to get his Dinner,

- 'And will not rife to earn't : for thefe
- Leads he a Dogs life, hunger and eafe.
- 'I'le drop a Spider into his Beer,

'Or cause a Toad to creep in there,

'That hath been bred in Corners moist,

By fluttish filth, I'le foist

'An Adder to his Bed-straw, pop a Snake' Between the Sheets to keep him 'wake,

For Nastiness at Board and Bed,

'I'le certainly have him fped.

'The damned Lecher, with his Imp,

His pocky Bawd, and rotten Pimp;

- That with his Punks at Midnight roars, Cards, Dices, Gormandizes, Whores:
- Carowfes, Capers, Swears and Revels,

'In pomp, among so many Devils.

- 'I'le come among that Goatish Crew,
- ' And give the muddy Trulls their due.
- 'I'le plague their Mistress and Commander,

'The mouldy Bawd, and rufty Pander;

'With Scurvy, Gouts, and pocky Sores,

'Tormenting all the Rogues and Whores,

' Paying off all their old Scores.

'As for the Gallant swagg'ring Blade,

· I'le bind him Prentice to the Trade;

Yy

"And

- 'And I shall teach him Feats of Love, 'How he may all Affections prove.
- 'I'le dicate to the Roaring Boy,
 'Present the Gentleman a Toy,
- Wherewith to allure his Mistress heart,
- 'That she from him shall never part:
- 'Nay, and it shall, to make all fure,

'A thousand Mistresses procure.

- 'All shall be toucht, all shall run mad,
- For love of this brave lufty Lad.
- ' He'l carry that about him, which
- Shall all Beholders Eyes bewitch.
 Walking the Streets, they shall admire
- 'His Beauty, and fet all a fire:
- And crowd about him for a Kifs,
- And happy she that did not miss.
- In pride whereof, the Mothers Daughter Shall lick her Lips a Twelve-month after.
- Thus will I footh him up with Pride,
- When he shall see himself espy'd,
- And pointed at for a rare Piece,
 Right worthy of a Princes Niece.
- 'Do not mistake me now, as tho,
- 'My Noble Lords, I did bestow'
- This Boon for good upon him; No,
- 'I cannot change my Nature fo.
- 'Tho, for a while, I touch upon
 'The brink of Good e're and anon;
- 'Yet strait I verge, before I venter,
- ' And keep me to my proper Center.

- 'Thus then, in lieu of all his Loves,
- I intend to handle him without Gloves;
- 'In his full pride and flanting state,
- 'I'le make him odious to his Mate.
- 'And next, to all his Doxies; First, 'Ile leave him nothing in his Purfe:
- 'No not a Doit; this ground work laid,
- 'To th' full I'm fure to have him paid;
- 'And by them too, who his Vassals were,
- Whilst he fed them with dainty Cheer.
- 'Then they to him all Beauty brought;
- 'But now, by them he's worse than nought.
- Before, he was a cleanly Piece,
- 'But now, he swarms with Fleas and Lice.
- Before, his more refined Clay,
- 'Like Alexander's, every way
- Did cast a fragrant Scent; but now,
- ' No poyfon'd ugly Carrion Sow
- Stinks worse than He. Before, O rare,
- " Adonis was not half fo Fair.
- But now, the Scale is turn'd you fee.
- 'No Africk Moor's fo black as He.
- 'Uly fes was not half fo witty
- Before; but now, the more's the pity.
- (So fading all our Natures be)
- 'A Fool speaks better sense than He.
- Before, Plato was not fo.wife :
- 'But now, I speak't with weeping Eyes.
- Politius Brain's ne're did more flote,
- Nor Neftor's hoary Coxcomb dote.

Before, more valiant and fout

Than Hector, that would ne're give out;

But now, more cowardly and base, Than ever Dastard Thersites was:

- At a drawn Blade he durst not peep,
- But shivering like a Mouse would creep.

'In fine, he was a Gentleman,

Fit to accost a Curtezan.

- But now, a clownish Robinbood,
- 'A Kitchin-Wench for him's too good.

'Erit, a Bit for a Ladies Tooth,

But now a Scrape-Trencher forfooth,

'If she should meet him in her dish,

'Wou'd fcorn to foul her Fingers, pish; 'She'd cry, No by her Troth, not she,

She'l have a prop'rer Man than He.

'She'd not touch him with a pair of Tongs:

'An old Fornicator, that lengs,

- 'And fain would have a Bit for's Cat;
- 'I'Faith'tis pepper'd, you know what.

Let him to his Companions go,

- For I'le ha' none of him, I tro.
- Baft him, and kick him out of doors, Turn him loofe among his Whores.

' A base Whore-masterly Slave,

'The Pox will bring him to his Grave.

'Ha, ha, what is your Courage cool'd?

'l' Faith you are pretily befool'd.

'You're ev'n serv'd right enough, you're paid

In your own Coin. See, there's a Maid!

'What think ye? She's a handsom Lass,
'And sprightly too: Hei, ho, Time was.

'Come

- Come let us fee you ftrut it now,
- And prank it stately, you know how.
- 'Alas, he droops! fetch him a Lever,
 'Quickly, to help him cock his Bever.
- 'Make him a Cawdle, strait, poor honest Man,
- His Back is broke, lend, lend an hand.
- 'His Legs will scarce support him: alack!
- 'Sweet Gentleman, a Cup of Sack
- 'Fetch him; 'twill do him good at heart,
- And cherish his cold blood in part.
- 'Ha, Sirrah, how now, straddle ye?
- You pay now for your Lechery.
- 'What through the Nofe? or do you jeer
- 'The iniveling Scismatick? stand cleer,
- 'Keep off, kind Sir, for I defire
- ' Not to be scorcht, you'r all afire.
- Now where's your Activity become,
- 'Is all your fprightly vigour gone?'
- ".Where are your Garters, and your Roses?
- What Wheel divided both your Nofes?
- What Extraordinary Care,
- Hath fetcht off your Bushy. Hair?
- 'Or what hath leffened your Shanks,
- 'What Rogue was that, that play'd fuch Pranks.
- 'T'abuse a Gentleman in's Bed,
- And leave him ne're a Tooth in's Head.
- 'To flew him in a Tub, by th' Clock,
- 'Then have him to the Chopping-block.
- 'Mangle him in fuch piteous wife,
- That he can scarce look out on's Eyes.
- ' Nor hold in's hand, but dodderingly,
- 'Nor tread on's feet, but gingerly.

So foak him, that his very Skin You may perceive shrivel agen.

'He is fo foar in all his Joynts,

As he were prickt with Needles-points.

' So chill, that the least breath of Air

'Drives through and through him every where.

All pity you, Sir, as you go;

'Who hath mifus'd the Gallant fo?

'The Man's a proper Man, but Rogues and Whores

'Have pickt his Pocket, turn'd him out a doors,

' And thrown Pispots upon his Head,

'And fent the poor Wretch fick to Bed,

' Having long fince planted Horns on's Head.

Some honest Body take him in,

Bestow a covering to his Skin.
Alas, none dare to entertain.

' For fear his Pox should prove their Bane.

'Thus he, admir'd before, is now despis'd

'In fqualid Rags walks difguis'd,

"Till starv'd and rot, without a Witch,

'Ignobly he dies in a Ditch.

The frolick Spend-thrift, that lets fly

'Huge Treasures by the desp'rate Dye :

Baffling and lavishing away

'A whole Inheritance at Play:

That in a Minutes space lets go

Whole Patrimonies at a Throw.

By the turning of a Bone awry,

* Forfeits a rich Annuity.

At one Throw he shall Pass ye,

'A whole Inheritance ex Affe.

- 'That at one Luckless-Cast, gives out
- Fair Fields for forty Miles about.
- 'That 'fore he will be counted base,
- 'Loses whole Forrests at a Chase.
- Hazards a Warren at a Loss.
- 'Smothers a Lordship at a Toss:
- And bandies Tenements together,
- At random, no body knows whither.
- 'A Farm, a Leafe, or fuch a Toy or Fine,
- 'He'l strike you neatly underline.
- He knows by craft to Cog a Dye.
- Or shift a Trump in handsomly.
- But if the spotted Cube doth fall
- ' Contrary ways, then have at all.
- 'If then it chance the wrong way to lye,
- ' He's furely brought to Beggery.
- Or if the Cards amis be thrown,
- Strait he can call nothing his own.
- ' And this you'd think were punishment,
- For one poor Fool sufficient.
- But I think not fo, I care
- 'To make him fall into Despair:
- For fear he should repent, and thrive,
- 'My labour is to deprive
- ' Him of his Senses and his Wits,
- ' And cast him into fainting Fits,
- Then leave him quite, that is my Drift,
- ' To the wide World, and let him shift.
- 'The starcht Capricio, that keepstime,
- 'In's gate, and ne're speaks, but in Rhime;

- That stands stiff bent, as one dead, 'Keeps all his Postures to a Thred.
- 'All things about him are in print,
- No Angle, but there's fomething in't
- With a most Artificial Grace,
- 'No hair, but in its proper place.
- 'And if one Lock more on one fide lye,
- 'It makes him hold his Neck awry.
- 'His Treffes must be exactly purl'd,
- Starcht, frizled, crifped, fleekt and curl'd,
- 'Mustacho's, Ruler or Dagger-wise,
- For too much shadowing his Eyes.
- ' Men must be fain to go behind,
- 'He's fo perfum'd, and take the Wind.
- 'He comes on ruffling, you may hear him
- ' Afar off, 'fore you can come near him,
- 'He is some rich Curmudgeon's Heir,
- 'That scrap't it with a double care.
- 'That Thred-bare went, because he would
- 'Have him go in his Cloth of Gold.
- And he performs his Fathers Will,
- "Til he comes at last to grind in a Mill.
- He cares not to adorn his Back,
- 'Tho all his Substance go to wrack,
- 'He'l wear y'a Lordship in a Band,
- 'And a Fee-simple on each Hand
- 'He'l for a Bonnet wear y a Hall,
 'Or a great Cattle, Tower and all.
- 'He'l clasp y'a Mannor 'bout his Wast,

gare, and ne're fpeaks, but

But shall do so no more in haste.

He'l keep y' a Court-lodge next his Skin,

Pardon him if he do fo agin.

- 'He'l wrap (pray Heav'ns he carch no harm)
 'Whole Woods about him, to keep him warm.
- He will consume ye, in pure Gilt,
- Ten thousand Crowns upon a Hilt:
- 'And as much on a Belt and Blade,
 'Next will be, turn him to the Spade.
- 'Upon one Suit, he will not care ye,

To fpend a stately Monastery.

It shall be embroidered with Copes,

- And Mitres, dawb'd with Priests and Popes.
- ' Powder'd with Steeples to the knees,
- All lined with the Churches Fees.
- " It shall be stiffened with Tithes,
- *Basted with Schools and Donatives.
- Spangled with Sees and Deanaries,
- And strongly slicht with Chanteries.
- All his Coats, Cloaks, Caffocks and Gowns,
- Are Chappels, Abbies, Cloisters, Towns.
- This man is fure never to lack,
 That carries his Estate on's back.
- He still all his own Wealth commands.
- 'Not trufting it in Hucksters hands,
- But shall he thus squander away
- 'So much, and all to make him Gay?
- And will none take the pains to School
- This same gawdy fantastick Fool?
- 'Why, what serve I for then? sure,
- My Genius will not endure
- 'To fee an Ass loaded with Gold,
- Who can with patience behold?

'Now will you see some some sport? Come trace

'My steps, I'le lead him to a place,

Where he hath chanced at the Wine, To meet some young Scholars of mine;

'That for their skill, all of them dare

Be Tutors to the richest Heir.
Captains and Ladies they be all,

'That will be ready at my Call.

- 'Always appointed at a Beck, 'Subject to my censorious Check,
- 'Every one duly knows his Part,
- 'They have con'd their Lessons all by heart?

'The curious faculty of Hooking,

- 'The ingenious Art of Gentile Rooking:
- 'With Hocus Pocus, flight of hand, 'To cheat a Novice of his Land.
- 'To invesgle him with a Love Trick,
- Then come aloft, Jackanapes, quick:
 By the Virtue of a smooth-sac'd Lass,

Whip, come away, rife up Sir Afs.

- These Youths now have my Peacock caught,
- 'And they'l not leave him worth a Groat,
 'They'l cut his Cox-comb, pluck his Plumes,

'Mar all his Civets and Perfumes.

'They'l muzzle all his neat fet Ruffs,

And quite deface his plighted Cuffs.
Ruffle his Garters and his Laces.

'Tatter his Plush in twenty places.

Tear of his Jewels and his Rings, And rob him of his costly Things.

'And all by pure Feats of Activity,

Without any gross Cheatry.

'Neat Fetches of Legerdmain,
'Presto, Be gone Sir, Come again.

By the Virtue of a Smirking Girl, They bejuggle him into an Earl,

'Or a great Marquels, never fear it,
'Noble Sir, your Estate will bear it.

With thefe, and now and then a Frown,

'They Conjure the proud Fool up and down.

'So they cast a Mist about him,

And for a May-Game jeer and flout him;

'And he hath not the Wit to look about him.

What Herald's he that dare confute us?
You are descended, Sir, from Brutus.

The Conqueror's Blood runs in your Veins,

'If you would please to take the pains.

Or we, for you, to fearch the Rowls

'I'th' Towre; there in those very Scrowls,

' You'l find what Feats of Chivalry

Were acted by your Ancestry.

'You little think, but we have try'd,

'How near in Blood you are Ally'd

'Unto the Famous Warwick's Guy?

'Nay, one that hath but half an Eye,

'May trace your Pedigree exact,

From Locrine, Camber, Albanact.

'Orif you'd be of Saxon Line,

'Old Tuisco was a Sire of Thine.

'Tis Martial Blood runs in your Veins,

That breeds none but Heroick strains,

Your Arteries flush with noble Spirits,

'O that you had but to your Merits.

Zz 2

'Come

'Come; match you to a stately Dame,

'Of Gentile Race, to advance your Name.

Be not so modest to deny

'The World a Brood of Princes; Why,

'Why should your Valour be depriv'd 'Of Fame? Try, 'twill not be deny'd.

"To those that from your Loyns shall come,

The Earth will joyfully find Room:

And proudly harbour such a Breed,
As shall from you and yours proceed.

With these and such like Flatteries,
The sottish youngster gives to prize

'His fond conceited Worth; and in this Tumor.

Of Pride, take him in the Humor,

'And make him firmly plight his Troth
'To one, whom a Sedan-Man would be loth.

To carry to his proper Home,

And make the Fufty Quean his own.

'Next day they make a quick Dispatch,

'And in a Trice clap up the Match.

When he's scarce yet warm in's Geer,
Not having liv'd with her a Year;

But she has danc't the Fop a Jigg,

'And giv'n the Gentleman a Figg.

Alas, how loath was he to leave her,

'Her sweet Man dy'd of a Fever.
'He's dead and gone, Heavens rest his Soul,

But ne're had Wife more cause to Howl,

For fuch a dear Husbands lofs.

'O, she'l follow him by Weeping-Cross.

He shall be her last Husband, he shall,
To find him she would lose Life and all.

'Some

'Some good kind Body she would fain,

"Quickly to put her out of her Pain.

For Pity's sake, in this Distress, Dispatch her, she can do no less.

'If not, her Self will do't; Come Death

And welcom, haste to stop my Breath.

'Thus she deceives the World, Dejected,

A Mourner false, by none suspected.

'She has no Issue, all's her own,

' She's on a fudden Wealthy grown.

Now she's alone, but many a Lad, 'For her sake, in warm Plush is clad.

With her together the Estate sharing,

Like Lords deliciously faring.

But she must spend her days in Tears,

'Those few days that remain in Cares.

'The managing of All, committing

To her good Friends, as they think fittings

She'l lead a private Life, tho she

'I'th' mean time, ne're so Publick be.

She'l take a Chamber, hire her Food,

'And so mourn out her Widow-hood.
'I will not say, She there lies Leager,

"Till the can find another, eager

Upon the Business, some hot Shot

'That has a mind to go to th' Pot:

And then this Widow will not flick

'To play you fuch another Trick,

CANTO

CANTO IX.

l blacw orfe

"Did y'ever see a Ray nous Kite,

'Or Towring Hawk, with fiercer Flight

' Seize on a tender Dove, whose Pat

Posts him to the ground down Flat,

'Or hath it ever been your Lot, To fee a trembling Leveret shot

'Stark dead, unawares: Or for to view

A Harmless Lamb, first bid Adieu

- 'T'his watchful Dam, and then to meet 'With grizly Wolves, that fadly Greet
- Their welcom Gueff, the strongest Treats him

'So kindly, as he means to eat him.

" After this grim Salute, he fasts

'His Claws t'his Sides, and down him casts.

" He's ta'ne, he's fure, in vain to cry,

'Too late to strive now, he must dye: But not as yet, the Wolf will play,

" And sport a while with his Prey.

- At length, he chops upon the same, At Maw, fo ends the deadly Game.
- Dallying himself thus out of Breath,
- 'He Jests his Play-fellow to Death: "And having stuffe his pamper'd Guts,
- Licking his Chaps, away he struts,

Ladies and Sifters to me Heark, 4 Phælanis Ghost, grim Nero's Mark.

"Twill make your pale Shades blush, to see

'Your so far out-fript Cruelty.

Nor wonder I to fee, at all,

An Als under a Lion fall.

They are their proper Preys to pull,

'And at their liberty to crush,

'These are Brute-beafts, yet in Man's Brest,

'That Sacred Cabinet, may rest

'Such Cruelty to their own kind,

'As in Brutes you shall never find.

Women are Wirches, there's a Hell

'Of all she Devils; Heark, they yell:

So do they chafe, and frown and stare,

And foam and fret, and tear their Hair,

So do they whisper, and hide

'In Cells from all the World beside.

'So they disturb men in their sleep,

Like Franticks roar, howl and weep.

For no Offence, for no Sin,

At Innocents they fquint and grin.

'All this Flattery, be fure,

Is but like Harpies, to allure

Infants to Pluto's luftful Bed,

And to leave Changlings in their itead.

'So they're amaz'd, as they that fpye

'Spectrums and Ghosts, which forthwith hy

'To clasp them in their Claws, and soop

'Them through the Air, riding Cock a Hoop.

'To frightful Stories, Mortals hark,

'Last Night I heard the Dog-Star bark.

Devils, you may blush, to view.

Racks, never found out by you.

To be in Hell amongst your Foes; But of what kind, no body knows.

' Where there's no Flesh, where lyes the Pain?

'Horrour, Despair, and no Relief.

" But we use Flesh and Bones to grind, Cannot reach to torment the Mind. But at the fecond hand, by Losses Of Goods, and Worldly Croffes,

For

The Witches.

For this we ranfack all the Weeds,

Grub up Roots, and rake up Seeds.

All venom'd Juyces ferve our Needs,

Our Faith's in them more than our Creeds,

By which many a Patient bleeds.

'A thousand poyson'd Simples meet, In one Compound each other greet,

In one Compound each other greet,
Joyning their forces in a Faction,

To make one strong united Action;

One, that for its mixture rare,

'May with Medeas Drugs compare.

The Sybil, or Cirean Fry,

For Poysoning, I dare defy.

' For your Fancy you may take leave,

Freely Chimara's to conceive.

'Suppose a Naked Soul weltring in Blood,

' And wallowing in Dirt and Mud;

'Stuck with a thousand Darts, half dead,

With Ulcers all embroidered;

'Abut whom a thousand Vipers cling,

'And fasten many a poyfonous Sting;

'Gnawing his Heart, fucking his Blood,

' And preying on his Flesh, for food.

'Who can withfland a Sentence pall,

'Seeing his Execution hafte?

'Or what escape can he invent,

That fees his cruel Hangman lent.

'A fearful Mellenger of Death,

With a firice Charge, to ftop his Breath ?

The Law against him must proceed,

'There's no Reprieve, he must bleed.

- 'I am the Judge, with my own Hand,
 'I'le execute my own Command.
- The most careful Shepheard Swain,
 That sees his tender Kid half slain.
- ' Cannot ransom from the Wolfs Jaws,
- Or from the Mastiffs cruel Paws.

'The Ass is in the Lions Den,

- 'What hopes of Life can there be then?
- 'Who fees a Murderer on the Rack,
- And hears his Joynts in funder crack;

'That can choose but commiserate,
'And bemoan his dying state?

Or who with dry Eyes can behold,

- A Living Wretch in Chains extoll'd,
 Twixt Heaven and Earth, for every Crow
- 'To peck at, flying too and fro.

A woful Specacle to view,

'How ev'ry hungry croaking Crew

- 'Ot Ravens, flutt'ring Night and Day, 'Await his Carkass for their Prey.
- What Crystal-Eye that fees him there,

Will not deffolve into a Tear?

- When wanting Food, for to refresh His dying Spirits, he eats his Flesh,
- 'And here and there strives to bereave,
 '(So far as Chains will give him leave,)
- His Breast and Shoulders of their poor
- Lean Covert, gaping still for more. It needs must wound a tender Soul,
- ' To hear him thrick, to hear him howl.

For what none dare befriend him, Bread
And drink, till he be ftruck ftark dead.

O, these are woful Objects, these

Are harsh to them that sit at ease,

- 'To them that feel no pain, these Woes
- Must needs be pity-moving Throes.
- For tell me, Hardest-hearted can, (But tell me first, thou art a Man.)
- 'I fay then, Can you choose but melt
- For them that have fuch Torments felt?

Art flesh, frail flesh and bone,

- And canst thou hear them figh alone?
- 'Mortal, and canst not afford one,

No, not the Echo of a Groan?

- Why know, hard Sir, there's not a Rock
- So Stony, but that it can mock
- 'A Throb; there's not a Flint
- So dull, but that it will give a Hint,
- At least, of a true doleful Noise,
- And strive for a shift to feign a Voice.
- 'The very Marble, could it hear.
- Would answer a Sob with a Tear.
- 'And canst thou be so stupid, what
- Not once to move, no not a jot,
- At him that on the Gridiron lyes
- And broils, at him that rofts and fryes?
- What, canft not let one fad drop flip
- From thy dry Eyes, be't but to drip
- 'His scorched Limbs withal, or slake
- The raging heat, canst thou not quake?

At him, that fore a Furnace turns

Upon a Spit, and roars, and burns?
At him that in a Fatt of boyling Lead,
Rowls him about till hebe dead?

"Twere fit some Phalaris would try,"
And teach thee Slave, the way to dye.

"Twere fit thou shouldst be taught to lull

'I'th'Belly of some brazen Bull.
'Put Fire and Anvil to thy Steel,
'To try if thou half sense to seel.

'I wrong the Sex, in Woman kind,
'It may be a good chance to find
'A Creature, that can act, and see
'With dry Eyes, such a Tragedy,
'Which dire Erynnis would be shy
'To view, and surn her head arry.

'Nay, every twining Snake would hiss,
'At such a base Revenge, as this,

The Furies are no kuries, No,
There is a Fury that I know;
I mean my felf, for Cruelty
Surpassing far the Sisters Three.
The Panæ too, are very fair.
In their Conditions, they will spare
A half-worn Thred of Life, and spin.
It strong over again.

But take a bewitching Nurse;
(That Name can't pass without a Curse.)

'I fay, She, when the strikes the strikes home,
'Death at each stroke is felt, to come.

'It was the Tyrants Order, to firike fo,

'As to feel Death at every Blow.

- Romes Firebrand, Nero, all compos'd'
- Of Blood and Mud, was fo dispos'd:
- 'In his own person, he set Knife,
- 'To rip the curst Womb that gave him life.
 'So Sagan can Spectatrize be,
- And Actrix of her Butchery.
- 'What my Tongue pleafes to command,
- 'I'le strait perform with Bloody-hand.
- But why fpend I my Spirits to express
- 'The Mirror of a Murderefs.
- 'In brief, I am, and I am all
- 'That I can Damn'd or Cruel call,
- 'I fpeak all this, while of my Self,
- Not as I'm a Woman, but as I'm an Elf.
- What think ye of those, that take Leaps
- From Rocks Tarperan, or Gemonian Steps?
- 'Rowl in Barrels fluck with Spikes,
- 'Stak'd on Croffes, Gall'd with Stripes;
- Clos'd in a Trough, faire Head and Feet,
 Cram'd with most luscious Drink and Meat:
- Dawb'd with Honey, blown with Flies,
- 'Eat up alive with Worms and Lice.
- Broyl'd on Gridirons, Fryedin Pans,
- 'Prest with Weights, and choak'd with Bands.
- 'Degraded, forfeited of Lands,
- 'Sear'd with hot burning Brands.
- Flesh torn with Pincers, rac'd with Hooks,
- On Dunghills rot, pickt up by Rooks.
- Draughts of Lead pour'd down their Throats,
- 'Open Pipes for dying Notes.

'In Ashes and Cynders rak't,

Bray'd in Mortars, in Ovens bak't.

'Ugly, nasty, felonious Brungeons,

'Kennel'd in dark Holes and Dungeons.

Drawn forth one by one, by Lot,

"Till all by Judgment go to Pot.

Sowst in Pickle, froz'n with Ice,

Eaten up with Vermin, Rats and Mice.

' Joynts rackt and crackt upon a Wheel,

Battered with Bars of Steel,

'A torturing, lingring Death shall feel, 'A poyson'd Needle, from Steel-Bow,

Pricks you, whence you cannot know,

Nor how you receive your fatal Blow.

'A glance from a bewitching Eye, 'From Arteries to Heart shall fly.

A Glove, a Saddle, or Cloth,

'Or a dram slipt into Broth,

An Odor, or perfum'd breath,

'Shall occasion your death.

We learn from the Moor and Jew, Ingredients the World never knew.

'All of them exactly true,

* To give every one his due.

CANTO X.

- 'There was but lately fent from Hell,
- A Scroll, containing fuch a Spell,
- As rarely did Epitomize
- What e're Pluto's Wit could devise.
- With that a Shirt of Lawn, dy'd red,
- And all over Charactered.
- 'It was a Present from a Fiend,
- Sent up to me, as a True Friend.
- 'Th'inchanted Clout was for a Boy,
- A Shirt to wear a Prety Toy.
- ' Nessen his Shirt was such which caus'd the Wo,
- Which Hercules did undergo.
- "Upon this in the dead of Night,
- Most folemnly I did Recite
- 'The Magick Spell, with whifp'ring Voice,
- Seconded with so fierce a Noise,
- 'As if the just then tottering World,
- 'To its first Chaos had been hurl'd.
- As if the Elements together ruffel'd,
- To their first Matter had been juss'd.
- Then with an Ointment I bespread
- 'The Fatal Cloth, and moistened
- 'The fame with a Heart-scorching Oil,
- 'Mumbling and Mutt'ring all the while.
- After this dire Conjuration,
- Thefe Magick Drugs eftfoon began
- 'To shew their strength; the Wretch shall feel
- 'In his heart, like hot burning Steel.
- "When

- When it clings close bout him, it shall Sear
- 'To th' Bone the broiled Flesh all rear, 'Forthwith I bath it with tart Wine,
- Suppling it now and then with Brine.
- ' Sows in this Pickle, poor Wights lay

' Soaking many a live-long Day.

- With leaden Wings then Time shall fly,
- 'And seeming, the Worlds glorious Eye Stand stone-still, staring, and loytered
- 'His Journey t'wards his Western-Bed.
- Sol's Royal Sister does display,
- 'A tedious Night prolonging Ray.

'And sporting in Conjunction,

- With some more lufty Planet, run
- Beyond her wonted bounds of Night, Encroaching on her Brothers Right.
- Then give a Drink that does rettore

The Fiesh as persect, as before,

- 'An Icy Julip, I dare reveal,
 'Shall make the boyling Blood congeal.
- 'Thus adverse Tortures both meet,
 'The last of Cold, the sirst of Heat.
- When Children are by me Accurft,

'Diffracted, and ready to burft.

'They stretch their Throats with woful crying,

While in their Cradles they lye dying,

And could they thus they would have fpake,

Mother, do not make our Hearts ake.
Dearest Mother, pray forbear,

Be, Obe mov'd with this one Tear.

- 'This brinish Tear, that trickling-streams
- About our Rofy-Cheeks; these Beams
- 'That from our blubb'ring Eye-balls dart,
- Olet them pierce thy very Heart;
- Or it into Compassion melt,
- Let it suffice what we have felt.
- O spare our Lives, we humbly crave,
- And make us every one your Slave.
- "We cannot speak, our Looks they plead,
- Good sweet Nurse, do not make us bleed.
- List to the language of our Eyn,
- See how our hands express our Mind.
- Our looks beg thus, and not our Tongue,
- Then do not poor dumb Infants wrong.
- Did y'ever hear a Captive Slave,
- More earnestly for Freedom crave.
- And that he might but fee the Light,
- Once more, before Deaths endless Night
- 'Approach, that the Dungeon Cave
- Might not, alas, be made his Grave.
- Or have you heard poor Prifners yawl
- At Passengers, with lowder Call.
- To force their Charity; or fing
- 'A New-Gate fadder Tone; or ring
- Their Shackles, with a noise more shrill
- 'Than these poor Creatures will.
- 'All to no purpose, all in vain,
- 'I'le make them have more cause t'complain.
- 'They strive and cry, all does no good,
- 'The Horse-Leech longs to suck more Blood.

- When it clings close bout him, it shall Sear
- 'To th' Bone the broiled Flesh all rear.
 'Forthwith I bath it with tart Wine,
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- Approach, that the Dungeon Cave
- 'Might not, alas, be made his Grave.
- Or have you heard poor Prif'ners yawl
- At Passengers, with lowder Call,
- To force their Charity; or fing
- 'A New-Gate fadder Tone; or ring
- 'Their Shackles, with a noise more shrill
- 'Than these poor Creatures will.
- 'All to no purpofe, all in vain,
- 'I'le make them have more cause t'complain.
- 'They strive and cry, all does no good,
- 'The Horse-Leech longs to suck more Blood.

| 62 | The Witches. |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Alas no Merev | Laforgo it, and real directed at 5" |
| Compassion, I, I never show it, | |
| I care not if a | ll the World know it. |
| 1 Care not, if a | O let them precedity wery Heart |
| O were we han | ish'd out from Men, med omining. |
| | olf or Tygers Den; politica tod |
| 'We should find more Mercy fure, | |
| And leffer Torments endure. | |
| | every moment fear, |
| 1 Is Death we | We carnot speak, servil bourd ad o |
| Wes Deep der | Cond (word NowCompany) |
| 1et Death uen | ying Bill tocome, had no on bood |
| we are till che | ated by its Ludibrium. |
| 4 Dunais abis all 2 | See how our hands express our Min |
| But is this all | No northethousand part of 110 |
| Or what Licon | uld repeat by soar of hearth no. T' |
| In Graves, and | ev'ry Charnel Hall, |
| Was our deligh | t, and everifial a real rave vbid |
| (D . OL T.C. | 'M re carachly for Freedom craves |
| But, Oh I fai | nt, I'm out of breath, all told link |
| 'Il I go on, | "Once more, belordised itimatem |
| My Itrength no | Approach, that, si rabdinguillive wo |
| Nor your Patte | ence, to hear it. |
| 'My Lords o're | all the World admir'd, |
| To ferve you w | e fielbbe re-infpired, angualitation |
| 'Now you may | makea full Report rient seroi of ? |
| Of Witchcraft | s, to the Infernal Court, |
| 'To whom my | Duty; Fare ye well. |
| " I hope to meet | you all in Hell or roug stad and I |
| | 'All to no purpos ali in vain, |
| Canidialene | 'I'le moke them have more cause t'o |
| Thanks Sifter | for vonepolains dileto von 111 Vall |
| Satis fecisti O | ficio Tubs a sanal dans de Start off |
| Now, my Lord | s, I as President, |
| By my Authori | ty, not Complement, |
| , -19.0.) | Diffolve |
| | Billotte |

| Dissolve this Council a Go your ways, mid ode " |
|--|
| We shall study all youn Praise, a ob blook nove A |
| Sacrave his Liver, Lungs and Heart, |
| But bare Words (ballmot fuffice, ni slat ment good) |
| "We'l fit you with a Socnifice bwo'l or mont 1008" |
| We have exchang'd a Noble Boy, ight around and |
| Left in his room an Ideot Toy; Anna Dall and |
| 'Him we devote, by Infligation, |
| For a Magick Propitiation. |
| And when you are all fixnin Hello (alim) b I 08. |
| This Odor from our Altary you thall finell. |
| and of stand of the bear of th |

'So, now they're gone, and I ha'done,
'For this Job, my Web is spun.
'Sisters, my Charge to you is, When enrag'd
'For deep Revenge, you stand engag'd.
'You have your Commissions, you know,
'From the Illustrious States below:
'And because they are at large,
'I give you this special Charge.

'You know my mind, Go strip the Lad,
'Whom you in safe Custody have had.
'Dig a Hole in the ground, put him in,
'Bury him close up to the Chin.
'Regard not his Cries nor Tears,
'For sear you should stop close your Ears.
'That you may do him the utmost spight,
'Set Delicacies in his sight;
'Lot him smell, not taste, pine day and night.
'When all's consum'd to Skin and Bone,
'Favour him not to dye alone.

Take him up alive, and roaft the Brat,

'As you would do a Dog or Cat:

But fave his Liver, Lungs and Heart,

Keep them fafe in an Urn apart,

Beat them to Powder, ferve them up

In a Lovers Spiced Cup.
Burn the Carkais, for a Perfume 'To Proferpina's Dining-Room.

'So I dismissyou, I am tyr'd,

' As a Hackney in a Bog bemir'd. Get you gone you Mischievous Jades,

'Go, keep your Shops, and follow your Trades.

Dixi.

CANIDIA,

OR

The Witches.

RHAPSODY.

The Fifth Part.

By R. D.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1683.

CANIDIA.

HO.

A

NO MARIA

The Fifth Part.

By K. D.

LONDON,
Printed in the Year, 1682

FIRE PROLOGUE

in the they, I has in my Ere.

CANIDIA,

He Con Que the Weekls End

The Witches.

A

RHAPSODY.

THE

PROLOGUE.

THO I have hunted variety of Game,

(Lame.

My brave Brown Mare is neither Tyr'd nor

One

THE PROLOGUE.

One fresh Prey, I keep in my Eye, At which I long a Veny to Try.

Huntsman make ready, So ho, So ho, Have at all Boys, t'other Turn we must go.

Every Reader that is my Friend,
I'le be glad of his Company to the Worlds End.

I

WITCHES.

CANTO I.

IS faid, We Spirits can Command,
But I better things understand;
This can ne're be done fairly by
Book or by Wand.
The Character'd Circle no Spirits
may enter,
Yet a poor Mouse will dare to venture,
And a Cat after her into the Center.
The Spirits will come and go, let 'um take their
Course,
But by Agreement, not by force.
Let the Conjurer take it, for better for worse,
The grey Mare shall prove the better Horse.

Get up and ride upon the Devils back, And he'l furnish you with what you lack. You think to make him a Jade and an Ass, To tell you all that shall come to pass.

Ccc

But

But when your Time allow'd is past, He'l be too cunning for you at last. The Devil's too wise and strong to be hag'd, Or by violence to be drag'd.

If it be to destroy Mankind, You shall him always ready find. There needs no forcing in the case, For he was always freely Base.

See the proud Conjuring Fool,
Mounts upon the footed Stool,
With his holy Wand and Book;
How like an As he does look?
To catch the Devil by Hook or by Crook,
And all the Devils overlook.
A Cross he brings, and rare Perfume,
To drive the stink out of the Room.

Why, 'tis but Reason, for who can tell, But Fiends may bring a stink from Hell? Sweet Odors therefore please 'um well. Then, and there he makes Demand Of Destinies, by Sea and Land. What Fortune shall accrue to States? Of private Men, what is their Fates? How Voyages by Sea shall speed? Who in a Family shall bleed? Their Answers are the Conjurer's Creed.

What Matches and Bargains shall thrive? Who to kill, or fave alive? Who shall in War or Peace do harm? Where the Fiends and Witches swarm?

For

For these Responds the Devil is willing, By which I've got many a Shifting. Better than to be Washer or Nurse, Such poor Trades won't fill the Purse; Yet they procure many a Curse,

3

When all are pumpt dry, he fends'um packing,
'Till new Oracles are lacking.
These are the subtle Arts we drive,
Yet by them we never thrive.
But this is Fine, this is a Rarity,
With Spirits to have Familiarity.
By this means, we all Secrets find,
Both suture, and time out of Mind.

Apollo could do no such Feats,
All his Oracles were Cheats.
They did never resolve such Cases,
As we that come into their Embraces.
We must needs Devils understand,
That get'um, nurse'um, and bring 'um up to hand,
Therefore by this Black Art,
Deep Mysteries they do impart:
But to none they will disclose 'um,
But to Friends that lye in their Bosom.

Which to Mortals we Report,
Where Learned Magi come short.
Upon this we make our Brags,
Tho counted all damn'd ugly Hags.
The wisest Dons follow our Flags,
Tho we be all cloth'd in Rags.
They haunt us, call us Rogues and Whores,
Yet dance Attendance at our Doors.

We're

We're well acquainted with the Moors,
To open the rich Indian Stores.
We are great Friends to the King of Spain,
In America to find out Gain.
For this of us the World does complain,
To engross every Gold and Silver Vein.
That Gems and Pearls lodg'd in the Deep,
Unto our Shore should flily Creep.
But we shall never get all their good will,
Tho we should all their Treasures fill,
'Cause now and then we some Blood spill.

But that for us all would be poor,
Therefore they haunt us more and more,
And we Chowce them o're and o're.
We perplex their Mirth and Chear,
Full oft their Gold costs 'um dear;
Then at the Slaves we flout and jeer.

Who first holp the Portugueles,
To sayl as far as the Chineses?
Who to Columbas and Vespusies,
Prompted to ope the Worlds Recluses?
Who the North-west-Passage discovered?
Or the lost Mountains of the Moon recovered?
How Alps and Tenarist the Clouds break,
At the Devils Arse of Peak,
Where the Devils play such Reaks?
You must stay 'till the Oracle speaks.

Where the vast Oceans through doth Leak?
All these Lyes my Heart can't break,
No more than Aristotle's Enteleche.
All this comes from a Woman weak,
Half so much would make a Cat speak.

The Witches.

In Stangat-Hole, or the Devils Ditch, Lyes buried many a curfed Witch. I faint, I beg your pardon for the Stich, I'm forc't to fit upon my Britch.

I'm troubled with the Itch, I mean
In my fingers ends, that are never clean.
Yet I wash Dishes and lick Trenchers,
Hug close and kiss among the Wenchers,
And quaff among the Sack-Possit Drenchers.
When I'm troubled with more Fits,
I must have a Bout with some ugly Chits,
That crawl, and bawl about me, at my Diet,
For Scratching and Tearing I can ne're be at quiet?

I am resolv'd, before I squat,
To shew 'um a Trick, by laying them flat,
And play with 'um Tit for Tat.
None can handle 'um, they shall see,
Without Mittins too, like me.

I intend to erect no Schemes,
Nor practife Philosophick Themes.
Nor invent Platonick Dreams,
Nor drown 'um in Stygian Streams;
But poyson 'um up with deadly Steams.
That's the quickest closest Trick,
To kill them down right, before they be sick.

I'le go a new way to work,
Diverse from Scythian or Turk,
I'le walk in unknown paths, and glide
Softly, unseen, o're the World so wide,
Conquering, Levelling, all along,
Wise and Fools, Rich and Poor, Weak and Strong.
When

When I resolve to go to play, Nothing shall stand in my way.

You! say, Whence have I this Power and Skill, Thus to say and do what I will? I say, 'Tis all without Book, And for it, for me, you may go look. I have had Masters and Tutors, That have been no less than Hells Prolocutors. Those are all my Co-adjutors, The rest are no more than Cobling Sutors.

I have had Husbands with Honesty bedeckt, Cuckolds, and damnably Hen-peckt: As for Devils, one, two and three, All of them serve for Stallions to me. So well do Witches and Devils agree, If you won't believe, Come and See, Broods of young Cubs, wrapt up in Cotton, By Incubs and Succubs are daily begotten.

Mubs, Afinego's, and African Monsters, Slyva's, Fawns, and Satyrical Youngsters: They be ugly dull Clowns; We are fairer, and wittier than Gowns, For which we have the Lawyers Frowns.

CANTO

CANTO II.

A Poor man's Suit you must deny,
With a Rich man's Request comply;
Visit him at his sick Bed,
Pray for him, and wish him dead.
Send daily to know how he does do,
Hoping he will ne're come too;
After the Messenger throw an old Shoe.
By all means you must be civil,
And hold a Candle to the Devil.

Š

Complement him while he has breath, And Cares him after Death.
Carry the Pall, and wear the Black, And privately, for Joy, drink Sack, The veriest Knave in all the Pack.
Entertain the Man you hate, If he be great, do it in State; Always keep a proud Gate.

3

But the Woman, you must know, Must be brought unto your Bow, Just as I us'd to be, With a Female Charity. The best thing a Man can give, Is to please a Woman while you live. She'l accept it from a Flale, In Fee-Simple, or Fee-Tail. For a Voyage set Sayl, Honest men never sail.

O this Rare obliging Sect, Like the Suns Beams on all Reslect. A Dunghil they will not negle a, To Dirty Whores give your respect.

Anny seed-Robin, or Pudding-Pye-Doll, You have them all in your Scroll. He that bears a Flattering Face, Obliges all the Populace.

These are the Men that prosper fair,
Command in the Saddle, and Rule in the Chair.
If you wont stoop to his strain,
On the Dunghill complain.
The Coast was clear, the World shew'd you the
way,
If you won't follow, behind for ever stay.

If you won't follow, behind for ever stay, Slaves in the World must be kept low, On their Dunghils the Cocks crow. But Flatterers wisely Aspire, Like Eagles, bravely to mount higher.

Fools are content to be honest and poor, Slaves to every rich Rogue and Whore: For want of a few broad Cheats and Lyes, The honest As pines and dyes. Is it not better to be rich and brave, (Tho a Man be, and be counted a Knave,) Than to be ragged, torn, and true, And never rise to get his Due?

They that won't the way of the World go,
Must resolve to be crusht and kept low,
All Affronts and Wrongs undergo:
And 'tis well if they can 'scape so.
Sometimes they're hang'd for't, I'le tell you but so.

I know not what I lack, tho I e're had a brazenYet I could never endure to be base: (Face,
For I came of a more generous Race,
A Noble Tyrant I never knew,
But scorn'd to flatter the ignoble Crew,
And for this give the Devil his due,
He is always a brave Fellow, (low.
That loves a brisk Bowl, and will sometimes be Mel-

It is of Baseness, the lowest degree,
To court the Rabble by Flattery.
Like the Spaniel and the Fox,
Of all Knaves they most deserve the Stocks.
Or the Whip rather, and the Strap,
'Till the Pox at last gives them a Clap.
Any thing for such Mongrel Curs,
That pretend Conscience Demurs.
And dare not by Falshood make Friends,
To compass all unlawful Ends.

We fit at good Cheer, and warm Fires, Enjoy all our Lust requires; And laugh at honest hungry Fryars, That durst not bring about their Desires, For sear of being counted Knaves and Lyars, Or, if you please, Spirit Tryars.

Let 'um starve if they will, for my Part, I count my self a man of Art, When by base means I get the start. As for tender Consciences, tho by Birth And Learning, of Infinite worth. To their wilful Wills I leave 'um, They need no Witches to deceive 'um.

Ddd

If these Rare men want Meat, Drink, and Clothing, As this World goes, I wonder at Nothing.

They may thank their Honesty, if they be no Richer, They may thank their Folly, if they carry the Pitch-Away with these dull Erra Paters, (er. Their highest Preserment is to be Translators. So the World's well govern'd, as Matters do stand, When Knaves and Fools get all the Land, I shall ne're get so much by my Conjuring Wand.

The false Obliger, I shall ever know
For a Rascal, as he is, and so let him go.
'Tis he, at long run, shall feel the Wo,
And ne're know who't is gives him his Deaths blow.
The Slave gets into every Dress,
Is ready, and yare, in every Mess.
He is always hatching Eggs,
Throw him ev'ry way, he falls like a Cat, on his
Legs.

In Musick he screws up all the Pegs, The Slave seldom or never begs. A Pox upon him, for a Dog Rogue, He does so palpably Collogue, That he carries away all the Vogue.

Of Obliging all, the true Constitution,
Is the Conscience Prostitution,
Without any least Diminution made;
This must needs be a Devilish Trade.
To please great Men, and for Preferments sake,
Any thing of such you may make;
Of such Knaves your choice you may take.
Any Promise, Vow or Oath,
Upon occasion break your Troth.

To

To spare none be loth, All Equity is but Froth.

See you there an honest Man,
Strive to undo him, all you can.
Such an one did but steal a Cow,
Who look't o're the Hedge? Such a Rogue as you.
Hang ye, Dam ye, cursed Dog,
You leapt over a Frog,
To take him that stole but a Hog.
And now you're fallen into a Bog,
You'dest rve a Chain and Clog.

Where there's gain or honour coming,
Thither in haste ye must be running;
We know this is all your cunning.
Haunt their Ghosts, coming and going,
Be importunately Woing,
Tho it be to manys Undoing.
There's no State, Warlike or Civil,
But many sometimes lack help of the Devil.

Risse the Living, Ransack the Dead, A good Conscience is sled. Rather than not to have your ends sped, Leap over another Mans head. Then, if you can, quietly sleep in your Bed, This it is to be well Bred. Your Bed is strown with Lillies and Roses, Your Table surnished with Quelque Choses.

Rail lustily at a Thief that's poor, Because like a Rogue he got behind the door: Or at him that got a Whore; died and on Or a Drunkard that had not paid his Score, Tho he ne're did so since or before. You may ravish an Estate
From Orphans and Widows, it is a good Bait, They were born to be poor by Fate.

He that is under a Threepeny Planet born
To be a Cuckold, must wear a Horn;
If by a Lord, let him not take it in scorn.
Such a Slave must have no Entry,
To climb up into the Gentry.
Tis enough for a poor Rogue to live,
To the Rich, you can't too much give.
He may help you at a dead Lift,
Season him well with a woundy good Gift,
And he may leave you for your felf to shift.
And yet say, 'twas well bestown,
To greaze a fat Sow, overgrown,
Tho your Cause be overthrown.

For a poor Rogue to aspire,
Does he think to be a Squire?
Lay him over the Fire,
Give him a Toss let him ne're grow higher.
The way of the World I don't admire,
To hinder an honest Desire.
Poor Rogues must not look for their due,
'Tis in vain for them to Sue.'
Send 'um packing among the Crew,
Starve him, beat him black and blew.

If he but offer to stand in your way, Take all he has, make him a Prey.

Send

Send him packing to the Gang,
The Poor are fit for nothing, but to hang.
Stand not upon Terms of Charity,
Such a Cockscomb is a Rarity;
Levellers aim at a Parity.
Charity and Justice begin at home,
For an honest Man there can be no room,
Let him not speak a word, for 'tis his Doom.

Have a care of your felf, or ye deserve to be sham'd, The Rich care not if you be all hang'd and damn'd. What, tell a Rich man of his Fault? He'l not leave you worth a Groat. You're a Rogue all to Nought, 'Tis a sign you're better fed than taught. (spoke, Not a word for your life, the Truth must not be The Weight's fell down, because the Jack Line (broke.

Now this is your Obliging man,
That will do for you all he can:
He means for his own gain,
'Tis a folly to complain.
If you will, he'l put you out of pain,
At last come upon you fresh again.
But if a poor Rogue he find you,
Then be sure he never minds you,
Turns you going with your hands behind you.

You that wou'd act the Dissemblers part, Must make use of the Black Art; But let not your Conscience start. You may put on a Disguise, And make a shew of Sacrifice, To hide all your Rogueries:

And

And wink with both Eyes; To shed Tears is Woman-wise.

He's not a Man now-a-days,
That can't put on a brazen-Face.
Be bold my Boy, be bold, ther'es all good feeding,
Shrink not, when it comes to bleeding.
To get your Ends make all the way,
Put by all Rubs without stop or stay,
All the poor Rogues are run away.
The honest Fool is Tender-hearted,
For which he deserves to be Carted.

I have seen a Fool play fast and loose,
That was not able to say Boh to a Goose,
A Petty-Fogger's a great Possessor,
Or a Dupendio Professor,
More than a samous Antecessor.
A dull Mountebank or Quack,
Wealthy Patients never lack.
To deal in mens precious Lives, for Gains,
He's a sawcy Jack for his pains.

You say, I'm a bare Brazen-sace-Witch, Because with my Work I go through stich, I know and believe all Truth in my Mind, But I never lov'd to practife it in kind.

I have seen a Clouted-Shun, Through thick and thin run, 'Till he hath many a Man undone. He shall haunt ye Westminster-Hall, With his Black-Box before'um all. Such a freez Thred-bare Coar, Shall leave you not worth a Groat. He ineaks, like a simple Jack, Try him, he's Mettle to the Back.

He shall in Term time leave the Plow,
To sue for a Horse or a Cow,
Turn up her Tail, and her Arse kiss you.
Shun him, for he's a more dangerous Knave,
Than they that look big and go brave.
He shall turn ye East, West, North and South,
You'd think Butter wou'd not melt in his Mouth.
His property is never to give out,
For grubbing and rubbing he has a Hog's Snout.

This Freez-Coat, this Clouted-Shun, As very a Knave as is under the Sun. The Calling's Honest, but the Slaves Plow up honest mens Graves. At this my Satyr Frets and Raves, They follow him, with Clubs and Staves. But 'tis the sharp and false Pen, That undoes all forts of Men. 'Therefore I have thus laid about, 'Labouring to reform the Rout, 'Till by o're heating, I've got the Gout.

Take a handfom Shee-Solliciter, She shall oblige Multipliciter. She's an admirable Visiter, You may send her to my Lord Inquisitor. She bewitches with her Looks, Men that use to write in Books. And with a Silver-Tongue besides, Every amarous Fop Rides. She constantly keeps her Tides, From Westminster Hall to St. Brides.

Bring her to a Lawyers Bar,
She opens the Case for Peace or War.
If by her Tears she melt your Heart,
Take her and comfort her apart.
She has all her Lesson persectly by Heart,
As very a Whore as e're rode in a Cart.
Nothing like her is so smart,
I'le warrant your Cause shall never start,
If she but offers to plead her Part.

Take a graceful comly Wench,
She shall dazle all the Bench;
'Tis better than our giving a Drench,
A fair-Face under a Love-black-Hood,
Your Cause for her sake must be good.
Her amiable looks shall win ye,
Better than many a golden Guiny;
Use her well, 'tis pretty Jenny.
A Lawyers Heart shall quickly melt,
After he has her Pulse selt;
But he must be no Eunuch Gelt.

What a fly subtil Witch am I, Such new fashion Witchcrasts to spy: Which no honest Body can deny, If they will but venture to try? When the World comes once to hear it, They'l ne're be able to bear it. Go on brisk, and never sear it, Win it, brave Lads, and wear it; To be sure the Cause will bear it.

I may lye a Bed till Noon, You'd as good throw your Caps at the Moon.

The

The Dog-Star at the Moon does Bark, You have got Venus in the Dark. The roguing Cur fmells fomething, Hark, He finds you are a very Shark. A Blood-Hound will ne're leave hunting; A fat Hog will ne're leave grunting.

You may be fure, all is not right,
When Rogues run abroad to steal in the Night.
When drunken Sots make trouble fom Stirs,
This causes the Barking of the Curs,
Even amongst them that wear Furs.
All's not well, when we ring so many a Knell,
Where can we in safety dwell?
The World is the worser Hell,
You understand this very well,
I nothing but the Truth tell.
The Blood-Hounds have a very strong smell,
And I like my Humor well.

I do't to find out Rogues and Whores,
That turn all Honesty out a doors,
Not sparing Rich or Poors.
I've lost my Wits with turning and winding,
Knaves and Fools in all places finding,
Never Honest Folk minding.
Nothing I say, or do, is binding,
I shall have a time to leave off grinding.

These are your Obliging-Men,
That turn about 'fore and ast, too and agen.
There's nothing but Knavish shuffling,
Snearing, Toping, Ranting and Scuffling.
I heard one complain, Sir, Where shall I find
A Man that has an honest Mind?

Eee

I clapt him o'th' Back, and faid, Be of good Cheer, If you will, you may find an honest Man here. In your own Clothes, 'tis your own fault. If you don't, you need not be naught, I am fure you're better Taught.

Let Honesty be ne're so much out of fashion,
'Tis better than Interest or Obligation.
You never heard me talk at this rate,
The Devil rebukes Sin, it seems, but of late;
'Tis sure, by some Destiny, or Fate.
The Pot the Kettle black Arse calls,
The Hypocrite stands, rises or falls.

As bad as I am, I am for Truth pure and neat,

Or any thing that will do the Feat.

Cross Rascals make me all in a Sweat,

Give me fomething to drink and eat,
I hate to fee Religion fold by the Great.

'My Spirits, I think, are ready to fail,

To fee fo many Lyes fold by Retail.

I labour against it Tooth and Nail,

By this Rule Knaves will never fail:

And then I resolve for some other Land to set Sail,

But whereever I am, ne're to turn Tail.

I'm forc't to be tedious more and more,
Because I see of Falshood greater store.

'How I can hold out, if you ask,

I fay, none but a Witch can perform this Task,

('I wont be known, lend me my Mask.)
And still a Witch is more than their Match,

Let 'um look to themselves, Harm watch, Harm catch.

'I'm fure, I'm quite condemn'd by the Letter,

Because I do worse, and know better.
And besides, I do mischief my self,

'More than an ordinary Elf.

'I never lov'd to halt before a Cripple,

'To kill, not cheat the Common People.

'Nor am I of the Priest's Trade.

'To ride the Hackny Vulgar to a Jade.

You may find of Knaves good store,
If you go down to Gravesend or the Buoy in the
Nore.

And if you'l further launch out to the Main, Youl see Pirates and Pickeroons ransack for Gain. From Dunkirk, Algier, Tripoly and Sallies, To surnish Slaves to run in the Gallies.

I find there's another great Flaw,

Necessity bas no Law.

Necessity bas no Law.

Necessity, I say, not forc't, but made,
Is now become a most damnable Trade.

It hides all Villany from Whelps,
That never could invent better Helps.

A Complement's one thing, Necessity's another,
With both these Cloaks they'l cozen their Brother,
And plead, 'tis lawful to undo each other.

They could not help't, they must comply;
I beg your Pardon, I tell you no Lye,
I was forc't to yield to Necessity.
So they Bassle among the Throng,
Cheating and Lying for a Song.
In case of Compliance, Correspondence I love.
In case of Necessity, my Valour I prove.

Mystical Rites, Priests keep close to themselves, And send the Laity to be taught by Elves: Oracles, and Sybills Books, are concealed, Because all Truth, forsooth, must not be revealed. Prophecies and Miracles, are most of 'um Cheats, Pretended by them that would seem to do Feats.

Constantinople, Turks call the Red Apple,
And for it Christians shall one day grapple:
Let Naples, as well, be call'd, the Horse Dapple,
The Homage of Spain, led to the Pope's Chappel,
My Flying-Horse Pegasus, lacks a Snassle.
Omnia Gladii Pedissequa,
It makes all Cowards run away:

CANTO III.

An old Ape has an old Eye,
Cheat all you can come nigh,
Do it under the Canopy.
Say nothing to the Standers by,
They'l make a fearful Outcry.
Slip afide the Rout among,
'Tis clear gains, if you can hold your Tongue.
Let 'um call you Rogue and Knave,
So you but the Profit have.

Laugh at them that call you Fools,
For suffering you to work with their Tools,
And for it his 'um out of the Schools.

Quod defertur, non aufentur, is a very good Clench,
Claim Possession a thousand year hence,
And from that time a Fool Commence.

Abanadaba cur at Februm,
Starve no Cause, Pone Legem.

Every

The Witches:

Every day, Pro Hic & Nunc,
Now and anon too, You may have a Punk;
If you want Cash, your Cause is sunk.
In forma Pauperis your Suit commence,
I'le warrant you the Day, a Thousand year hence.

O sweet Civility, thou'rt a meer Saint,
A pure Beauty does never Paint.
Alas, alas, we must be Civil,
Tho we go all to the Devil.
We cou'd not help it, I, nor No,
Our Masters wou'd have it so.
'With the World I'm well acquainted,
'With all Vice, in my time, I've been tainted.
'I have been as good as ever twang'd,
'I have seen many an honester Body hang'd.

Steal, Rogue and Whore, in the way of Civility, Flatter and Lye in the way of Gentility. Kill all Nations in point of Honour, Be as bloody as Bishop Bonner. In a mad Mood kill all you meet, Or take the Wall in the Street. I'le tell you a Trick, if you have been to blame, And find it hard to cover the shame, Feast and Cares in the Devils Name.

Be fure put on a Brazen Face,
And speak Big to the Man with a Mace.
Court all you can the Populace,
This will cover your Disgrace.
He's a brave Man to the Poor and Rich,
But he's hated worse than a Witch.
They'l taste of his Cup, and lick in his Dish,
And jeer him as much as his heave cou'd wish.

But this is a way to hide for a Time, The Malignity of any Crime, 'Till you come to your Prime.

3

Do some kindness to some poor Boys,
This will stop some part of the Noise.
They that you have took by the Teeth well,
Won't stick to proclaim you a Fool and a Rake-hell.
They that to do honesty dare be able,
Will scorn to sit down at your counterfeit Table,
Or set their Horses in your Stable.
A wise Man will certainly try him,
And an honest Man will never come nigh him,
And a Man of Courage will desse him.
Let'um keep company with their own Scholars,
Like to like, quoth the Devil to the Colliers.

'I'm got into a strange Vein,

You see I have a working Brain,

'And how shall I get out of this strain.

1 have laboured a long Time,

To leave this way of Vulgar Rhime.

'I am so crowed among the Rout,
'I must sweat before I can get out:

And then I shall have another Bout,

But still I'm refolv'd to be stout.

Courtefy, Kindness, Civility,
Ingredients to make up Gentility.
But to Cozen, Lye and Flatter,
'Makes all the Teeth of my Head chatter;
'What if I've none, that's no matter.
Ladies virtuous and fair,
Of Counterseits have a care.

}

They are of a Dissembling Hue, Yet you may distinguish the False from the True,

Great Ones flatter one another, Every Interested Brother. By mean Men they must be courted, They love to hear all Lyes reported. Preser that to be the best, Which makes for Private Interest. Have a care to fill up your Chest, That is, to feather your Nest.

There is a Grand Devil, that flyes
Round about all the World in a Disguise
'Tis Beelzebub, the God of Flies,
Purposely to dazle Mens Eyes.
Puts a Mask of Virtue upon Vice,
And circumvents you in a Trice.
A persea Crocadile,
A Cockatrice to beguile.
A glass-Eye, and a Silver-Tongue,
Fair and soul, old and young;
Above all take heed of a False Tongue.

I dare not own my Friend, if I know, He has a Great Man for his Foe. I dare not fay, I, or No, I dare neither stop nor go.

Rogues, I'le make you all whist, And stand still, tho you're all to be pist, I'le do with you what I hist.

Rogues, I have ye all at Command, It I do but wink, or wag my hand.

I'le make you tremble, if I Nod,
Down on your knees, if I shake my Rod.

He that complies against his will in Evil. Goes down Hill more and more to the Devil. After he has loft the right way, He finds he can neither stop nor stay. No matter for a Conscience Biter, Per scelera ad scelus tutum est Iter.

He that like a Fool shall say he's frail, Deserves to be tied to the Devil's Tail. If his Boat to fail be flow, The Devils may give him a Tow. 'Tis a favour he does use to bestow, And then you know whither ye must go. But what if the Devil pronounces a Curse? Stand, fays the Thief, deliver your Purfe, Send him to Proferpine to Nurse. He that's clothed in Scarlet and Silk. Shall fuck a Witches or the Devils best Milk.

He and We, like Doves, shall be Billing, That does bad, when to do good he is willing. For this I'le help him to many a Shilling, And Pounds too, if it comes once to killing. There will be old hugging, At last it may come to tugging. 'I'le give him many a golden Wedge. 'To fet his greedy Tooth on edge. "And after all, I'le be his Pledge, . 'And leave him to starve under an Hedge,

Out of a Dunghill gain smells well, Scum the Devil and rake Hell, When your Conscience you sell.

The Witches.

Sup it up, 'tis very good Broth, 'Infuse a Lye, or a damnable Oath, Such as to taste Old Nick wou'd be loth.

As Good eat the Divel as his Broth, 'Tis scalding hot by my Troth.

Argunus Appendi in their dogged dumps,
Often put us to our Trumps.
But we return them as many Frumps,
And fett close upon all their Rumps.
Logarithm, Algebra, Cossa
Frighted Frederick Barbarossa.
Systole and Diastole (put a good face on)
Strike like a double Diapajon.
Find me a Green for my Goose to graze on.

If a Knave, of some small good by chance, be an Actor, He's cry'd up, by Fools, for a great Benefactor. He's forc'd to choose best, and leave the worse. For which he's branded with no less curse. Trust him not twice, for once well doing, A Suiter's forc'd to go oft a Woing, And perhaps to his own undoing.

After many repulses are past,

'Tis hazard if he speed not at last,
Who dares build upon the Lord's Waste?

He's ever charitably kind,
To the man that's going down the wind.
The meaning is, when all is let down,
To turn him out of house and home.
He feeds the Spendthrift Gallant with Coyn,
The reason is, his Estate to undermine.
He patches him up, in City and Town,
On purpose at once to throw him down.

Fff

Master

Master Scrivener, this is your drift, To get all he has, and leave him to shift By this way you give Debtors a Lift.

He's never counted a right honest man, That do's not, at all times, do all the good he can. The Divel somtimes is good when he's pleas'd, He that has an Intermiffion, is fill difeas'd. From him that ruffles in florms of Anger, In a Calm expect the greatest Danger, For still there steeps a Dog in the Manger.

The man that is rarely in a distemper. Is call'd the man of an even temper, Have a care o'th the man that is passionate semper. Night and day you must watch and ward. Continually stand upon your Guard, Plead ne're so much reason, you can't be heard,

The man of good Principles, never fear him, You may oblige him and endear him: To himself and his Friend he's always true, That gives to every one his due. The man that eats another mans Bread, Devours the Living and the Dead. That Friend will ne're keep you from forrow, That lends Money to day, demands it to morrow.

He that re-enters upon a day, Or takes a Forfeiture is a Knave, I fay. Your Pawn is loft, for it is a crime, You did not exactly keep your time. To fell you the worst of my Weres I am willing, But truft, I must gain a Great in the Shilling. On purpose at once to throw him down.

Ile break on purpose to compound tovs a nogal. With my Creditors, for Five Stallings in the Pound.

A Soph, a Poet on a Rhetor anome shall sie in Y Slubbers a Caufe, in dos a Fragor shall a rolly of A To colour over a rottes Poff billy gand sine Over a Pot and a Toff An Il Confeience is founce and a Tolk of Power and Spinor of Power After Extortions to leage Hell; and the bald wed Build a School, creep to a Cell gran a Hill ora

When Sin has left ye, Fast and Pray, Let Creditors for ever flave of the Cizyeth 1909 ou grumble in the Gizyeth In a Goal Drink, Rosmand Whom W a elduon or all Let Tenants be for even moof bofifons a no goal and Give no Satisfaction, make no Reftitution, fraction To your Honours Diminution of neither and Incidental Plead Mercy and Equity, Two bover sollims Tohn Peccavi, till you diao Il c or alegal or en eno lla el Te

Then let them their hearts out curre, and I But never open your Purfe. No matter for Conscience or Good Name. Be fure to play your own Game. Pay nothing the you be ne're to able When the Steed's Roln, thut the Statile, Let your undone Creditors come to your Table. When you have got your Ends, Drunk'em, Punk em, make em Friends.

You are feasting they are pining, You are rejoycing, they are whining. Deal a dole of Bread to the Poor, when Corn's dear, And cheat them of their Means by the year, Mumble your Mattins, Jumble your Beads, When you have chopt off innocent Heads.

Fff 2

Religion

| He break on page of a paint of the season of the light of the season with my Canaka and page and the season of the |
|--|
| You are fafe among Friars and Nions too? A Subbers a Cloyster secures from all Dons. A Court a Camp will do the Fear, a road of the Post and Dons and Dons are post and Dons and Dons are post and Dons a |
| When y' have done this you' i' a Cock of the Game. The poor Rogues will all be tame? I will so to life if they black you they are to blame. |
| When Sin has left ye, I aft and Pray, Cat Creditors for ever foresiD at ni aldmurg nov II |
| Ne're trouble a Witchio Wizard; shaid lood a But keep on a fanctified Vizard; of edition of a look of the fact of the shair of edition of the shair |
| Plead Mercy and Equity, They I mock, how I obed a Tis all one, as to speak to a Rock, would be to a Rock. No re trust the man in a Frock, No re take a woman in her Smock. |
| By your leave and good fayour. If ay, fomething has fome fayour. I won't be meal-mouth'd, the Truth to imother, Let a Bride Bring her Meat, drink and Cloth along with her, |
| If you be a Cuckold, She's just such another; Invite Debtors to Christmas Cheer, And then all's discharg'd, all's clear. |
| Their mouths are stopt, their Clamours cease, Depopulation is call'd a very good Peace, When all your Vassas are at ease, And the Lords may do what they please. |
| odi - A |

The Witches:

The Indians Countrey is invaded,
To live Slaves they are persuaded,
So the Greeks by the Tunks are Jaded on the Poor conquer'd Slaves must not thrive,
'Tis well if they be sav'd alive.
The whole World runs upon Wheels,
Every one oppression feels,

But every one that feels wrong or pain,
Must not be so sawcy as to complain.

If he do, he's held down by Might and Main,
And gag'd by the Inquisition of Spain.

Sent to the Gallies, or the Mines,
If he cannot pay his Fines.
I don't like this dealing underhand,
When men above board may fairly command.

Get to bed to a Citizens Wife,
The Husband leads a Cuckold's life.
She shall enrich the Cuckold-maker,
Be he Ranter or Quaker.
The Merchant deals in Forreign Wares,
But understands not his Home-Affairs,
Tis no part of his cares.
He trusts abroad, and he trusts at Home,
Rich Goods and Bastardstake up Room,
Alas, saies the Bawd, it was his doom,
Poor man, let him hang out the Broom.

If it were not so, you must understand, He should have none to inherit his Land. The Wife at home, and the Husband abroad, Both drive a subtile trade,
So you may ride your Horse to a Jade.

Alas, his head never akes,

For all the care his Wife takes,

A horned Pate found fleep never breaks.

Tis ever a contensed life,

To be a Cuckold without firife.

Fellows of Houses take the least care, (Mare; When they lack, they may borrow a Townsmans The best in the Stable to a Friend they can spare, And are beholden to them for their care.

Their Pupilscustom shall make them amends, So Scholars and Townsmen are very good Friends, And both serve for their own Ends.

He that drinks hard, and Whores, 'tis an even lay, If he don't shortly break and run away.

A Mis, a Lacquay, a Countrey House, and a Coach, Are the fore-runners of a Brosch.

He is gone to run his Range,

Proclaim'd Bankrupt upon the Change.

It may be this man was a Teacher,

Or a Bankrupt overcasher.

The Brotherhood, while he in Spain,
Joyn to make him whole again.
This course every Sancined Brother
Takes, by compounding for one another.
The Sisters will do many a Job,
'Tis no Sin the Wicked to rob.
The Egyptians, more odly,
Are bound to enrich the Godly.

All is theirs to inherit, when saided a swirb die Because they have the true Merit, who was now and do all by the Spirit.

If the Wicked be faved from Slaughter,
Dub them Slaves to the Godly ever after.
Weak Rogues are fit to live no longer,
Then they can be drudges to the stronger.
But specially the Godly Breed,
Must be enriched by Prophane Seed.

If an honest good Fellow break his Crupper, He may as soon behang'd as get his Supper. If a Lady of pleasure fall in two pieces, Her Gallants present her with Golden pieces. There's Nurses and Midwifes provided ready. For She kept her reckoning steddy. Poor Whores, when old, rott and die, You need not ask the reason why. Rich Whores, when old, Stallions Maintain, The Moon lacks help when she's in the Wain.

Letchery in Fratribus Sororibus
Lippunotum est, & Tonsoribus.
Mariners are Nervosum genus,
For the Seas sake, Friends to Venus.
With Vulcan therefore She,
Like Fire and Water can't agree.

The Fucus of vain Eloquence,
To folid Laws gives great Offence.
A Golden Tongue shivers a Cause,
Bassles all Equity and Laws.
When Lives and Fortunes lie at stake,
It makes the Peoples hearts ake.
What Brain's left in the Judges skull,
Whom the Advocate shall gull.

Daunts Witnesses, like Boys,
By the Horror of a thundring Noise.
By the fair Tongues Froth and Foam,
A Golden Plaister to a Wall of Loam.
By Fraud was taken Bergen ap Soam.
Bars of Gules, Azure, Or and Argent,
Stab a fair Text by a foul Gloss in Margent.
So the Conqueror comes off rident,
As did the Pope in the Council of Trident.

Mahomet is for an Armed Law,
As fittest to keep the World in Aw.
Justinian aim'd at Right, and Ease,
The better to keep the World in Peace:
But the Sword gets the Golden Fleece.
Justice counts her felf ne're the worse,
Desended by the Sword and Purse,
Of these Religion should be the Nurse.

When Oratory shall be banish'd, Controversies will foon be vanish'd. This Harlot has advanced Gowns, And overwhelmed Righteous Crowns. 'Tis the Tongue and the Pen, Than the Sword has kill'd more men.

The Court of rare Venetian Sages,
For pure Justice most engages.
They scorn to stoop to Flattery or Fears,
To be took by the Teeth or Ears.
This Case Vegetius to them applied,
For Reformation, and was not denied.

Venice is no Witch, I dare Iwear; for 'tis faid, A thousand Years the has continued a Maid.

She's

| She's plaguy cunning in all her work and of | Schools, I |
|---|---------------|
| To fave from being ravished by the Tark. | Ment-bon |
| If I had had a thouland Mardenheads. long | before |
| I should have lost them, and found them, or | re and |
| | |
| As they do, that lo off get behind the door | sugnit Ag |
| c spo W oc nor near Beer, | Where the |
| 'Tis a curled thing to be an old Maid, og 10 | 11d 5 17/ |
| Patience upon force, and ver never decard. | 20 / 212 De |
| The men are hard hearted, I am affaid, | 11101 582 |
| Tis not for want of Will in the least, | on Holder |
| To have a good Stomach, and want a Feast | restan T |
| I would not with more if luck to a Beaffur This Veniat is the Phanix Weffin being | Mach acau |
| She may Well bear a Phanix in her Cred. | Lagrakes |
| The Auchian Phonisting Action of | i . 3719 a |
| The Arabian Phanix is but a felt; one id | lo est la con |
| I have heard it often faid mutter and skill | But never, |
| Very few good Workmen of a Trade. | |
| The Vintners art, as now we fee. A Dalla | Sup. d, the |
| Quere if Poyfning it may not be? | out airt et l |
| A man that hath of Honour tafted. | as wat 11 |
| His Name is on a fudden blafted. de that Do | |
| The Tallest Cedars have the Luck, woods | nn sand at |
| And flurdy Oakes to be Planer firuck. | and makes |
| Television Internal de December 2000 15 1000 1 | Trans |
| In private Interest the Business lies, | danO mob |
| To do good to our Families. But in publick the greatest health, 121 | o nao ody |
| Is to promote the Common-Wealth, | |
| And to do nothing at all by ftealth. | C. |
| A Publick Spirit is the Queen of all Dames | |
| Her Subjects get everlasting Names. | ion in one |
| So a Laurel fresh and green, singly onwork | a compani |
| Burnt, Red and Withered f have feen. | or the lat |
| Ggg Ggg | Schools, |

Schools, Hospitals, Castles, Bridges,
Merit honourable Priviledges, and an analysis of
In all these nothing out honesty's included, had in
And all base schildness excluded and flot even blood in
Divels what have you to do here?
By Right you ought not to come nere,
Where there's no Wine, nor strong Beer,
Nor a Bit of good Cheere and of guide believe a sit.
Where you come, you make all clears of noque and in
Dogs run away with whole Joyness and run and it.
As you do with Pottles and Pints.

There's a young Divel, Opportunition whom I Much acquainted with Importunition who is a line of the That takes Time by the Forelock, and the Warm of To give his Enemy a fore knock.

Not like old Time, who runs on a main,
But never, like him, returns again.

Cupid, the blind Archer thoots poylon'd Derts,
'Tis his luck to hit the wilest Hearts,
His Bow and Quiver disturb more People.
Than all the Guns above Paul's Smeple,
He puts the Scholar to his Trumps,
And makes him study nothing but upon Rumps,
And try to dance without Pumps.

Bona Terra, mala Gens,
Your Question, when ever you Doctor commence.
Who can deny a Prety Wengh,

Sirrah, watch well your Malters Eye. in one of or the Do as he does, laugh or cry. And if he bid you, live or die. I work and of does all the while in what a bed does, all the while in what he bid you. I the while in while in the ball. In and

Parafite

Parasite you may be bold, vious it a bis a strangle with your Master to rail or feold, sanitary stands and for a good Dinner, hot or cold, sanitary stands

Obligation and Compliance his mate,
Never meddle with matters of State.
Obligation takes too much upon her,
In point of Honesty and Honour:
Put Honesty and Civility together,
Shake mand thoofe you whether,
If of Honesty there be a Cellation,
Within the Lines of Communication.
Twill breed a Conscience Vastation,
Which is a Knaves Demonstration.

If you can get to be Conscience proof,
Steal an Ox and leave the Hoof,
And believe you were honest enough;
Let no Justice come under your Roof;
But from Equity keep alook.
Too much Honesty as well as Civility,
The Heralds say does extinguish Gentility.

By Honesty too much invaded,
Nobility and Gentry are degraded.
To take heed by all means of Restitution,
Is a Courtiers Constitution.
Never give to a Contribution,
For sear of a Puriss Diministron.
Tis an Honour for the Poor to serve em,
Tis a Favour for the Rich to starve em.

They that dissemble with Kings,
Emperors and Ruling things, Iniquity and Authority and State and

stubno I

Ggg 2

sodi nodu bort er'a

Hope

egoli

Hope to avoid all deadly Stings of yarn now stilland Of such Parasites the World Rings. My move the World Rings. My move the World Rings. My move the Westery Rebellious Combination, pannich book a no Endangers no less than Damnation;

'Twas never so seen among our Occupation and Oct that I have a gainft us lies, what so in gild Oct the cry against us lies, what so in gild Oct the cry against us lies, what so in gild Oct the cry against us lies, what so in gild Oct the cry against us lies, what so in gild Oct the cry against us lies, what so in gild Oct the cry against us lies, what so in gild Oct the cry against us is directed fill, but when the cause we keep Folk, from having the in Will ended And than others we have more Skill when High 10 32

I'le appeal to the God of Flies, to and to minimit Whether we ever told for many Lyes, to the Conly they count us for Gossips and Spies and Spies and White Whether we ever told for Gossips and Spies and Spi

If you can get to be Confeience proof, Seed on Control A O

Pensioners to Forreign States, and an included Undo Kingdoms, more than the Fates.

That tell Lies at costly rates.

They are taken for Knaves in Grain, and That offer of Knaves to complain.

Be content, the Song is well fung, and valued Hall Can't you be damn'd, and hold your Tongue?

'These are to me most Musical Notes, and and the But I long to be cutting a Throats.

A Parasite loves the smell of roast Beef, and the Or a hot Venison Pasty in chief of the House Harris He makes Rost-haste chrough Wind and Weather; As good as e're trod upon shoe of Leather.

A Trencher-Chaplain, Lihate to behold, or and Especially if he be Learned and Old.

T'endure

T'endure to see him, I am not able,
Before the second Course, to rise from the Table.
To see him take away his Plate,
And make a Leg to the company, I hate.
Scrape to his Master, for his good Fare,
And basely stand behind his Chair;
And beg to borrow his old blind Mare,
To ride to a Countrey Fair:
Master Parson, have a care,
There's a Waiting Woman sits next you, Fair,
If she chance to be Coy, and you be gain-said,
My Lady has a finer Chamber Maid,
Court her, though She be a little demure,
To win her, in time, you shall be sure.

The poor Soul waits every Evening Tide, With a Warming Pan, at your Beds fide; In so doing, she takes a Pride, Hoping, one day, to be your Bride. Give her a Kiss, and a Hug, now and tan, As you are a Gentleman, She's ever willing to lye by a man.

For this kind Behaviour,
You'l get your Lords and Ladies Favour.
And truly fomething has fome Savour.
You shall have her by degrees,
And with her, a Vicarage of the Childrens Threes.
Besides a pair of Gloves next Fair,
Therefore to please her, have a care,
Marry her, and you'l please 'em to a Hair.

What, if she be a little crackt, or so, To London, for a new Maiden head, let her go. Never stick at this Lock,
Of being guilty of Simony, by the Smock,
Marry her quickly, ne're ask what's a Clock.
'Twont be long e're the Cradle you rock;
Go, fetch a dry Nurse, upon old Brock.

My Lord, and my Lady, welcome in their Charity, To eat up your Tithe Pigs, and Geefe, for a Rarity. You must always provide 'em good Cheer, Nordown Ale, or strong, stale Beer.

You must Present 'em now and then,
With a Cock of the Game, and a good sat Hen.

At Term time, mark what I fay,
Coach your Patron and Matron to a Play,
And wait upon 'em every day.
These are Lay Patrons pitiful tricks.
To eat up the poor Vicars Pigs and Chicks.
But there is something more than I'le char,
If you'r presented to a Rectory Fat.

The Young Squire Gratis you must teach,
Set him next the Pulpit when you preach,
Take heed of making a Breach.
You must go a Coursing with your young Master,
Have a care he come to no Disaster.
Be with him at every Running,
Wait on him while he goes a gunning,
And on my Lady when She a walks Sunning.
To keep in with the Servants you must be Cunning,
If they ow you Money, take heed of Dunning.

When your Wife lyes in, for Joy, The Lady will be Godmother to your Boy.

She'l

The Witches. She'l fend her many a dainty Bit,

From the Oven or the Spit, All this you may do, if you have wit.

Scholars, when I perceive you muddy. And melancholy in a brown Study, l'le fend you a Lass of excellent parts. Able to teach the best Master of Arts. And withall to cheer your Hearts. She shall put you all to your Trumps, And tickle you out of your Dumps, Hang the Muses, they never kis Half so well, as young dainty Cis.

Nothing can be like fuch a Witch, as this is, That furnishes you with the sweetest Kisses, And at your needs She never miffes : Presently leaves washing a Dishes. And makes you all drink like Fishes. To every Scholars best Wishes.

She'l furnish you with new Notions, Of the best Philosophick Motions. Metaphysical Speculations, Most Transcendent Ejaculations. Whores are Pocky, but a fair Wife, Pleases a Scholar to the life: She's at your Service all the year Gratu, Dainty Covert, and money Satis, For so you read it of old in Fatis.

When you upon Preferment pitch, Feast and Bribe the Doegna Witch, She has Patron and Patroness all at a Bay, Make fure of her, and you shall get the day.

Spend all upon 'em, and when you come to lack, I'le ingage they shall write fool on your back, To recruit all it may fall to your Lot, To marry the rich old damnable Trott.

If they give you what they can't keep,
Slave, you must never cringe and creep.
Be commanded at every turn,
If need be, you may hang and burn.
Ride and run, be call'd all the Rogues and Slaves,
You and your Bratts, till you come to your Graves.
Can you hold bassing and railing,
As well as cursing without failing.

Look to't, for your Children must inherit,
The Plague of their Fathers Merit.
They and you shall have enough, I tell you no Lye,
And when ye will, you may all hang and die,
But never ask the reason why.
Are you Back, Belly, and Conscience proof,
Then Rogues you may come under their Roof,
If not, at your peril, stand aloof.

If a place of profit fall,
You must not only go, and come at their Call,
But for Gain play the Divel and all,
The Timber is theirs, yours are the Chips,
And this they call going Snips.
O this Grease is an excellent Barter,
For ever to have and hold your Charter,

There's a Son to put out, and a Daughter to marry, For fear both these should miscarry.

Vassals all provide your Purses,

Or else look for a Landlords Curses

It must for certain, be your Doom,
To be turn'd out of house and home.
Do you not understand obliging yet,
To wade through thick and thin dry and wet?

There's a Duel to be sped,
Provide your self to be knock'd oth' Head.
Seconds or Thirds, by Foot or Horse,
You must follow your Masters Course.
Dam, Rob, Murder, Whore and Drab.
Pimp and be drunk with your Master, you Scab.
Desend him Rogue in every Quarrell,
And see the last drop of every Barrel.

If you can scape with the lick of a Cane,
Instead of a Rapier, you may brag of your Gain.
Be sure you thank him for every Blow,
Or Pot that at your Head he shall throw.
Instead of Pistol, or stab of a Dagger,
'A thrust or so, if he begin to swagger.
Dog, be sure you thank your Master,
For saving your Life, for going no saster.

There are more obliging Readings,
Better than Endictments or Impleadings.
Respect not your Fair, Chast Wise,
Whom you should love more than your Life.
Preser a Mis her far before,
Tho a soul or rotten Whore.
Let her be a keeper of all your Store,
And turn your honest Wise out of Door,
That brought you of Pounds so many a Score,
I'le be hang'd if the Misses don't make ye all poor.

Be sure never be seen with Wise or Mother, Or walk with Father, Uncle or Brother, Never regard their Good or Gain, And then y' are of the right Obliging strain. Curse, swear, dam, through Steel or Brass, Carry all before ye, or else you're an Ass, But remember to frequent Mass, So for a Saint the Devil may pass.

I hear of a Grievance every Day,
Of poor Labourers, that want their pay.
It makes my heart ake to hear their crying,
And see for want their Children lye a dying.
Masters to pay Debts take no care,
Servants to ask em must not dare.
Unjust Stewards, Clerks and Scribes,
Drain poor Souls with Fees and Bribes.

These from nothing heap up Riches,
Are they not far worse than Witches?
The Plagues of Families and Towns,
The Ruin of Miters and Crowns.
Princes and Priests, look to your selves,
You harbour Serpents, Vipers, Elves;
Snatch your Subjects from their Paws,
That consume them by the help of Laws.
Deliver them out of their Jaws,
That send poor Creatures to pick Straws.
Burn all these Crocadiles Nests,
That hurt more than Divels or Wild Beasts.

The Divels will one day crack their Crowns, Pickled Knaves, as e're wore Gowns. That can do more mischief with the dash of a Pen, Than a Thousand poor labouring men,

That

That steal a few Naikor Chips,
And suffer the Stocks or Whips.
Those that can Scribere cum Dasho,
Deserve the Halter more than the Stasho;
Wou'd the World were well rid of this ugly Trasho.

An old decay'd Gentleman Retainer,
We count him but a pitiful Gainer.
He stretches his Guts, and crams his Skin,
And chops the Chamber Maid under the Chin;
Or the Cook Maid in a corner, he counts it no Sin:
She can remember him from the Spit,
Or the great Pot, with a warm Bitt;
This he reckons a piece of Witt.

But the Steward takes double Fine,
And the Tenant fends his Lord Venison and Wine;
So they grow rich, and the Lord grows poor,
Bissides his Hounds, his Hawk, and his Whore,
His Ale house and his Tavern Score.
'Tis pity he should spend an Estate more.
Let him sell his Coach and go a foot,
He's undone between a Rogue and a Slut;
For long Leases, take large Fines;
Make Hay, while the Sun shines.
Down with the Timber without Aspersion,
Let the Heir starve; or fell his Reversion.

Hhh 2

CANTO

CANTO V.

Mortals, I have found out an Hermaphrodite Beast.
The Devourer of all the rest.
Interest and Obligation,
The great Idol of every Nation.
It never had my Approbation,
All the cry hath been against us Hags,
To conquer us, is all their Brags.
I'le prove it by Act of Parliament,
The Hollanders shall give their Consent,
That all the Hounds have lost their Sent.

Willingly, willingly, I fay,
Really they hunt for their Prey;
All their God is their Pay:
There ran the Hare away.
Relations all are Nothing,
They aim at more than Meat, Drink and Cloathing.
Not for need, fo much as State,
This is the true meaning of Fate,
This is Witchcraft of the highest Rate.

rill 2

This is the Mistress they court,
For her they fight, labour and sport.
To her they all in Troops flock,
But not to take her in her Smock.
At her rich Dowry they aim,
To this they lay their chiefest claim.
Oblige by all means every man,
Witch, Divel or Dam,

The Witches:

Catch, that catch can,
Though this Life be but a Span,
They would live eyer, every man.
So all our Trade is done,
To Madam Interest they all run,

The plodding Student pretends Art,
But he Acts the Gaining Part.
Let him profess what he will,
This is his greatest Skill.
Mortification, Self-Denyal,
Is but a counterfeit, Trial.
He that most Sanctity pretends,
When all comes to all, is for his own Ends,

For this he his Brain spends,
This only makes him amends,
All else are but seeming Freinds.
The truest Friend, is Self,
For Rule, Honour, Power and Pels.
How the great dissembler smiles,
When his Consident he beguiles?
For this he travel so many Miles,
And leaps over so many Styles.

Right or Wrong, so it be but Gain,
He counts all worth his Pain.
Then, of Witches think no more,
Worship this great whore;
We'l all stand behind the Door.
Rake together Golden Dirt,
Of us you'r more asraid than hurt.
See how they laugh in their Sleeves,
Are asraid of none but Theeves,
This is that my Heart grieves.

Z Chis This is the only Plot,
For this, all others are forgot.
For this all We must go to th' Pot,
Except the beastly drunken Sot.
But such as are well in their wits,
Will have a care of such mad Fits.

These are the Mysterious Intreagues,
These are the close Bargains and Leagues.
These are the Politick Colleagues,
For this they drop all their Beads.
All Preach and Plead for this Cause,
The true Construction of all Laws;
They that deny this are Jack-Daws.

Mark well how deadly Foes combine,
And fall out about Mine and Thine.
Caw me, and I'le Caw thee,
Goes over all the World we fee,
Tho they ne're fo much difagree.
For this, Rogues hang one another,
For this each others Faults smother.
Feast together, drink and whore,
Turn each other out a door.

No Witches, or Devils do any such things, We all Reign together, like Lords and Kings. This not Gain, but Pleasage brings, which is a suit quit of Certainly they can near be good, whose Souls are made of Dirt and Mud, As ours are of Spirits and Blood.

I can't but laugh at the Poor Scholar, That for his Books lofes many a Dollar.

Alas,

When

Alas, poor hungry Sinner,
He knows not where to get his Dinner,
And when he is old,
He's fain to fludy in the Cold.
He was ne're made of my Mold,
If I han't my Will, I rail and foold.
He keeps neither Whore nor Mis,
But his old Bed-maker Cir.

The Gentile Scholar I admire,
He's fit to be a Lord or Squire;
He's Honest, therefore he shall rise no higher.
'Tis pity, for he has a gallant Soul.
Yet give him leave to trowl the Bowl.
But he scorns Baseness, never grutches,
If he can keep out of our Clutches.
If all were of my mind, I'de spare him,
But they are not able to bear him.

For he has more Honesty and Wit,
Than the brave Gallants could ever hit.
I know none can have a more generous Mind,
Than the true Scholar in his kind;
But how sew of these shall you find?
I don't value the Mongrel Brood,
Of smattering Scepticks, they want good Blood.
They ne're took enough of the Caballine Fountain,
Nor climb'd to the Top of Parnassus Mountain.

The States are given to understand,
That Witches deal under-hand,
And get into great Command.
But they regard not those that slit Cases,
And force their Clients with brazen Faces,
In Equity to run Ten years Races.

When they are once got into their Traces,
To their Everlasting Difgraces.

When they are once got warm in their Geer,
To the North Foreland they will carry you cleer,
And leave you under the Great Bear,
In Frost and Snow to take the Air,
And yet you must say, they deal sair:
But be sure of Witches ye have a Care,
All the danger lies there.
It makes every honest Man stare;
But if ye be wise, Come no more there.

The burnt Child dreads the Fire,

If you won't break your Neck, climb no higher.

Leap over Steeples and Spires,

And fing Anthems in the Quires,

And you shall have all your defires.

When you are far off from danger, come no nigher,
When you're all a cold, cling close to the Fire,

Save the King, and hang up the Cryer.

Never truft your Self-denyers.
Tho they be Nuns, Monks or Friars.
Have a care of Brambles and Briars,
Especially of Spirit Triars.
Sit not too long at other Folks Fires,
'Fis a Mercy we are not all Squires.

Interest, thou'rt a God to all,
Thou relievest Great and Small,
Every one comes and goes at thy Call.
Interest, thou'rt a God to me,
I am secured from Fate by thee.

Thou

Thou art that great Leviathan, That turns as quick as Cat i'th' Pan. Interest for Wealth and State, Takes Obligation for her Mate.

If Interest comes by Pains or Blood, Virtue or Friends, 'tis very good. Obligation will never fail, Continually wags his Tail: Evermore crouches and cringes, Is never clear off o'the Hinges. Looks fair upon all, and smiles, And every Mothers Son beguiles.

Obligation gets all, spends all, Keeps all, hurts all, mends all. Is, and is not of all shapes, Imitates, mocks, like Apes. Welcomes, and Curses all Visitors, Curses, and Complements the Lords Inquisitors. Dam ye Rogues, I can never be quiet, You come to consume all my Diet.

Dear Sirs, you're the last Friends I thought on, To greater Friends you hope to be brought on. Makes'um drunk, and sends'um going, And yet always undoing.

Flattery smooths and grinds, Is of Ten thousand hundred Minds.

Acts Villanies of every kind, All his work is to scatter and bind.

She ipreads and turns her hands, if you mind her, Looks before her, and behind her.

I i i

The Witches:

50 You shall never know where to find her Tho you fet her loofe, or bind hen. This is your obliging Man, That loves and hates all he can, Nunquam Idem, Wild or Tame, Is never in a right Frame.

Sometimes'tis calm and fmooth weather, (then Then blusters, as if Heav'n and Earth came toge-Be made, or marr'd, choose you whither, Your Shoes are made of running Leather. This cannot be an hone & Spirit, He more his Disobligation and Merit,
At this rate, who shall inherit? The Falfifying Art is all,
We can good or evil call. Lye and fwear upon the Stall to to to the book Hang out Religion's Sign for all

Interest for a piece of Bread, Will knock the honestest Man i'th' Head. Wherever you find good Feeding, Take it, 'tis a fign of good Breeding. But wherefoever all is poor, All is nothing but Rogue and Whore. Eat'um out of house and home, and come there no But wherever there is good store, (more, Put 'um to't, fing old Rofe, make the Welkin roar.

Interest leaves all in the lurch. Goes to Meetings, goes to Church. O thou great Witch, both cruel and kind! The Ludibrium of Mankind! From the Vatican to the Plow. We're beholden to fuch as you.

The Witches. Play fast and loose, In and In, In and Out, Cut Capers when you have the Cout. Never Truft, never Doubt, derabau to Never be weary, never give out, Run all the Points of the Compass about. Set in, and fet out, as nimble as Dogs, Keep Company with Toads and Frogs, Dance over the Mountains, and over the Bogs. Such Disobligations are base, That never dare to come Face to Face. Into all Companies ruth, Never be daunted, never blufh, And for no man care a rufh. Brazen it out floutly, fwell, look big, Fear no man, Tory nor Whig. Cry up Honesty, cry down Lies. That man that dares fay, Black's my Eyes, I'le make him Hell's Sacrifice. I'de fain fee that Son of a Whore. That dares tax me less or more. The Noble Moon, that makes no flir, 1200 list. Hath the Fate to be bankt at, by every Cur! Was there ever fuch an ugly Drab. Such a damn'd Hypocritical Scab? Have a care of a Kils and a Stab. Tust fuch another as Queen Mab. Therefore to your felf look, She'l cheat you by hook or by crook, You shall be taken in a Nook.

Either with, or without Book.

For all Palats she's a rare Cook,
Who such damn'd Falsities can brook?

We run or go, stop or stand,
We do all at your Command;
To destroy you under-hand,
Except you mean to be soundly bang'd.
When Interest has broke a Banker,
He must kiss her Hand, and thank her.
If she hath brought him to beg,
Bow your Body, make a Leg.

'Tis a Favour, you must thank her,
Sent her sweet, when she smells ranker,
Let her drink up the Tears of the Tanker.
When she smiles or frowns, you must Blink,
When she betrays, you must wink.
Call her Patroness and Benefactor,
When you are Reus or Astor.
If she make you a Cuckold, over and over,
You must most of all bribe her, hug her, and love her,
Present her with Salmon, Duck, Partridge and
Plover.

She shall cloath you fine and gay,
And she shall carry all away.
Still for her you must pray,
And wait upon her every day.
Do what she will, you must not gain-fay,
Or else you must be force to run quite away.

Thou poor Rogue, for good and all,
Must be kick'd up and down like a Tennis-Ball.
Sirrah, you must collogue with all Nations,
And imitate all Fashions;
And bear all Brunts,
And take all Affronts,

Court every Rascal and Trull,

Let 'am do with you what they wull:

Or else I'le swear y'have an empty Skull,

And deserve to be jeer'd up and down for a Gull.

Wink, ye base Obligers, stroke one another,
Call your Foe, Friend or Brother,
Each others Knaveries smother.
Hug your false Friends like Apes in your Arms,
Ravish 'um by your canting Charms,
When they do you the most harms,
And rob you of all your richest Farms.

Then laugh, Slaves, in your Sleeves,
But don't ye call 'um Rogues nor Thieves.'
That the eye ne're fees, the heart ne're grieves,
The Rogues are grown all as fat as Beeves.
They know they're all hated like Dogs,
Men long for their Deaths, as for fatted Hogs.
They'd as good be quite and clear hang'd out of the
way,
For there's no body can give'um a good word. I dare

And therefore I reckon those Verses of Hamers, As good as ever I learnt at St. Omers.
Τὸι τυγάο μὸς ὅμως ΑἰΛῶς Πύλησι,
Ὁς ἀλλο μὸς κωρω τι τόθησοι, ἀλλο Δὲ φῆσι.
I hate the Hypocrite to the Pit of Hell,
That thinks evil, and speaks well.

A Hypocrite's of diverse Natures,
He appears in different Statures.
A Hypocrite's never of one mind,
Bur is always false and kind.

A true bred Witch, rether than turn, Martyr like, will choose to burn.

When y'have done their Bus'ness they'l deny ye, Scorn ye, Plague ye, and desie ye.
You must make'um a Leg, before 'um all, When they turn you from Parlour to Hall.
And farther use you like a Widgeon, Among the Skullions in the Kitchen.
You must be chowst, you must be ridden, You must be coak'st, you must be chidden, And still do as you're bidden.
Never question Right or Wrong,
To please or prosit, that's the short and the long.

'Tis the bravest Trade that e're was driven,
To blend together Hell and Heaven.
To make your Bread with Istor Leavens,
To leave all at Sixes and Sevens.
You must be ready to come or go, speak Truth or
And on every bodies Errant slye.

(Lye,
Fools and Knaves all do so,
'Tis all for Interest you know.

You must please, and you must be crost, In a Blanket you must be Tost, You must cry, Thank ye, when all's lost. You're the Ludibrium of Nature, You change to every size and stature. In Earnest, or in Jest, Rich or Poor, what likes you best. That's the Cream of all the Jest, To be forsworn, when brought to the Test.

The Witches.

You must be contented to be rub'd,
Can'd about, and handsomly drub'd,
And when they please, to be stew'd and tub'd.
In a word, you must be content to be hang'd,
And after all be content to be damn'd.
Thank'um Rogues, against your will,
Admire, praise, and honour'um still.
But never dare to tell Dons of their Faults,
The great Commanders of the Argonauts.
When y'have most reason to hate and fear 'um,
By all means Caress and Endear 'um.
Keep a good word for a Knave, 'tis a Charm,
An honest Man shall do you no harm.

Crawl, if you can, out of your Nest,
They'l worst you, you shall ne're be at rest.
Set a Knave upon theirs, and your Crests,
Write Knave and Fool on your own Brests,
All together you'l find the Devils Nest.
'Twas for Wealth you thought to be sped,
You'l be sound a poor Rogue, when dead.

When ever you are pleas'd or crost,
Perplexed, tumbled and tost:
After all, they'l rule the Rost,
And it shall be at your own cost;
And make you glad to skip at a Pot and a Tost,
And send you to the Whipping-Post,
Even when you Caress them most.
Still, for fear, do all to please 'um,
Never trouble, or Disease 'um.
For a good Turn, Greaz 'um,
For a bad Turn, you can't Squeez 'um,

When

When y'have flatter'd all you can, or will,
You have shown the best of your skill,
You shall be a poor, or a rich Knave still.
I think of Flattery you'l have your sill,
There needs, for this bout, no more Grist to the Mill.
The rich Rogues are the bravest Undertakers,
The greatest Obligers and Interest makers,
Especially such as are Ranters and Quakers,

They have the power to command 'um, And to do all Contra-Bandum, No body dares withstand 'um. The ne're so bad, there must be no chiding, For sear, forsooth, of Disobliging. From the South to the North Riding, Without this, there's no living nor abiding. And truly, to knock the Nail o'th' Head, This it is to be well Bred.

These Hypocrites, how they look?
You may discern them without Book.
How much better are we, I'de have the World Kill a Chick, a Pig, a Child, or so. (know, But never falsisse a Vow, O no, Never hot and cold blow.
Endure all hardship, Frost and Snow, Cocks on their own Dunghills crow.

Knaves from Beggars heap up Riches, Still then there's fomething worfe than Witches. Something, they fay, has fome favour, Bind all Rogues, if you can to their good Behavour, Good Wine has always a good flavour.

While

The Witches.

While Riches last, there's your God Mammon, When lost, you may play at Back-Gammon; Then fare well Venison, Rost Beef, and Salmon.

While health and wealth last, indulge your Pleasure, When they're gone, Repent at liesure.

Mumble your Masses, and Jumble your Beads, And tumble o're one anothers Heads.

Travel in Caravans to Hell,
You know your Habitation well,
When you're all gone, I'le ring out the Bell.

I shall be right glad, when you're stow'd in hold,
Where there's nothing but Fire, Snow and Cold:
And then we Witches may be the more bold,
In the mean while, to no purpose we scold.

One thing more I had like t' have quite forgotten, For you to remember, when I am dead and rotten, Beware of eating Herrings after they be shorten. You must believe, as He shall believe, Tho you laugh privately in your Sleeve. You must resign up your Wit and Will like a Slave, For your Patron to carry to his Grave, And then you may say, there lies a stinking Knave, This at last will be your Lot, Be content, and take t'other Pot.

On both your Tombs this Epitaph shall be set, Under this Stone, as black as Jet, A Knave and a Fool are both very well met. We'l secure you for telling more Tales, Especially your Heirs Males. Especially such as are lawfully begotten, After they be dead and forgotten.

Kkk

There

There is a fad Curmudgeon Elf,
A Raker together of Worldly Pelf.
He is lately arriv'd from Delph,
Call'd Don Amarado-Hurtado-Self.
Near Cofin German, or married at belt.
To the great Witch, Lady Interest,
Who hath well feather'd her Nest.
Her Gentleman Usher, Obliger,
Constantly attends beside her;
For fear any Ill should betide her,
For none of the Company can abide her.

If a Client want any relief,
Of Money, Porridge, or Rost-Beef,
He is her Controller in Chief.
If any for Lands preser a Petition,
He answers, His Lord and Lady are in a poor conAnd he can do nothing without their Commission.
If they be never so poor or lame,
They may go away, if they can, as well as they came.

I challenge Borough-Moots and Corporations,
And all unlawful Congregations.
In all Rebellious Associations.
A few canting Tribune Makers,
Independents and Quakers.
All Factious Undertakers,
That would all be Law-Makers.
For dreyning the Ocean, Fountains and Streams,
More than the soaking Sun Beams.
Under the specious Pretences,
Of self Preservations, and self Desences.

Is not this true, that I say,
Did ye ever get the Day;
But by Money, and foul Play?
And when y'have done ye ran away.
All the Devils in Hell cou'd not make you stay,
This is true by Yea and Nay.

CANTO VI.

Of the Soul, what's the true Feature, Whether she be a Winged Creature? Masculine, Feminine Powers endite The Soul, for an Hermaphrodite; Is not this for pure Spite?

Platonick IT repopulate, the Fancy tickles, Because the Soul hath her Vehicles.

We flee from Witches, Hees and Shees,
More need for Lice, Hornets and Bees.
But of true Platonick Love,
We Witches yet cou'd ne're approve.
Vehicles are Versatil Fires,
That make strange Labyrinths and Gyres,
Tripping and skipping, like Puppets on Wires.

Planets are all Worlds, but the Moon,
Is the nearest Articolor,
Terra Etheria, Auxol nupulas, we often see,
Damons Vehicles, and none but we.
The Ape that mocks the Wit of Man,
Let him encounter a Snail if he can.
He runs, for fear the Worm should follow him,
Often looks back, lest it should swallow him.

Kkk 2 Cornelius.

Cornelius, of Padua, had the full light,
At Thessuly, of Casar and Pompey's Fight.
The Weasel that crawl'd out of the Souldiers Snout,
It was his Soul, no doubt.
Catochines, lustful in their lives,
When dead, crept to bed to their own, and other mens
Wives.

Cuntius's Ghoff made heavy Routs,
'Till Body was burnt with ragged Clouts.
The Devil of Mascon, in a Bravado,
Used Witches to Carbonado.
When they marcht in Cavalcado,
For which he deserv'd the Strapado.

Δρόμω Αχιλίως, or the Fortunate Isles,
Cælum Empyreum, appear like Wiles,
They are both distant so many Miles.

My poor Brains I shall never more vex, If Eels or Frogs have no Sex. The Pied Piper was a Roguish Clown, For losing all the poor Boys in Hammel Town. The Maid of Saxony uttered Greek, Others from between their Legs did speak, And act many a Haggish Fear.

Who are Kause xou of Cabbala's,
Tetrads and Decads, now-a-days?
These are prety Puppet-Plays.
Leliths, Sylvanus, Satyrs, Fawns,
Spirits just like Crabs, Lobsters, and Prawns.
Magdalena Crucia,
Nun, Abbess, Prophetess of Corduba.
Understood all the Worlds Transactions,
How, but by Devil's strong Compactions?

Meliorina

Meliorina funcied her self a Queen,
And her Husband a King, the like was ne're seen.
Glasses and Shells, were her Cabinet Gems,
Rich, as if descended from Princely Stems.
Tetrads, Pentads, Senads, Pythogorick Numbers,
This puts me into Melancholy slumbers,
Which my poor Brain too oft encombers.

We steal oft into Antrum Nympharum, And bring Hobgoblin Ghosts to scare 'um. We steal into the Fair Nuns Den, So the Woers cou'd not, to Itbacan Pen. How Ens Rationale Potentionale, Differs from Rationis, or Ens Reale. How many Myriads of Spirits joynt, Can sit upon a Needles Point?

Tix | α πρώτισον υπο, έμωον νυξ,

Μελανόπ | ερ Θ΄ ῷον, ῷ Ζευς.

Under the Wind, in dark som Shade,
Black winged Night her first Egg laid.

There an hidden Root doth lye,

Which is the Tetrads Mystery.

Just so does a Cock, that Venerous Blade,

Into a Milstone none can see,
Without Spectacles so far as we,
Tho of ne're so high Degree.
Witchcrast's the deepest Mystery,
Of all Arts, it best deserves a Fee.
Old Father Adam may say what he can,
Phoreneus writes the first Man.
If so, Eve, where is she,
That would the First Woman be?

Old Aristotle I'm sure you dote on,
What is his Kaboas That.
That Pseudodamon, wou'd I cou'd catch him,
I don't tear but I cou'd out match him,
Where e're I meet him, I'le have at him.
Pudica Arbor, I long to see,
The Chastity of such a Tree,
To be sure it shall ne're bear me.

When States would know good Success to come, After the beating of a Drum, We are the Finger next the Thumb. When Ambassadors are sent for Spyes, We use to prompt them many Lyes. Spains great Counsel seldom Resuse, Our cunning Stratagems to use, To learn all the Worlds News. Private Cabals and close Committees, Regulate Commonwealths and Cities.

Arcana Imperit, Publicum Jus,
There in her Majesty sits Puss.
They that come forth when the Moons at the Full,
Are Topers and Soakers of all forts of good Lull.
They are all Cuckolds, that hap to be Born'd
Unluckily, when the Moon is Horn'd.

For faying, Quies est Finis Motus,
The Philosophers will promote us.
But for faying, Primo Primum,
Pythagoras resolves to Fine'um.
With first and second Course I shan't Dine'um,
I'de rather tye their hands behind'um,
Is I knew at Dinner time when to find'um.

The Witches.

63

O brave Purchase, Repatundarum, When Bribes come, resolve to share 'um, For my part, I) cant forbear 'um. 3

The famous Dostrina Rhomborum,
Logarithms, Algebra's, carry all afore'em.
I made Great Bellizarius Beg,
How did I handle Scanderbeg?
I think I took him down a Peg,
What can't I do, Old Meg?
Watch a Hatcht Egg at the Fortieth hour,
You'l find a Heart in the Yelk, with a panting pow'r.
This was the Dostrine of the Oriens,
Corest Primum Vivens, & ultimum moriens.

What's the Cause of Scintillation?
Or of Stars dropping from their station?
What's the World's Right or Lest side,
Ebbing and flowing of the Tide?
Where is Lucifer in all his Pride?
Who got to Venus Bed side?
Whither she ever was deny'd?
If Mars stole her from her Groom Bride,
Why Cuckold Vulcan should not Ride?

3

Justices of Peace and Coram,
Look to carry all afore 'um:
But the Bayliss, if you mind 'um,
Use to carry all behind 'um,
Specially Debtors, when they find 'um.
And the Jaylor knows how to bind 'um,
And if they have Money, how to grind 'um.

The Snail is fafest in her Shell,
So is a Monk in his Cell.
Empire and Liberty were unsociable things,
'Fill Nerva and Trajan made them meet in Kings.
Would you think it a Goose Quill,
Should give Laws to Princes against their will?
To get a Kingdom, and to Hold,
Is better done by Iron, than Gold.

Colours are diverse, but mark,
They all agree in the dark.
To fair Venus sacrifice a Hog,
For soul Cerberus provide a Clog.
I can do many things in my mind,
Which I can never act in kind.
Every one frames his own Fortune and State,
But I rather think he might frame his own Wit at an easier Rate.

The Moons Beams won't ripen Plants, Learn Providence from the Ants. A Hawk can't fly, while ty'd to a Fist, 'Till the Money comes, the Lawyer is whist. In Venice and Rome, Licentiat Whores, Invite Passengers standing at their Doors. Porta Angusta, or Porta Lata, You have your choice, Ratio del Stata.

Mahomet's Tomb hangs in the Air,
The Pilgrims at Mecha stare.
Find me the Salick Law, 'gainst a Womans Domination,
And I'le find you Constantine's Donation.
Of both, I have read much of the Gloss,
But for the Text, I am at a Loss,

Mooting

Mooting Lawyers put blind Cafes. Attorneys harraffed in their Traces, Drive the Law in all its Paces. Clients to Catch-Poles carry Maces. Find me Egyptian Hieroglyphicks, And I'le find ye Indian Specificks, You're so close, I don't like your Tricks.

You come with your Lambdacisms. I come with my Cataclysms. Come all with your Hard words, I come with Strawberries, Cream and Curde. Come you with your Cheating Tables, Play the Fox in Æ fop's Fables. Play you at Chess and Back Gammon. While I eat up all the Salmon. Come you with your false Cards Fine. And I'le drink up all the Wine.

Nero, methinks, spake like an As, Utinam nescirem Literas. Dunce he would be, and ever was, Turn a decay'd Hackney to Grass. Eternity is Nunc stans, 'Tis time that practifes to Dance. Mentuz, the Month of a hundred years? Such Months wou'd turn us all out of our Fears, Live folong, till we fall together by the Ears.

Begin Demonstrations with to Oti, March on in state to your Aiori. After Priori & Pofteriori, I'le rout ye all à Fortiori. I hope, in haste, I shall hear no more on ye.

LII

Πολυξ-

Πολυζητήστως Fallacia,
It is the Witches Audacia,
Let 'um all be damn'd in Alfatia.

Æons abroad like Atoms fly,
The dwarf Daughter of Eternity.

CANTO VII.

'Methinks, Reader, I have Fits,
'And ramble, as if not well in my Wits,
'(Try, if my Gorget there right fits,)

Burn all the Pigs upon the Spits.

'Tis Midsomer Moon, but in the Month of October,

'I always used to be sober.

- And I very well remember,
- 'I loy'd Rost-meat and Wine in December.

'I was a Maid once, I can't call to mind when,

Since rockt in my Cradle, and courted by Men. Since that, my Maidenhead ran too and agen,

I was never so chaste, as Ithacan Pen.

'Ramme Boys, Damme Boys, I lack no Courting,

Come who will, I'm ready for sporting,

'I courted Men to fave 'um the trouble,

'Virginity is a meer Bubble,

It makes their Eyes that keep it look double.

When the Moon stands at a stay,
Women are ever brisk and gay.
When poor Pigmallions run away,
Fresh Hettors must come in and play.
'I remember always I have a good Will,
'But I could never have my fill,

· In

In Lust I delight, and also in Blood,
(You cannot think me very good.)
And I am constantly in a good Mood,
I love both, as I do my daily Food.

I have my choice of Men and Devils, Which makes me Mistress of the Revels.

" I give a Character of my felf.

I am betwixt a Woman and an Elf.

'Yet I can justifie my felf,

'I was never giv'n to Worldly Pelf.
Catullus and Tibullus deserve the Strapado,
For Ego te Pæditabo atque Juramado.
For crying Omnia Bene,
When they do Hesternæ occurrere Cenæ.
Dyeted Garsons, how fare ye,
While kept Semel in Anno cacare?

Thus fays the old Spanish Volpone, Neiente bestie, neiente Bugeronie. Tho he have choice of Landabrides, He hates forbidden Sexes and Degrees. To th' Italian, he counts Self a pure Saint, Of whom he justly makes complaint,

We better Principles understand, When we obey our Command. O ye learned Clerks and States, We disdain to be your Mates. We are company for Sprights, Hell, not Earth is our delights.

Would you believe how true 'tis, Senectim est Ætas Virtutis.

When the Body most decays, The Mind all goodness most obeys, So our Philosopher fays. Young Men are the worst always, Especially now-a-days.

O, faying most Erroneous, Juvenis non est Ethica Auditor Idoneus. Young men, you're naught, your naught, And most unfit then to be taught. Say you fo, Stagyrite, fay you fo, I'le not fend my Boy to your School for this, I tro. I'le come my felf, cause I am Old, It feems a young Cask no Liquor can hold. Socrates and you both play'd the Knaves, To keep old men to School, when they're going to their Graves. Is this the way to Reform a Nation,

To leave young men to debauch their Generation?

You fay too, there are no Demonstrations, But in Mathematical Operations. This Rule has cheated Learned Nations. But now, we'l have no more Patience. Always trust to a Lye, For ApodyEticks only by the Eye. When Moral Truths, who dare deny? Have more absolute Certainty. I may fay Infallibility, Because they have Eternity.

'Crown the old Hags with Bays and Roles,

'Virtue her felf in us discloses,

So fweet, if you will, you may hold your Nofes.

"Tis not fo I'm fure with us,

' For we, th'older we grow, the worfe.

And every day adds Curse to Curse,

But we never took a Purfe.

'While our younger Blood was warm,

'We never lov'd to do much harm.

Only our Beauty was our Charm,

'And we could let it out to Farm,

And it did not take much harm.

Like Novices we had then some pity,

'Which is that that spoils a City.

But now, tho not altogether fo pretty,

'Yet we're far more cunning and witty.

Others make their Fortune in time,

Gather their Rose-buds in their Prime.

But we are all old, for the most part,

Before we understand our Devilish Art.

By this time we're hardned, foftned before,

'All we did then, was to play the Whore.

But now of Malice we have great store,

'To be revenged o're and o're,

. Every way behind and before.

Still we aim at the Rich, more than the Poor,

'Tho we and our Brats are fed at their door.

'Not all fo bad, as to play both Thief and Whore,'

As if we had never done so before.

'Nor never intended to do fo no more,

For these Trades are never to be giv'n o're.

'And of all this, without any Evasion,

'Or Mental Refervation,

Or the least Equivocation.

Z We 'We do make a perfect Demonstration, 'For all Aristotles blind Protestation.

'If I had heard th'old Fool prate,

'I shou'd have giv'n him a broken Pate.

Teach him fo boldly to contradict,

This great and more transcendent Wit. What Philosophers arrive to the pitch

Of Raptures, as I that am a Witch?

Here's fo many Tag Rag Jacks flye about,
'Tis hard for us Witches to find 'um all out.
After Woing comes Wedding,
After Marriage comes Bedding.
After full view comes choosing,
After lending comes losing.
Sometimes before, fometimes behind,
Always fure bind, fure find,
Never to us Witches be kind.
Goodness ne're comes into my mind,
Weather Cocks all turn with the Wind.

All Honesty's quite laid aside, We give our selves to Blood and Pride. Pitiful Youth never begins With such stately, costly Sins, Drunkards, Swearers, Whoremongers, or so, Seem to make in the World a great show, But, alas, they truckle under us below.

A thousand Tricks I have forgotten,

Which will be thought on, when I'm dead and rotten.

'To ev'ry idle vapouring Brag,
'I hang out the Defiance Flag.

"Gainst

"Gainst Buffle-heads Tag and Rag, 'l'le fight, as long as I can wag. 'I fear no colours, nor yet no blows, 'Tho I may get a bloody Nofe: 'Tho I all bewray my Hofe, 'I keep for ev'ry one a Dose. 'My Nature prompts me ne're to yield, 'Tho I chance to lofe the Field. · Each Cacodamon for us gapes, But from um all we make Escapes, ' A company of ugly Trapes. ' Beaftly, dirty Spaterlashes, 'Take 'um and burn 'um all to Ashes. I think the Devil does me ride, " I am fo full possest with Pride, 'That I can scarcely be deny'd, ' Lucifer I can't abide. ' Away away, leave me alone, 'Tofit upon my Imperial Throne. 'I'm the Daughter of King Priam, 'There's none in Hell fo proud as I am.

Bedlams, Beldames, Heldames all, Must go and come at my Call. 'I have had so many Brats, 'As there are Iwarms of Mice and Rats. 'They have had all forts of Sires, They are all Ladies and Squires, They fit by other mens Fires. 'I begin now to be ferious,

'All my Notions are Mysterious, As e're was Nero or Tiberim.

Licentiats, Doctors, pals your Votes,

At my Lectures take Notes.

I long to go to cutting a Throats, Scullers and Oars bring your Boats.

'I must to Sea in all haste,

'The Weather's already overcast.

'I foresee Storms coming down,

'Old Neptune begins to frown.

While I am now just a thinking,

The Sailors are all a drinking,
And their Ships are all a finking

And their Ships are all a finking,
And their Breeches all a ftinking.

· Æolus the Bragadocean,

Blufters, and fcowrs the Ocean.

'To Shoar I go, at spare hours,

To overthrow the stately Towers,

And fmother Ladies in their Bowers.
Break up the Depths, set open Fountains,

Overturn the tops of Mountains.

'Shake the Earth, and rent the Sky,
'And mount up to the Gods on high.

' You shall see we are no starters,

'I'm come to beat up all your Quarters.

'Therefore for me, make room, make room,

I intend to hang out the bony Broom, I have a mind, this long Vacation,

With you to take my Recreation.

'After my tedious Restrainment,

'I look for higher Entertainment.

'Make me welcom, all ye Gods,

Or I'le fet you all at odds.

For I have power, you all know, 'To do as I have done below.

'Nay, never mope, nor mow,

'I can hit you all at a blow.

What do I make of my felf? Stand, · Be you all ready at hand,

'To obey my Command.

CANTO VIII.

The way of obliging all, must needs Obtain a good Report for false Deeds. For some will be obliged no other way. But by fuch as under them play foul Play. When by them they have gain'd their base Ends, They'l count 'um no longer Friends. They ever counted them Knaves. When they have done their work, hang'um up Slaves.

The Devil, they fay, is good, when he is pleas'd, So are Lawyers, as long as they're greas'd. . . If all be oblig'd, then the Devil at last. And to be fure then you're Cast, This is a very cunning Trick, To oblige all, is to oblige Old Nick.

The nearer Antiquity, the nearer the Truth, Rather the World was a Fool in her youth. Truth proves to be the Daughter of Time, Experience finds out every Crime. Errors have past for Truths of old, Antiquaries do not scold, Never deny when the Truth is told. Mmm

You took all before too much upon Trust, Now see with your own eyes, 'tis ne're the worst.

Is not this the furer way,
To prove all you do or fay?
From their Fathers Children gain,
And their Children come on amain.
No disparagement to first Intentions,
To find out more and better Inventions.
The older the World, the wifer it grows,
Wit comes by Experience every body knows.

Are not we Witches most of us old,
And so grow more crafty and bold?
The World grows worse, according to the Letter,
But it might as well grow better and better.
Galen was a pitiful Quack,
Paracelsus was the Nobler Jack.
Pythagoras, Aristotle, were dull Pads,
Hobs, Cartez, Gassendus were nimble Lads.
Of all which, the true Gainsayers,
Are Augurs, Sybils, and Southlayers,
Roman Fencers, and Stage-Players.

An Hypocritical Generation,
Is all Interest, and all Obligation.
All Complement, all Fashion,
All Complicate, all Subornation.
All Extortion, all Poaching,
All Devouring, all Encroaching.
All Saints, and all Imps,
Witches are ne're so starcht in the Crimps.

The Witches.

When you're most guilty, Cry Whore first,
Let the Accuser do his worst,
All these kind of Rogues are Curst.
What, Tax a Lord of Perjury?
Upon his Honour, you must dye.
Therefore be very shy,
You know well the Reason whys
Honour, Power and Riches, never sin,
They need not be held up by the Chin,'
But poor Rogues to the Gallows bring.

None but poor Sinners go to Hell,
None but rich Regues do all well.
'Tis my Greatness must defend me,
'Tis my Honour must commend me:
But my Honesty may chance to end me,
When my Money can't Befriend me.
I cannot be a rich Rogue till I die,
I need not tell you the reason, why?
Every Body's in a good mood, I dare say,
For me, live or dead, the clean contrary way.

A Prince, be he ne're so good,
He's a Tyrant, a shedder of Blood!
But a salse Court of Justice, a wrong Parliament,
Always have a good Intent:
Because they are Omnipotent.
If the People make Outcries,
If he be a King, or a Priest, he dyes,
They speak Truth, all others speak Lyes.
Lyes from the People, are ever believ'd,
So strongly, as never to be retriev'd.

Thus the World runs all upon Wheels, Took by the Tail, as we use to catch Eels. Mm m 2

They

They that hunt her, shall ne're overtake her, Yet they that use her will never forsake her. I know this to be true, Cuds, Duds, She'l leave'um at last all in the Suds. Oblige them all Mankind, Knaves and Fools you shall be sure to find. 'I ha'no more of this counterfeit Corn to grind, 'Verbum Sapienti, you know my mind. It us'd to be Verbum Sacerdotis, 'Tis as true, tho a Witch speaks, you know 'tis.

The Case is soul, you'l say, by Law, Hang it, 'tis not worth a Straw. A trusty Blade, if it be longer, Will make the Title the stronger, View it well, it is a Donger. By it I get, and keep my own, I'le quickly take my long Sword down, And recover without the long Gown.

That's counted ever the best Right,
That conquers and maintains by Might:
So, you may bid all Laws good Night,
And when you're gone, play Least in sight.
You know all this is very Tight,
No difference 'tween black and white.
If variance rise among poor Wights,
The Sword is that sets all to rights.

Madona Eloquentia Canina,
Sits in her Barge upon the Rivers Duina.
Maze, Elve, Loir, Oder, Danow, Rhine,
She's heard Bark, as far as Tyne.
The Guinnyes fly beyond Charing Crofs,
When After and Reus are both at a Loss.

| | The Witches. | 77 |
|--|---|----|
| The Lawy | to malo, to Bona Fide, yer and the Devil ride ye, what Ill betide ye. | 3 |
| Of Fair. I wonde Should o And deft Thundri Do nothi A Venus With a Si Note it, | I am fome great Queen ies, clothed all in green. r Words, Figures, and Charms, perate fuch mighty Harms, roy fo many Farms. ng Spells and brazen Faces, ng till we come to Maces. for a time may Charm, mile, but does little harm. forthwith we feel use from Gold or Steel. | } |
| Come with The Golde The way to 'Tis by a W For all you | r why I shou'd do so, on, I must, whither I will or no. n your gifts, and never fear, on Horse is the better Mare. o overcome, you know, lord and a Blow. r Tricks, for all your Plots, d is the best to cut Knots. | |
| You are bu 'Tis the Sw And conqu 'Tis to no p Clodius acc | Vapor o're your Pots, it Cowards and Sots. word that hits all the Blots, ers all upon the Spots, burpose to cast Lots. Faith we'l Feague 'um, come to Catilina Cethegum. | } |
| | | |

Forfeiture destroys all Right,
But I say, 'tis want of Might,
The Law shall sink you out of sight.
Take it for true, upon my Word,
He has the best Right, that has the best Sword.
Forseiture is a meer Ass,
We're are all mortal, Hay and Grass.
I'le make it good, what e're it was,
Your Boor was a Sow-Bass.

Tell me of Titles to House and Land, My Sword is ready at my hand. Tell me of Law, the Fool do's you ride, I have my Cutter by my side. This is Law, and this is all You can Right or Wrong call.

If to the Schools you won't yield,
I'le beat you quite out of the Field.
If you won't stoop, all the World knows,
You shall be made to stoop by Blows,
If the Sword will defend the Law,
The same Sword must keep all in Awe,
'Tis just so, in a Word,
All Strife is ended by the Sword,

If you'l have my Approbation,
The Sword's the strength of every Nation.
Therefore Princes keep your station,
Of Peace and War, you are the Foundation.
What are Subjects, for all their Words,
If they have leave to use their Swords?
Farewel to a Monarch his good skill,
Money and Arms must have their will,
They'l not spare Princes Blood to spill.

'I never knew a Witches or Madmans heart,

'Or Ideots with Rebels took part.

I speak plainly, under Correction,

I ever was for a lawful Subjection;

And fafety in a Kings Protection,

'I ever hated Rebellious Infection.

'In a Free State, Memento,

Every Rogue cries, Mio non confento;

Do their best, still 'tis Mio non contento.

'No thanks to the best Kings, or the best Parliamento,

'Hamper such Slaves at the Council of Trento.

There are in the World no fafer Charms,

'Than to be embrac'd in a Princes Arms.

Scatter your golden Mice, and fat a Cause, A lusty Bribe will baffle all Laws. Else, in vain you may plead your heart out, And lose the day, be ye never so stout. With a Silver Dagger stab a good Cause, That shall get you all Applause. Knock off quick, if y'have no money to pay, That's enough for a Body to say. But if you'l come to me to Confessions, I'le teach you a thousand better Lessons.

Princes Supreme are Legislators,
Pleaders are Interpretators,
Judges are Arbitrators,
Both are very great Translators,
And of these we are no Admirators.
So the Result is, the Law shall rest,
In the Juries or Prators Brest,
Of Right or Wrong there lies the Nest.

3

If your Cause be out of Socket,
The Remedy is, Money in your Pocket.
That's that, that fits the Docket,
The richest Jewel in the Locket.
Or if Rigor won't discharge ye,
I cannot tell how to enlarge ye.
You may have the benefit of Clergy,
That's more than Hell will award ye.

But we Witches to be fure are deluded,

From this, and all other favours excluded.

'Tho we can ne're fo well rehearfe,

We are not allowed our Neck Verfe;

But yet, we can allow them a Hearfe.

'A Dram or fo, let 'um look to'r,

'Teach 'um to deny us the Book,

When we need no Prompter to overlook.

'And which of all will prove the worfe,

'There's for them many an endless Curse.

'Some of us shall be their Nurses,

'In vain then to draw their Purses.

When they come into fuch Conditions,

Let them come out with their Prohibitions.

' We can hear no Propositions,

Nor make any Compositions.

A Hibeas Corpus shall not remove it,

' A Capias Animam will disprove it.

'A thousand ways we have to fit 'um,

'Hell confound'um, Devils split'um.

The

| The Witches. | 81 |
|--|---------|
| The greatest safety in Law lies, The greatest dangers from them rise. Tis time for all to open their Eyes, Before they be made a Sacrifice; We know where the Mischief lies. | 3 |
| For a base Rascal's Lust, In no Mortal put your Trust. We never into Purses dive, Either to kill or save alive. And your Posterity shall never thrive, Smother all the Wasps i'th' Hive, So we our Vengeance contrive. | } |
| Now a days 'tis all the Note, Young men are wife, and Old men dote. Experience is nothing now, Old men want strength to hold the Plow. At the Stern they cannot stand, Young Wits are fittest for Command, They can do nothing, that most understand. So the World thrives backward underhand, This puts all Learning to a stand. | 3 |
| Judges, you know, damn all Commissions, Lords answer no Petitions. Make 'um for green Heads and hot Spurs, Not for Sages clad in Furs. Parents must not be Lords or Masters, The youngest Doctors cure all Disasters. Old Counsellers are past their Prime, Take young Dupondias at half her Time. Old Lyta, you may burn your Books, Give place to young Rooks, You shall know them by their Looks. | Songrel |

Mongrel Philosophers be gone,
I'le have a fling at you e're long.
Pety Foggers, Fidlers, Rhimers,
Ye are no better than Chimers.
We value not your Power or State,
Give us the Devil and his Mate,
Poet and Orator go prate.
To work Hags, never stand still,
Bring us more Grists to our Mill,
We resolve to have our will.

The Watry Nymphs Primordia, Are the Universe Precordia, These are accounted Genital, Virgins them you may not call, For they're deflowr'd, as we are all. The Nine Muses are no better, By Apollo, that true Bone-setter.

Rationes Seminales,
Nunquam adduc invent Tales.
Spermatick Forms, or Archei,
Area kind of Semi-Dei.
Magnetick Particles are hurl'd,
By the Spirit of Nature and Soul of the World,
Vital Congruity, Plastick Parts,
Puzle Philosophick Arts.

Our Spells are nothing so perplext, But Mortals have much more vext, We preach much upon that Text. Old men, time and blind open their Lids, Caper with their legs, like Lambs or Kids.

When

When by a Taratantula Bit, They arrive to more strength and Wit, This is the Nail on the head to Hit. Senertus a-la-mode de France: Calls this St. Vitw his Dance.

An Iron Trevet on the Shelf, (Delph. Gives as good Oracles, as the golden Tripos at Satyricus, Umbilicus Veneris, Provoke to luft, utriufque Generis. Yet the Rogue Wierw, Is not afraid to Jeer us. Wallnuts bear the Signature of the Head, ('Tis time for me to go to Bed.) The green Cortex answers the Pericrane. The Kernel resembles the Brain. The Salt of both cures the Head Pain. Ye need never offer to open a Vein.

Augustus Herod prospered in Wars and Peace. At home could find but little Eafe. Murd'ring Children, killing Wives, Were forc't to lend Cuckolds Lives. Quintilius Varro, and his Legions, I remember well, In Germany we're fain to lead Apes in Hell. ink as. Fundiers. Dardie Reports.

Sattenberg, Reliques A.

CANTO IX.

A Pseudo-Demon haunts the Town.
Beats poor Folk, and throws 'um down;
Wou'd I could light on this cheating Lown,
Wou'd I cou'd find this unlucky Sot,
I'de chop him as small as Herbs to the Pot.
I'de hang him, and rost him like a Dog,
Or smoak him for a Bacon Hog,

Alfo, there's a Cant of Bitches,
That pass for counterfeit Witches.
Gypsies all, and Ballad Sellers,
Juglers, Smuglers, Fortune-Tellers,
Palmestry and Lottery Spellers.
Spirits, Sharks, and Kidnappers,
And such like nimble Snipper-Snappers,
Of Girls and Boys, Dye-Dappers,
Men and Women Entrappers.

Cutpurfes, all forts of Trepanners, Without all Honesty, Wit or Manners. Stargazers, Pedlars, Interlopers, Tinkers, Tumblers, Dancing Ropers, Rat-catchers, Relique-Mongers, Bully-Rocks, Hectorean Dongers. Figure Flingers Circulators, Almanack Prognosticators. Nativity Calculators, Fantastick, Enthustastick Quakers.

Canting, Pretending Bewitchers,
For Beer and Porridge carry Pitchers.
They cram good Lug into their Laps,
Rake Dreffers for Marrow-Bones and Scraps,
With large hanging down Paps.
Indeed, I'le have you by the Lugs,
For felling, frothing unconscionable Jugs,
To feast your hungry Imps and Pugs.

Charwomen, Whores, the House command, Filching all that comes to hand. Sharking Drabs, Kennel Rakers, Ingrossers, Forestallers, Impropriators, Intignificant Falsificators.
Counterfeit Rings and Jewels shining, Gold Lace, Money clipping and coyning, Ends of Gold and Silver purloyning, All kind of Honesty resigning, And all Roguery refining.
Cutpurses live by their Fingers, Hobby Horses, and Ballad Singers.

Fencers, Pipers, Horoscopers,
Poachers, Broom-men, Kentstreet-Brokers.
Tom a Bedlams, Jack a Dandies,
Jack Puddings, Mountebanks, Merry Andres.
Of all Trades, Jacks and Jills,
That serve with, or against their wills.
Madam Nurses, Madam Washers,
Madam Dressers, Cutters and Slashers.

All forts of Wet and Dry Nurses, Ladies, look to your Purses. Quarter Waiters, Quarter Rockers, Chymists, Contectionary Dockers.

Madams

Madams Gossips, Madams Tirers, Madams what you will Requirers, Madams unseasonable Desirers. Madams Skullions and Wash-dishes, Madams Kings and Queens Fishers, And all forts of Court Well-wishers.

A Ribble Rabble of old Jades,
That trade in Wenches for young Blades,
And Misses for old Cuckolades.
Stillers of Puppydog-Waters,
Black Patches and Beauty Spot makers.
Washes, Paintings, Cordial Drops,
Essences, and Elixars for Fops.
Proctors, Undertakers, Projectors,
Bumbayliss, Excise Collectors.

Horseleeches, Quacks, Farriers,
News, Gazets, and Letter Carriers.
Scurvy-Grass, Simplers, Drugsters,
Monopolizers, Hucksters.
Gamesters, Deer-stealers, Pickeroons.
Tripo's, Jesters and Bussions,
Thievish Hossers and Grooms.
Catamits, Bardashes, Orphean Boys,
Lustsul Trinkets and Toys.

Amulets, Pictures, Pilgrims Ware,
To be fold at every Fare.
Beads, Roses, Swords, Banners, Rings,
Puppets, Bells, Consecrated Things.
Conjuring Præstigiators,
Legerdemain Operators.

Jack in a Lanthorn, Whipping Tom,
Will of the Wisp, and Tom Thumb.

Women Dancers, Puppet Players, At Bartholomew and Sturbridge Fairs. Or, if you light among the Furies, They shall be Ignoramus Juries, Take in rank Casuists and Schoolmen, Resolving Cases to besool men. Pox-Curators and Red Noses, Cooks and Caterers for Quelque Choses. Secret Mysteries Disclosers, Of other mens Estates disposers.

Affurancers, Projectors, State Engagers,
Dy-Coggers, Betters and Wagers.
Fallacious Sophifticators,
Abominable Adulterators.
Pragmatical Agitators,
Bufie-body Innovators.
Journy-men Hacknies, and Tale-Bearers.
Curfers, Blasphemers, Dammers and Swearers,
Ranting-Rory-Tory-Ground-Tearers.

Counterfeits of Bonds and Indentures, Sellers of Publick Faith and Debentur's, To Knaves and Fools at all a ventures. Prophets, Contingencies Revealers, Men and Women and Horse-Stealers. Parasites, Poor Robins, Carvers, Strangers, Orphans and Widow-Starvers.

Pardon, Reader, this long digression;

To fhew th' Abuse of my Profession.

By them that ne're had true Poffession,

^{&#}x27;Nor were never brought to Confession.

Pocr, pitiful Pretenders, Scrape-Trenchers and Table Tenders, All miserable Offenders.

Inconsiderable Rascalado's,
That strut, and make great Bravado's,
Lye perdue in Ambuscado's,
Go a begging in Masquerado's.
Illiterate Rogues and Whores,
Creep under the Stairs and behind the Doors.
Sollicitors in Camp and Court,
Off'ring at Bus'ness of Import,
Do mischief and make sport.

At filent Meetings Witches are Spies, For smirking Girls with rowling Eyes. To pick up young, fresh dainty Lasses, Tender and brittle as Venice Glasses, Send 'um about with Tickets and Passes. We do for our Gallants many a Job, Hungry, and ready the Spittle to rob. And truly we give them many a bob, And make the poor Fools cry and sob.

They shall play them mad Pranks,
'Till they crimple in the Shanks.
Here they stand in Rank and File,
She's yours, to whom you lend a Smile.
She shall come to your Relief,
To whom you give a Handkerchief.
O Dear Sir, you're the sweetest Man,
I'le do you Service the best I can,
But shew your self a Gentleman.

The Witches

Bedlam, Newgate, Bridewel Brats,
Swear and tear like Dogs and Cats.
See how these Varlets fly all in Sholes,
For sear into their Skulking Holes.
See how they watch and play Bo-peep,
At fast and loose, at hold and keep,
I'le shortly lull the Rogues asseep.

CANTO X

There's a rich Curmudgeon, lies privately lurking In a Hole, for fear of a Satyrical Jerking.

My Satyr has took a Scent, by good hap,
And rowzes him up with a gentle Slap.

He'l not part with a Penny, at any Rate,
To ease the charge of Church or State,
This Man's an Enemy to Fate.

That rakes all for his own Flesh and Blood,
And gives nothing to the Common Good.

If I had my wishes, this Miser's Seed,
Should be all a Bastard breed.
I'de set all the Whoremasters a work,
To make him a Cuckold and a slave to the Turk,
Or the Grand Signior, should send him a black Box,
To strangle, or out his Throat like an Ox.
And seize upon all, by Law, not stealth,
Because he would do no good to the Commonwealth.

A Rogue with a Vengeance, every body knows, That deferves nothing but Bangs and Blows.

He sits under Hatches, down in the Hold, Hovering o're his Bags of Gold.

Wak't

Wak't out of his steep with the noise of the Guns, To the Deck, for fear, in all haste he runs. As if it were at the coming of the Huns. There he rubs his Eyes, half waken, Asks, Do we take, or are we taken? But puts no hand to Steerage or Tacklin, Capston, Sails, Maintop or Jackline. When Boatswain cries, All hands to the Pump, He sits still upon his rotten Rump.

Every honest Saylor could afford,
To heave such a Whoreson over-board.
In a Vessel that will have no Command,
Nor offer to put the least helping hand.
Tis all one, let the Commons sink or swim,
So it be well enough with him.
He neither Cures, nor Preaches, nor Pleads,
Nor Philosophy, nor History, nor Law reads,
Nor much regards to use his Beads.
Nor troubles himself to obey or controll,
As if, indeed, he had no Soul.

A Hog in a Sty, a Lion in his Den,
Both Devourers of Beats and Men.
When gone, no body wishes him here agen,
So are they, that are fitter for Beats than Men.
'Tis a lamentable thing, to have Meat, Drink, and
Clothing.

Plenty of all things, and be good for nothing.
Others study, Plead, Preach, Heal, and Fight.
Trade and work for others Proficand Delight.
Do themselves and others all good and right.
And this Drone, all the while, plays least in sight.

Harring o're his Bags of Gold.

He must be a burden to the ground, In whom no publick Love is found. He that deserves no good Name, live nor dead, We may well take the Beetle and knock him i'th' Head.

If he were but left to brave Sea-Boys, His business would quickly be done, without noise. That has neither parts of Body or Mind, A great Estate, and to Nothing kind.

If it were to be hang'd, let him go,
If it were to be damn'd, no body will fay No.
Him that no body can endure,
No body will oblige be fure.
So he lives in the World neglected,
Neither protecting, nor deferves to be protected,
Of all men hated and suspected,
And by all the World rejected.

He pleases himself, like a Sow in the Mud,
No body can love him, bad nor good.
He's not worthy of his daily Food,
That is of such a Selfish Mood.
His Name and his Carkass alike shall rot,
And be evermore forgot.
Nay more, he lives and dyes with Curses,
For robbing Orphans, Strangers, and Widows Purses.
Robbin the Devil's a better good Fellow,
Than a dry Sullen Cur, that will never be Mellow.

There's another Busie-body, Dandiprat-Devil.
Runs about, Fawns upon all Companies, good and evil.

Infinuates into every mans Humors, Fetches and carries all Tales and Rumors, One of Mercury and Ganymed's Gang,
As fit as ever they were to hang,
Hebe and Cupid were of the same Tribes,
Of Lacquays and Pages, that live upon Bribes.

To set Lords and Ladies at strife,
As far as to part Friends, tho Man and Wise,
No body can lead a quiet life.

Ulysses and Sinon were damnable Lyars,
As good as e're were Spirit Tryars,
Or the old Saint Self-Denyars.
Look to your Tongues then, more than your Purses,
Have a care of Tale-bearing Doegna-Nurses,
That do more hurt by Lyes, than Witches by
Curses.

The Trojan Horse was not stufft with more Spikes and Nails,
Than an old Doegna with Lyes and Tales.
They carry Fire-brands in their Clags,
The Instrument that ever wags,
Bemoans and Howls, and makes great Brags.
Families, Cities and Kingdoms slame,
By the tip of a Tongue in the Devils Name.
Stufft with Lyes, and false Oaths of all sizes,
Enough to surnish a whole Assizes.

For Favour and Gain, he hath a plaguy Itch,
To wipe every mans Tail, and kils every mans
Britch,
What think ye, is he not worfe than a Witch?
He must be found out, and perfectly hated,
And from all honest men quite separated.
None but a Fool and a Knave is able to bear him,
The Boys in the Streets will be ready to tear him.

He

He has infected all that come near him, The Coblers and Tinkers fall to Jeer him. Every one shall be Rogue, and be Jack him, When they find there is no body to back him.

These, I suppose, are most obscure men,
But what think ye of the Suitors of Illustrious Pen?
That eat up the Estate, whor'd the Waiting Maids,
Hang'd up by their Master Ulysses, for Jades.
What was Mercury, but a Lyar and a Thies?
And Simon the Greek but a Traytor in chies?
Who, like Cupid the blind Boy,
Wrought by his Lyes the Destruction of Troy?

Catamites, Hebe and Ganymede,
Were Parasites of a baser Breed,
Yet their Lords and Ladies could make use of them
for a need.
Take heed of these losty dangerous Sirs,
Those Setting-Dogs and Blood hound Curs,
Those Foxes that devour in counterfeit Furs.
Hyena's, Crocodiles, Allegators,
Sharks, Polypragmans, Agitators.
Vertumnus, Changling Translators,
Intolerable Make-bates, everlasting Praters.

Keep all such Rogues and Whores,
From ever coming within your doors,
Or treading on your Closet Floors.
Tis they will make your Bed and Table a Snare,
Bring you to shame, want, and care.
They are shameless, disguised Mummers,
Trepanners of all in and out Comers.
They sound Trumpets, Fises, and Drums,
Beat up your Quarters, and lick up your Crums:
Awa

Away.

Away with these Rascals to the Pit of Hell, Without them the World would do all so well. Send 'um all full and fasting, Into Torments everlasting.

These are your Jugling Lads and Lasses,
That taste in all your Pots and Glasses,
These drop Poyson into your Cup,
Which they and their Imps must drink all up.
Wise mens Wits are not decay'd,
But Fools and Asses will be betray'd.
But if ye have Spirits rough and enough,
You shall shake them off, be they ne're so tough,
And turn them going, with a Kick and a Puss.

A Crotchet comes newly into my Crown, Concerning the Bumkin Country-Clown. The Shop's a cheat, the Court's a Charmer, But no Knave's like to the Country Farmer. His Landlord and his Parlon he rides, Spite of their Wealth and Wit besides, His blundering clung Pate plods, To undo both, or set them at odds.

No Reason or Religion can perswade,
To drive him from his sharking Trade.
He is of such tough devilish Mettal made,
Mettal to th' back, a Bilbao Blade.
But all won't do, he never thrives,
Tho he bury ne're so many Wives.
The Plow is an honest Calling.
But cannot keep the Knave from falling.

He that deals in Grass and Hay, For Debt is ready to run away, The Butcher for him is too cunning,
Cheats him, for all his Dunning.
The Grafiers and Plow-Joggers,
Are both turn'd, Jockies, and Petyfoggers.
They'l be too crafty, if they can,
For the Priest, and the Gentleman.

But the rugged rough-hewn Swain,
Is the greater Rogue o'th' twain,
He'l fell his Soul to the Devil for Gain.
He'l fhave his Landlords Woods and Groves,
Cut down all the Trees in his Hedge Rows.
Poach his Game, by Water and Land,
Venison is at his command.

Without and beyond all Reason,
Drives the fattest Land out of Season.
Leaves all barren and bare,
To starve a Cony, or a Hare.
Ruines his Houses, Orchards and Gardens,
Leaves his Children to the Churchwardens.
Curses and damns all his Betters,
Till the Jaylor keeps him in Fetters.

Just now another Whimsy comes into my head,
Not the first time I've been found with a Lord in
Bed.

'In those days I was wo'd and courted,

By as many Blades, as to Penelope reforted.

Only I entertain'd all, and bid um stay,
But she, like a Fool, fent um all away.

Thais and Lais, and Hellen I scorn'd, And Venue, by whom Vulcan was Horn'd.

oi!

Cies

Cleopatra had the Fame,

Of a most delicate, charming Dame.

But if I had come in Mark Anthony's way,
I wou'd have made him more mad, I dare fay,

'For I shou'd have giv'd him fairer Play.

In those days, when I was brisk and gay,

My Beauty and Wit would Cafar betray.

But I have studied hard, since then,
And not lest to keep company with Men.

And have traverst the World too and agen,

' And got more Experience, than Ulyffes's ten.

" Mark Antony did hamefully dote,

'Upon a rank Tawny she Goat,
'Still I gave my mind to study,

And held out bravely, both comly and ruddy.

I have got and bred up many a Hag,

And will, as long as I can wag,

And for this, I have great cause to brag.

By long Travel through Sea and Land,

'I gain to practife by Hand.

'And thereby it hath been my Lot,

To fend thousands to the Pot.

Better than Power, Honour, or Money.

'To Learning this hath me invited,

By which this Satyr is endited.

At which Honest men must be delighted,

But Rogues and Rascals may be frighted,

For which by them I shall be spighted.

'My bufiness is, Baseness to reveal,

' Not to teach men to kill or fleal.

The Witches.

In their Colours I have pourtray'd,
Baseness, e're since I was a Maid.
I've many Brats, as bad as my self,
But, like me, none are giv'n to Pels.
The Hollander I do bewitch,
The Jew is troubled with the Itch.
What do the French and Spaniards all?
The Italian's always wagging his Tail,
The German loves a Pot of Ale.
'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives sad Souls,
The Scholar loves the Cheering Bowls.

CANTO XI.

You'l say there's neither good nor bad,
Then Stoick be neither merry nor sad,
There is no Judgment to be had.
Of any thing, therefore by the same intent,
There's no Reward nor Punishment,
There's no need of Parliaments.
All is frolick, all is free,
You may be all as bold as we.

All is fecure, all is well,
There's no Heaven nor Hell.
There's no Lawgiver, no Command,
No body can understand.
There is neither Wind nor Water,
Hot or Cold, no such matter,
Nothing need to be lookt after.

'Tis the most damnable Proposition, That e're deserv'd a Prohibition.

Ppp

The

The Law of all things is most crost,
All Labour, all Reward is lost.
There should be no hanging nor burning by right,
If Vertue and Vice be extinguish'd quite.
I have no more Will than a Horse or a Cow,
I have no more Wit than a Dog or a Sow.
Nor so much neither, for they may be taught,
In their kind, what is good or naught.

By this there's neither Poverty nor Riches,
By the fame Reason there's no Witches.
There is neither Black nor White,
There is neither Day nor Night,
Nothing is in, or out of fight,
No pain, nor no delight,
No love, nor no despight.
No wrong, nor right,
Sense and Reason, Good Night!

Then there can be no Accusing,
No Choosing, nor no refusing.
You can neither sleep nor wake,
You can neither give nor take.
Nor you cannot merry make,
But you may your Wit forsake.
When there's no forrow nor laughter,
How can good or bad luck go afore or after?
Take no care for Son or Daughter.

You can wrong none, nor none can wrong you,

'Tis a fine World to live in, if we knew how.

A short life and a pleasant,
There can be no Damage Feasant.

Burn your Books, there's no need of Reading,
Cut out your Tongues, there's no cause of Pleading.

Who'l

Who'l endure to the Terms to trudge? What Fools are we to suffer a Judge?

You can neither live nor dye,
Tell me the reason why?
I can neither affirm nor deny,
I am neither True man, nor Spy.
There is neither Fool nor Wise,
Reality, nor False disguise.
Never sear Truth nor Lyes,
You shall be troubled with no Flies.
You have no Friends nor Enemies,
You may go in any Disguise.

There is neither Toad nor Frog,
At this rate, neither Hog nor Dog.
Nothing's finisht, nothing's began,
Nothing's either Horse or Man.
The World is utterly undone,
All things sly to consusion,
And there will be no conclusion.
There is neither East nor West,
Neither Labour nor Rest:
But every thing what likes you best,
And the Devil take all the rest.

Find me out the *Phænix* Neft,
In fober Sadness, or in Jest.
You can neither fast nor feast,
You are neither Man nor Beast.
There is neither Sense nor Reason,
Neither Felony, nor Treason,
Nothing is in, or out of Season.
There's no fair, nor foul Pretences,
No body Master, nor Doctor commences.

Ppp 2

3

There is neither Dog nor Bitch,
Spirit, Hobgoblin or Witch.
There is neither Scab nor Itch,
Who dug the Devils Ditch?
Nothing's false, nothing's true,
Need never give the Devil his due.
Nothing's lost, nothing's found,
Nothing's above or under ground.

There is neither Plant nor Tree, Down goes all Philosophy. And the Devil take all for me, We're never likely to agree. This most damnable Position, Damns the Spanish Inquisition.

Nothing's foul, nor nothing's clean, No body knows what you mean. Joan licks up the Platter clean, Let her go, she's a nasty Quean. Any thing you may do or say, Either stop, or run away, Need neither preach nor pray. Neither Nakedness, nor Clothing, All are Shadows, all or Nothing.

We nothing see, nor nothing know, All things are above or below. Or where they can themselves bestow, They go neither too sast, nor to slow. All is bak'd, or all is dough, I feel no pain upon a blow, It is neither Frost nor Snow. All are Spectrums, all are Fictions, No Harmony nor Contradictions.

Exta-

| The Witches: | | 101 |
|---|------|-------|
| Extatick, empty Chimera's, | 1 18 |) |
| Neither go from us, nor come near us, | - | 1 1 S |
| They neither fright nor fear us. | | |
| There needs no Trade, nor Occupation, | | 1 |
| Nor Business with any Nation. | | |
| None need keep or forgo his station, | | 7 |
| It was never feen in this fashion, | | > |
| (If there were any fince the Creation.) | | 2 |
| | | |

7: 777. 7:

'Tis neither out Nettle, nor in Dock,
Put on neither Shirt nor Smock.
Neither wear Gown nor Frock,
Keep neither Hen nor Cock,
Not so much as ask me, what's a Clock?
Nothing has a Wit at will.
Because nothing can save or kill.
No going down, nor up Hill,
Eat all the Meat, and let all the Drink spill.

If all things be common, then nothing's my own, Wherefore is the Sword then, or the Gown? 'Tis very strange News that's come to Town, It won't fink into my empty Crown.

Nothing can empty or fill,
Nothing can run over or spill;
Bring me, I say't, no Tailor's Bill,
Do nothing with, or against your Will,
Commit nothing to Trust,
Try to undo me, and do your worst,
I shall be neither blest nor curst;
Nothing can decay or last,
Nothing's present, to come or past;
All have their Doom, from first to last.

Nothing is in, or out of Date, All things are nothing, at this rate, I can't possibly an Ace abate, I can neither laugh nor cry, At this pass, I can neither live nor dye, Slaves tell me the Reason why? Or else I will you all defie.

Ye make me mad, and yet not wild,
I'm neither without, or with Child.
I neither conquer, nor am I foyl'd,
But of all my feven fenses I'm beguil'd.
I'm as very an As as ever Bray'd,
To believe all that's done or faid,
I may as well fay, I was never a Maid.

I have neither Spouse nor Bride,
Nor nothing in the 'versal World beside.
I can neither commend nor chide,
I can neither appear nor hide.
'Tis neither Ebb water, nor high Tide,
I can searce my self abide.
Get, if you can, on the Honestest side,
And stay there, 'till I come to call you aside.

You that take upon ye to be all Kings,
I tell you, I know better things.
Come hang't, I'le put my felf out of the base fit,
To strive with them that have neither Honesty nor
Wit.

I'le crowd through the foolish Throng, And sing over again my old Song.

"Mongst all those precious Juices, That are provided for mens uses,

'The

'The principal of all is Sack,

Metheglin, Usquebaugh, Pontack.

At Revels flands Heidelberg's Tub,

Fiends in a Circle sit down at their Club.

'The Slaves fing Dub-a-Dub,

I wish some body wou'd give 'um a Rub.

They fit at it close soaking,
Roaring, Yelling and croaking.
'Tis a damnable provoking,
Damming, Ramming, and Toping,
In the Suds vomiting and choaking.
Old ghastly Hags cling by their side,
Each Imp has his ugly Bride.
Every one has his Jade to ride,
Such ugly Tricks I can't abide.

Witches crow'd among the Fray,
Turning Night into Day,
Nothing the while but cheat and play,
All Civility is run away,
Roaring Boys from hence took Pattern,
Every Gull with his Slattern.
Every Jack with his Jill,
All's Grift that comes to Mill.
Every Rascal takes his fill,
Every Varlet has his Will.

All our Gallants, Lords and Sages, Attended bravely with their Pages, According to their States and Sages. 'Till every one is paid his Wages, This is that my Heart enrages.

3

Witches, like Antipodes, walk on their Heads, Sleeping they lye cross on their Beds. Take in behind, let out before, They have all a cross Boar; Thus we make the Welkin roar. Witches backward have said their Prayers, Witches upward go down Stairs. They tune and sing all kind of Airs, Play all Tricks in Markets and Fairs.

Witches, by Flattery and Lyes, Creep into Noble Families. Do more mischief, as Scouts and Spyes, Than all their deadliest Enemies. When the look out sharp, they Wink, They write without Pen and Ink.

When they're cut off close by the Stumps, They use to dance without Pumps. Play at Cross Ruff without Trumps, Cut Capers, and fall flat on their Rumps. By this they get their meat and drink, Make the Tanker and Cannikin clink, By this I feel my Pocket chink. Now I've told you all, I think, I must hasten to be gone before I stink,

Hypocrite Nimiùm Garru, nimiùm Rides, Linguæ & Fronti nulla Fides.

It tyres me fadly to rehearse,
Steddy Matter, in capering Verse.
Both ways unpleasant, Vice to oppose, In fly ing Meeter, or creeping Prose.
Tis hard holding the Devil by the Nose, Besides, he will seldom bear Blows. To deal with Athersts, that are mad,
That deny Good or Bad.
What Mortals or Damons are able?
That count all things but a Fable.
'Bring me my Mare out of the Stable,
'I'le sit no longer at the Council Table.
'When all things gothus at random,
'Contrà negantes Principia, non est Disputandam.

'I do confels I've lost my Wits,
'Th'have put me into Convulsion Fits.
'I must needs say, I've lost my labour,
'When there's neither good, nor bad Behavour.
'Tis better to play upon Tabor and Drum,
'To sing Ballads, or cry, Come Pudding, Come,
'Tell a Tale of Robbin Hood or Tom Thumb.
'My Satyr's skill and labour's lost,
'There are no Vices to be crost.

This has made me Rhime fo fadly,
This causes me to Versifie so madly,
I'de better sing, O brave Arthur of Bradly.
Any thing rather than be serious,
When Scepticks and Stoicks are so Imperious.

As to call all things in question,
Of any thing there can be no digestion.
Then I'le set me down, and take no pains,
And condemn all my idle Strains.
For at this rate, no body shall lose or get gains.

'It feems my Wits do me beguile,
'I have fought with the Air all this while.
'I'le no more a hunting go,
'There's nought to be took by Spear or Bow.

There's nought to be took by Spear or Bow.

Qqq

| But must I my Witching Trade forge | my Witching Trade forgo | ade forgo | Witching T | my V | I | 6 But must |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------|------------|------|---|------------|
|------------------------------------|-------------------------|-----------|------------|------|---|------------|

'You don't hear me yet fay fo.

'I must have a bout with these All-Denyars,
'By making them seel my Racks and Fires.

5 William had Barrana have shall de-

'When these Rogues once have their due,
'They may confess something to be true,

'Til then I bid'um all Adieu.

· I've been all this while at Fools Fare,

'I have fought with Shadows, and beat the Air,
'I'le take a Nap, after it, Boy, fetch me my Chair.

"I must confess, in this wild Canto,

I have been too much upon the Ranto:

And have faid more than I can stand to.

'For lack of a good Warranto.

'Yet good enough may be Womens Reasons,

'Gainst those that deny Felonies or Treasons,

So all things may be good in their Seasons,
But I no more of this Subject will sing,

'I'le play upon a better string,

And fing to please Old Simon the King.

CANTO

CANTO XII.

If Prerogatives be measur'd by the Plough, Liberties by the Scepter, we shall have Priviledges enough.

When the King and Subjects meet,
The Scepter shall the Spade greet,
But not justle for the Wall in the Street.
Trust a brave Princes Word.
More than the Pummel of Scanderbeg's Sword.

How's this? Malum est Posse malum?

Fetch a Cup of Alum Stalum,
The Schoolmens Wits use to fail 'uma
An Old man shall ne're be an Ass,
So long as Non senescit Veritas.

The King ne're dies, that's Reason, The Crown extinguishes Treason. Nullum Tempus occurrit Regi, Omne malum contrarium Legi.

Who prompted the dull Monk with the Epithite Venerabile,

Of Bede's Epitaph, or who made first Aqua Mira-

I was cut out for a Witch ab Incunabilis,
I was not born to rake Dung in Stabulis.
'Twas I that taught Bertholdus Swart,
The Invention of Gunners Art.
For which all Souldiers should take my part,
It was by letting of a Rowzing Fart.
It made the Coward Scholar start,
When his Lamp was out, it frighted him to the
Heart.

Qqq2
'Tis

'Tis usual with great Wits,
When they sall into Melancholy Fits,
Or don't look well to their Hits.
'I think these were gamesom Tricks,
'I use to steal Wood and gather Sticks.
'(Oh, I am troubled with the Stitch,
'Alas, I cannot hold my Britch.)
The Witches among Saxons and Huns,
Taught this Devilish Invention of Guns.
The Noise frighted all the Nuns,
Put the poor Ladies to the Runs.
The Fryars in a Gambol-Freak,
Put them sally to the Squeak.

The Chineses had the knack,
Of Printing; (the virtue of a Cup of good Sack,)
Fir'd the Bush at the Man oth' Moons back,)
I set the Tartars upon their backs,
To put the Slaves upon the Racks,
Before ever they could make up their Packs.
They drowned them in the Sea in Sacks,
A Company of Envious Jacks.

They kept all their Arts closely Fur'ld,
From all the Learn'd People of the World.
The fiery Tartars make um all stink,
And now they complain in Pen and Ink,
To solve their Spirits they shan't want drink.
And now with us they are glad to Trade and Barter,
That before kept their Monopoly Charter.

No Body, forfooth, might break up their Quarters, As very Rogues as ever wore Garters. We taught them at the long run to carry Coals, That till then, had lain hid in their skulking Holes.

To

The Witches.

109

To shew 'tis not fit for any Nation, To resuse Commerce after that fashion; A proud, unmannerly Generation. 2

After all this, pray and fay what you wull, A Man-Witch has an empty thick Skull. I found 'um always most damnable dull, All their delights are in good Lull, To tell Tales of a Cock and a Bull, So does every drunken Gull. Women Witches tell Gossipping Stories, The high flown Blades are Tory-Rories.

An old Ape hath an old Eye,

I think y'have drawn me pretty dry.

If 'twere not for my Witching Trade,'

I should be as honest as e're I was, when I was a Maid.

You may perceive I take great care, When I no kind of Baseness spare, And Above-board you see I play fair.

3

Therefore let Kings have a care,
I hope I shall deserve the Chair.
For I know more than Apollo,
In the Streets after us all the Boys Hollow.
I put fair for a Princes in this Case,
I value not the World's Disgrace,
Because I have a brazen Face.
So many such Sots don't daunt me,
I'le make my Party good, let 'um all haunt me.

3

Diogenes gave his dull Hearers a Rub, By Waking 'um to hear a Tale of a Tub.

The:

The rare Lutenist is slighted for his pains,
The scraping Fidler gets Credit and Gains.
O dull Ears, O dull Understanding,
No Judgment the Will commanding,
Stand off, Heard among the Rout,
I scorn ye, for Scholars, worse than come out.

What are ye, but Arts Superficial Scummers,
No Scholars, but Learning's Ludibrious Mummers,
No Sculdiers, but Arm's Terriferous Drummers?
Good young Wits, but fad lazy Drones,
If my Pupils, I'de ha'ye by the Bones.
To make ye study, I would try,
Or else, I'de know a Reason why,
Blockheads disgrace the University.

'Tis the base Pot and Pipe,
Makes 'um Rotten before they're Ripe.
Or leave Apollo and the chaste Muses,
Tochuse Friars and Nuns Rectuses.
These Nurseries Dunces abuse,
For which, my Dames their Cells resuse.

A Rusticate Parson in Habit and Mind,
Is a Scorn to the Learned kind.
He can Thresh, and for a need serve the Hogs,
But his chiefest delight is to follow the Dogs.
Harpen and Tarpen, and Teardog and Marten,
Thy Dog and my Dog, there's the Game for certain.
De Vau, de Vau, So ho, So ho,
O're the Hills, o're the Dales, they go, they go.
Plays ye at Trap-Ball, Cudgels and Leap-Frog,
Now and then kills a Calf or a Hog.

'Tis impossible, but this Amphibious Wight, With Learned Men should play least in sight. Fitter in a blind Ale-House for a Game at Chess, Or All Fours with Tinkers, than a Scholar's Mess. These Partiperpale Mongrel-Shab-Scholars, Smatterers, Scepticks, have too many Followers. For Divinity, he falls aboard of Dod and Clever, For Logick, Jack Seaton gives him a Lever.

He dares look Bellarmine in the Face, And answer him in the hardest Case. Solus cum Sola, Nudus cum Nuda, says the Learned Glosser,

Nunquam præsumuntur dicere, Pater Noster.
'Twas a wise Negative Answer in cutting a Twine,
'Tis dangerous to Define.

He's an Oracle among the Petty-Foggers,
Hedgers, Ditchers, Thatchers and Plow-Joggers.
Reward him but with a Half Crown Pledge,
He'l marry ye a Brother and Sifter, under a Hedge,
A fair Bride fets his Teeth on Edge.
He bears a special harred against all Quakers,
And all Rebellious Undertakers,
And all Factious Parliament Makers.
He's a strong Friend to the Crown,
They may Preach and Pray him, but he shall drink them down.

His Religion never stands at a stay,
For he will be always Vicar of Bray.
What, do you think him such a Widgeon,
As not to be of the Kings Religion?
In all Changes, come what will,
He was a Vicar before, and is a Vicar still.

A Papist or Protestant, chuse you whether, The Pot Trade and the Priest Trade with him goes together.

The Folk need not fear whatever betide,
'ris fafe to be on the Parsons side.
Be he sober, or be he mad,
To joyn with the Parson all are glad.

At every Puppet Play, Market and Fare,
The Curate is fure to be there.
At Wakes, Ale Helps, Sessions and Sizes,
There flock Black Coats of all prizes.
In Term time Parsons naturally fall,
Into the Chequer-Chamber, or Westminster-Hall.
And all the Year long great Business, Frost and Snow,
Every Week the Parson must to London go.

I observe this Mongrel Generation,
The greatest Debauchees in a Nation.
Play baser Tricks than Coblers and Tinkers,
The most fordid Gamesters and Drinkers.
Others are modest with them compar'd,
By them the honest People are scar'd.
They can Beg, Cheat, Rogue and Whore,
Hectors and Ranters can't do more.

All Mankind they trouble and vex,
Yet they chiefly fall in with the Female Sex.
To them they have the nearest approaches,
At home and abroad in their Closets and Coaches.
They haunt them about by Sea and Land,
Their Bodies and Purses they have at Command;
This puts Religion to a stand.

The Stool of Repentance and Chair of Confessions, Advances the growth of all forts of Transgressions. They can enjoyn what Penance they please, And of all men live most in Plenty and Ease. They prove the greatest Cheats in Nature, Overtop all Villains in stature. It was ever true, as men say, Corruptio optimi, est Pession.

' My Invention is spacious,

' Short Verse confinement is vexatious.

'My Fancy is high and various,

Scorns to borrow words Precarious.

'More Things and Words we all find,
'To Matter, Poetry is most unkind.

Because thereby she's most confin'd,
Liberty best suits with my vast Mind.

'I'm fallen upon a Subject large,

Stufft with Luggage more than a Gravesend-

I have not finisht my Parsons Charge.

A course Felt ne're aspires to a Bever,
Raise him from the Rout you shall never.
Tender Consciences he relieves,
Shakes hard Cases out of his Sleeves.
He's fitter to take the cure of Beeves,
'Tis well if he Believes as the Church Believes.'
A Pot of good Ale will better go down,
Than all the Learned Books in the Town,
Yet he wears the Livery, a Cloak and a Gown.

'Tis danger and charges to plow the Seas, For Learning, he'l stay at home and take his Ease. Get into his Study, take a Catalogue there,
He is drunk'ning at the Rain-Deer.
Get him to his Book, to him 'ris no good Cheer,
You may as foon bring a stake to the Bear.
There's a Geneva Bible, and the Whole Duty of
Man,
Prastife Piety, if he can,
All won't make him an Honest man.

Yet he shall preach ye, for Life and Death,
Beside the Cushion, Dagger out of the Sheath.
A Concordance, a Common Place Book,
For Fathers and Schoolmen you may go look.
No crabbed Criticks, abstruse Annotators,
Quodlibets, Postillers, Commentators,
Greek nor Latin Translators.
Mark him, he never took a Hint,
From the Vulgar Latin or Greek Septuagint.
He hates to see's Self a Fool in Print,
Upon all true Scholars he looks a squint.
He's a Lord among the good Dames and good Fellows,
His Course Wise is troubled with the Yellows.

There's Boxes, Rowls, and Pipes of Tobacco, There's Bottles of Ale, Cyder, and Sacco. There's Ovid's Red Najo, and Horatius Flacco, What more does a Country Curate Lacko? The Ruftick Folk count him a great Schollard, As big as an overgrown Pollard. There's Aristotles Problems, and Cato, Upon this stock he may Preach at any Rato.

But that his Wits may be more refined,
He reads Play-Books of the best kind:
And all forts of Romances,
Leads all Jiggs and Country-Dances.
At merry Meetings, O brave Garson,
They're nothing without the Parson.
They fuddle with him Night and Day,
Still the Bonny Curate carries the Bell away.

Will these sad Wretches, think ye, overlook Libraries, or study a good Book? If they do they have good Luck, A good sat Hen you may sooner pluck. They hunt ye, and hawk ye, and course ye all day, And suddle ye all the Night away. This is all the Care they take, Yet they shall a rare Preachment make.

He's a found Church man, he shall never look,
All the Week long, nor Sundays on a Book.
For Ten Pounds per Annum, and a CountryPudding,
He shall confute ye the Pope without studying.
They say, we're Hereticks, marry Gap, how?
But we say they're Hereticks, where are they now?
As good Divinity as e're came from the Plough,
The Man in the Moon at his Back bears a Bough,
The Scholar with his Hackney falls into a Slough.

I believe he's a Conjurer, if the truth were well known,
By preaching Sermons that are none of his own.
And this is plainly shewn,
As Cuckolds that are overgrown,

Rrr 2 'Tis

'Tis well'tis so, if you're minded to try,
He tells you, by his Troth, they're the best he
could buy,
And this no body can deny.
He's a right Linsey-Wolsey Priest,
Half one, half t'other, at the Best.

Nest,
Of what I can say of him this is the best,
You may go look, if you will for all the rest.
While I am thus Cater walling,
I find, e're and anon, I am Crest falling.
I'm best, while I'm dandling of my Dalling,
At other times, like to be choak'd with his Spitting
and Spalling,
I never love to be out of my Calling.
I must be took just in the Nick,
I'de best leave off quickly, before I be sick.

I find these Parsons on my Stomach ride,
I can't digest Ignorance, Scandal and Pride,
(I was never yet deny'd,
So oft as I have been seen and try'd,)
But this fort of Cattel, that drink drunk and pray,
I wish I could conjure 'um quite away,
But they're seldom sober by night or by day,
And can conjure Witches and Devils they say.

I've spent my pains upon 'um in waste,
I'le ha'no more to do with these Parsons in haste.
Where little's said, there's more amended,
For they are soonest offended:
And are too much Besriended,
And so my Satyr should be ended.

But think what Humiliation and Fasting,
For Strife and Hatred everlasting.
Here's tedious Preaching and Praying,
To usher in plund'ring, killing and slaying,
Besides the plain man's Overlaying.
All civil Honesty betraying,
To the Churches and States decaying.
But when it comes to a Feast of Thanksgiving,
For Honest men there is no living.
Flesh and Blood is not able to bear it,
To see the Spirit thus rant and tear it.

From a Witch you may hear Truth,
(Surer than from a Saint Forfooth.)
'Tis not polluted by my foul Mouth,
I carry it round the World about.
Are you Back, Belly and Conscience proof,
Welcom then, under my Roof,
Else I charge you keep aloof.

My Pupils are of all Degrees,
Sexes, Ages, and Dignities,
And I never take Fees.
Moreover in any Feat,
I never use any Deceit,
But I do my work complete.

'Half-witted Scholars are commonly base,

'I loath at my heart fuch a Mongrel Race.

'Wherefore I dare defie'um all,
'When upon me fuch Dunces fall.

. Teach 'um to be just and true and be hang'd,

To fave their Souls from being damn'd.

"When

- When time was, such as they Rebellion taught,
- 'Ever fince that I counted them naught.

'That fo long Mifery on us brought.

When once I perceiv'd 'um play fast and loose, 'I resolv'd in time to take 'um all in a Noose.

Tho they call me Jade and Quean.

'I'le devour 'um all, Rebels, fat and lean.

'I never rebell'd against my Prince,

'As they, a Pox take 'um, ha'done long fince. 'I don't doubt but I know more than they,

'Tho I have gone the clean contrary way.

' Yet I'le be so honest I'le affure you,

'To chide you, tho I can't endure you. 'Mend, mend for shame, as fast as you're able,

'Or I'le post you for Rogues among all the Rabble, Amongst Whores they say you use to dabble.

Gentlemen Scholars, and Gentlemen Lawyers,

Gentlemen Coblars, and Gentlemen Sawyers.

'l'le sooner trust a Trull or a Tinker, 'Than a Professor and a Sack Drinker.

'Give me a Dose, Page-Skinker, For I ever was no Shrinker.

Let us fland to't foot to foot.

Wet him foundly to the Root, ' Here's a Health to a Scholar, a Whore and a Slut.

'I'le teach 'um all to be fober and chaffe.

And then they shall hear no more of me in haste.

' (I was alway s good over and under the waste,

But 'tis no matter what is past,) 'If not I shall at 'um all so fast.

' As for Mechanicks of all Prizes,

Let 'um leave Robbing, for fear of the 'Sizes.

· Porters

- *Porters and Car-men shall deride you,

 *Billingate Wenches shall scold and chide you.

 *The very Witches can't abide you,

 *Every Hackny-Boy shall ride you.

 *I'le set you forth in your proper Colours,

 *Give better Examples, or else be no Scholars,

 *And heard your selves among the Lollars.

 *Universities and Inns of Court,

 *The Rout shall his you to make sport.
- The Rabble of Fish and Oyster Wenches,
 The Water-men shall jeer you with their Clenches.
 Tapsters and Drawers shall crack your Crowns,
 Throw Dirt on your Robes and Scarlet Gowns,
 You'r far more debauch'd than Country-Clowns.
- 'I don't care for your Flouts nor Frowns,
 'I'le bast you out of honest Cities and Towns.

'You never was at the Synod of Dort,
'I'le get 'um to piss upon you for't.

- You Philosophers, you Teachers,
 You Pleaders, you Judges, you Preachers,
 'Fy for shame, you Law-makers and Law-breakers.
- 'Teach Honesty, and Practise Cheaters,
 'You're worse than Cannibals or Man-Eaters.
- Fix your Studies, and your Conversations,
 To Reform all the Nations,
 And to bring in better Fashions,
- 'How can you think the People will e're be good, . 'While you act Thievery, Lust and Blood?
- 'If you once mend, and all agree,
 'None will be left to bad as we.

- 'You shall be fure to be all Ador'd,
- 'When we shall be Witched and Whor'd.

' Sea-men get you all Aboard,

'And leave your Reck'nings to be scor'd.

'The Gallows shall be haunted by none but us Witches,

'Costly Wives shan't wear the Breeches.

'Then in comes all Learning, Civility and Riches,

'And all false Knaves shall dye in Ditches.

CANTO XIII.

' As for us, give us over,

'To Conversion and Trover,

'Let the Law pass from Berwick to Dover, Witches and Wizards none shall Rule 'um,

' Fiat Justitia, Ruat Calum.

'When I and my Maids are in a good Mood,

We confess our selves overcome with Good.
When we speak good, and practise Evil.

"Tis enough, a Conscience to convert the Devil.

I wish I were in your case,

'I would resolve never to be so base.

- "Tis time to Reform, when we shame you,
- "Tis time to be better when we blame you,

'If you won't, we must tame you.

'For lack of better Mistresses and Masters,

'We offer to be your Tasters,

If not, we come to be your Taskers.

'If this won't do, 'tis past my skill,

'You may be better, if you will.

"And

The Witches.

121

- And so, you'l say, may We be?
 What if not, are you so dull and sleepy?
 You're sit to be sent to the Isles of Charybe.
 We must hang in Wind and Weather,
 And the Devils and We shall mend together.
 As for you, you may live in hopes,
 We must come to the Dancing on the Ropes,
 The pardoned by never so many Popes.
- "We are Sinners of another kind,

Scholars and Arriffs, you know my mind.

- The Devils and We are Apolanes, you'l find,
- Then you must needs fee, if you won't be blind.
- And now I'le get me behind the Door,

To fpy, if I can catch you any more.

And then I'le not fail to fly in your Faces,

Betray you with killing Embraces.

But I would fain from us you should be gone,

'And leave us to despair all alone.

- I have Preached, as the Devil can do,
- For good luck, throw after me an Old Shoe.

'To't agen Boys, if all this won't do,

- But we must needs have your Company too.
- You may fay very well, you may all thank your felves.

For you have had warning enough from us Elves.

'I have then no more to fay,

For we must all return to our Play,

Tis Night with us, and twill never be Day.

Away ye Rafcals, go to, go to,

Must you needs be damn'd with us whither we will or no?

٠I

If Salvation it felf can't fave you.

'Tis your own fault if the Devil have you.

Damnation its self must needs damn you,

When Hell it felf can't fright you nor tham you.

For this once, Geese, never fear Over-reaching,

You shall be safe, tho the Fox be a preaching.

'l'le promise you this time, but if hereaster I catch.

' To be fure, I shall bige and scratch you,

Look to't, for we'l narrowly watch you,

When Ranters and Witches rebuke Sin,

'Then, or never, Rogues and Whores will come in.
'Capons and Turkies never fat well 'till they're

cram'd.

Hypocrites will ne're turn 'till they are damn'd.

The Reason that makes me so kind to forewarn you.

'Is, because I never have a mind to harm you.

Because I have had oft good turns done by you,

'I have still a longing delire to try you.

As for other old beggarly Rogues,

'They shall never have our good Vogues,
'They have always been pitiful Shrimps,

And never belov'd by us, or our Imps.

'They're good for nothing, but Panders and Pimps.

They might have amended long ago,

"Tis too late now for them I know.

"If they had ta'ne good Counsel in time,

When they were all in their Prime,

'It might have fav'd my pains for this Rhime.

Some Pardon then might have been had, 'Upon Repentance, tho they were never fo bad At last to be saved they would be glad. But 'tis too late; it can never be had, 'They're rightly ferv'd, for being fo mad. 'After they have had their full Play. Vengeance for them will no longer stay. 'To Hell, to rights, they must away, And there they must tormented lay, And Fry for ever and a day. One thing I'le tell you Hypocrites, 'You shall be put to the greatest frights: And be Rackt most of all by terrible Sprights, Because you have tasted of all Delights. 'And have turn'd Days into Nights, Therefore you shall behold fad Sights. Because you presum'd to make Black, White, And have put Darkness for Light, Therefore you must suffer the greatest Spight. Others, by frailty of Pleafures, Of Pain shall feel far lesser measures : But you of Grace have had the richest Treasures. The more of Mercies you had the store, f The more Judgments lay at your door. "Tis you that fram'd falle Oaths and Lyes, To undo whole Families: And would never hear their Cries, 'Therefore you can never rife. Such heavy loads press down so low, That up to Light you cannot go. It finks you deeper, all fo well,

Into the darkent Pit of Helf.

| The Witches. | 25 |
|---|-------|
| Still you sleep, still you slumber, You do but the World encumber; For Hell you will be Fuel and Lumber. 'Cause no good Warning you will take, 'The Devil will you Examples make, | 3 |
| You shall burn at the Stake, And boyl in Siyx scalding Lake, And in Cocytus freeze and quake. The more weary, the more your hearts shall ake, The more Wise, the more Fools make. When the Truth of all you see, Not till then you'l remember me. To day 'tis laughter, but to morrow, It must end in endless Sorrow. | lake, |
| 'You taste the Honey of the Bee, 'The deadly Sting you will not see. 'Do we not find that Nature's Law, 'Keeps us evermore in awe? 'And for every wilful Offence, 'Disquiets tender Conscience, 'Where there is a Judgment Bench. | |
| 'If there were not some kind of God, 'Whence should proceed such a Rod? 'And if there were no higher Numen, 'What should distinguish Rogues from True-men 'But now we plainly do discern, 'The difference 'twixt Grass and Fearn. 'Then do but grind in this Quern, 'Good from Bad you shall discern, | 2 |

Wherefore all Atheism I defy,
The greater is my Villany,
The greater will be my Misery.
I know better, I do worse,
I deserve the greater Curse,
Stand Slaves, deliver your Purse,
No Reason, but for better for worse,
When you're sick, I'le be your Nurse.
This is no pleasing Subject to me,

But everlasting Misery.
From this Doom you may be free,
Whave already too much Company.

'Cause Happiness I ne're look to see,

I know what Religion I like best,

The Devil in Hell take all the reft.

Mahomet, Sergius, I and the Devil were all ar work,

'To fit a Religion for the Persian and Turk.

Eafe, Pleafure, Luxury, and Luft,

Is all the Heaven for which they trust.

By the Sword, and all manner of Lies,

'They hope to get fuch a Paradife.

As for Heathen Religions, Old and New,

'I hold them every one untrue.

CANTO XIV.

I'le close with the Master of Obligations, Jack of all Trades and Occupations, That never keeps his Forms or Stations. He runs through every Compass Point, Is ne're in nor out of Joynt. Invents true and salse Reports, With all Companies sutes and sorts, I ne're observ'd, as I can tell, Any such a Vertumum in Hell.

A fawning Ape, a flattering Dog, A crafty Fox, a smiling Hog.
A roaring Bear, a Lion ranting, A howling Wolf, a Mag-Pye canting. In all Habits to beguile,
A wet and dry Saint Crockadile.
He can whine, simper, cry and roar, All this while he loves a Whore, I'le ha' to do with him no more.

3

He facrifices at every Altar, Cunningly scapes every Haltar, Turn him to the Straits of Gibraltar. There he hangs out all Flags, Catches every Ship that wags. In all Places he makes his Brags, Struts in Tissues, Begs in Rags.

Of Pigmy and of Giant stature,
The veriest Rogue in Nature.
Amongst the Tartar and Turk,
Sets every Villain at work.
In every Corner he does lurk,
A persect Rook, a persect Shirk.
No Roguery can suffice him,
'Till we Witches chastise him.
He does all the World insect,
Gets and loses all Respect,
Only Hell can him correct.

This Sect is true bred, and of the right kind,
That rides the Devil off his Legs, and breaks his
Wind.
Sea men and Scholars, gallop, four and switch,
Till they tumble in a Ditch.

Raise a deep Dust of Dispute, Pro & Con,
Till the clear Truth be quite gone.
Then leave the Question red hot,
To them that dare handle it over the Pot,
And determine at last with a Why not?
Jasta est Alea e're and anon,
They have waded over Rubicon.
Perit Judicium, secundum meum Intellectum,
Cum Res transit in Assetum.

Perdit

Perdit operam & Oleum,
When the Bus'nessends in Cordolium.
As they do, that have read Sybilla Folium,
All Trash and Trumpery, Palea & Lolium.
Principium est Unum, when that's divided,
No Controversie can be decided.
What's made Duable or Triable,
Is also Malleable and Friable,
By Decree of the Schools Council Table.

Majestas Imperii, the Sword doth wield, Challenges Salus Populi into the Field, But the Rebel Rout scorns to yield. Every Princely Suavamen, Shall be counted a Gravamen. To which the Vulgar Priests cry Amen, Who with the Rout are the same Men.

Indemnity and Toleration.

Give Stable room and Litter for every Disputation,
But hinder a true Reformation.

At Baia, Tiberim lay close in his Box,
And with the whole Senate plaid Reinold the Fox.

Take a Latitat about your Neck,
And give every Vice a check.

Lye close by the Philosopher's Stone under ground,
And I'le warrant you, you shall never be found.

Trebonian, the botching Sutor,
Pretended to be the Laws Co-adjutor.
Whose Memory is therefore Curst,
'Cause he left the best, and kept the Worst.
Those Fragments and Cento's,
Hoysted the Laws upon Ten-toes.

Ttt

Or, being Strait with Buckrom-Balling, Made them Crooked, Everlasting.

Justinian made a good Constitution,
Forbidding Comments to prevent Consustant.
But they by Glosses have perplext,
The pure Simplicity of the Text.
By which poor Clients are so vext,
You may conjecture what is next.
All that the Law doth blame,
Suffer Pain, Poverty, or Shame.

The Judge of Common Law and Right, Was Pretor, or Chancelor at first fight. These were the old honest Ways, To prevent Charges and Delays. Now you must leap a Communi Banco, To Bill and Answer in Black and Blanco, To hold at least seven Tropicks in Gancro.

The good old Laws are Abrogated,
The good old Lyta, Eunachated,
So, an Index Expurgatorius,
In honest Authors is Notorious,
Some honest Husbands are too Uxorious,
Geld them that are too Laborious,
To get, for their Wives to spend in waste,
And make them Cuckolds and Beggars at last.

In nothing we can be secure,
For nothing comes to our hands pure.
By Plagiaries, ignorant salse Scribes,
Sollicitors that take Bribes.
Corruption runs through all Tribes,
By hunting after them I get Kibes.

We're

We're abus'd, not only by Pen and Ink,
But in our Clothing, Meat and Drink.
In Building, Planting and Sowing,
Marvesting, Threshing, Reaping and Mowing,
Be we never so well careful or knowing.
In Hawking, Hunting and Whoring,
In Pots and Dishes, false Reck'ning and Scoring,
And upon Books or Papers poaring.

Trust no Body, that's the safest Rule, Well meaning Honesty's but Ridicule. You are all either Befool'd, or Fools, Never trust to Edged Tools. The eldest Knave goes to School, The wifest Rascal turns Fool.

The Blade that strats in all his Bravery, Brings all to Beggary or Slavery. Nothing is wholfom, nothing is savoury, All smells of Folly or Knavery. At your Table Judas sits, At your Kitchin he licks the Spits. Twill put you out of your little Wits, Or bring you to some fainting Fits.

Behind your Chair stands a Waiter,
A Parasite, or a Traytor.
In your Bosom a Snake lies,
In your Bed a Syren cries.
Burn 'um out of your Hive like Wasps and Hornets,
That buz salse Tales with Musick of Cornets.
These are the Dogs that setch and carry,
When all's gone they no longer tarry.

A young Rogue, by your Bounty bred,
Betrays you at Board and Bed:
He deserves to be knockt o'th' Head,
He tells all is done or said.
You're safe no where from a Knave,
You shall not lye quietly in your Grave.
Riches and Honour shan't desend you,
Vertue be sure can ne're Bestriend you,
But it may perchance help to End you.

You're nearest Confidents are not secure,
Trust not, tho they look so Demure.
Beware most, of the most pure,
Correspondents do not long endure.
By Vows and Oaths turn 'um and wind 'um,
By Body and Soul bind 'um.
If they stir, tye their hands behind 'um,
And then you may be sure to find 'um.

If any where you may be bold,
Try among Witches, young or old.
We are like buzzing, flinging Flies,
To Revenge you of your Enemies,
And be fure, Vengeance never dies.
Besides, we can tell many Lyes,
Make us therefore your Trusty Spies?
Advance to us, and we'l relieve you,
That none shall hurt or deceive you.
If whole Armies against you sight,
We can make 'um all vanishout a sight.

I'm angry at the Indian Tree,
That can't endure the Sun to see.
With Moon and Stars they do agree,
They are no company for me.

They

The Witches.

133

They bud and bloffom in the Nights, But wither a days all to Rights, These are to Travellers strange Sights. A Plant of a dogged sulen kind, Such another I cannot find.

To the dark, from the warm Suns, Like a blind Rogue away he runs. Wou'd I always had fuch Duns, I shou'd be afraid of Guns. A Grove of such Trees wou'd do well, At Delphos, or in Pluto's Cell.

A Lye, constantly deserves the Stab,
Tho from King Oberon or Queen Mab.
I'de rather deal with a Rogue or a Drab,
Than with a drunken, quarrelling Scab.
But of all things I should be loth,
To encounter a saise Oath.
Especially from a Brother of the Cloth,
In earnest I desie them both.

I ever lov'd to tell Truth,
Excepting to my Sister Ruth.
She Cheats, by Yea and Nay, for sooth,
And she has a dainty Tooth.
An Hostler robs me of my Oats,
An Atturney of my Horse for Ten Groats.
To trust a Tapster, I'de be loth,
He cousens me with Nick and Froth.

A false Balance, Breathed Wares, Deceive Buyers in Markets and Fairs, Tumble such Knaves, say I, down Stairs, And drag them in the Dirt by the Hairs, If you lack, I can hurl you a Curfe,
Rather than pick your Pocket, or take your Purfe.
Besides, I am an excellent Nurse,
And I wish you may ne're have a worse.

Take heed by all means of a Holy Sister,
Tho she shed Tears 'til she have all to be pist her.
If she be sick, I never mist her,
To cure her by giving her a Claster.
But of all Remedies the Truth to smother,
An use of Consolation from a Holy Brother,
So they edifie one another.
Lambs are as innocent as day,
And they have leave to sport and play.

See you a Carret-Beard, a Leering Eye, A Fleering Look, there's a Knave hard by. Be as whift as a Ghost in his Tomb, While such a Rogue is in the Room. O Pythagoras, thou wast wife, To enjoyn silence amongst Spies. Hear all, and put all in a Bag, But let not your Tongue wag.

Terræ Filius is a dull Translator,
The Wits are, Tripos and Prævaricator.
Take heed what you do, take heed what you say,
There's an Informer in the way.
You're betray'd every Mothers Son,
Shut the Doors close, or you're all undone.
Beware of the Man that takes Notes,
In time 'twil come to cutting a Throats.

Have a care, wifely play your Game,
It may cost your Life, Estate, or Fame.
As much as you can, get out of Harms way,
There is Lupu in Fabula.
You cannot be free from Fears,
While you hold a Wolf by th' Ears.
Let Cynthius pull you by the Lugs,
Take heed of false Cans, Flagons and Jugs.

O thou Sainted, Painted Fiend,
Under the Vizor of a Friend.
Remember to observe my Command,
To all the World in the Dark stand.
Let all the World be to you in the Light,
Provided you play least in Sight,
And then bid all the Rogues good Night.
Answer sew Questions, determine rarely,
So you may come off safely and fairly.

But among us, tho our Tongues do clatter,
Yet of Treason there's no such Matter.
We seldom Honest men bespatter,
It makes all the Teeth in my head chatter.
We can keep Secrets rarely well,
Sent us from the Pit of Hell;
Others, like Fools, ring out the Bell.
Keep a close Mouth at Board and Bed,
A close Mouth makes a wise Head,
The way to steal a Mayden-Head.

If you chance to get a By-blow,
Let a Doctor or a Midwife know.
They'l provide for you or your Brungeon,
As long as there is Pond, Well, Jakes or Dungeon.
They'l

They'l promote you to be a Nurse for sooth, And you may serve for your Masters Tooth. Then comes Favour, then comes Gifts, Stifle all your Bastard Slips.

Poor simple Whores are put to their Shifts, I can give such all sorts of Lists.

A Gras-Widow, or a Brummidgam-Maid, With Midwives drive a Devilish Trade.
To a stale Serving-Man-Ass, With a small Farm, for a pure Virgin you may pass. Your Master now and then may take a Turn, No sear, you shall for a Witch burn. Go Fine, and Garish, For the honestest Whore in all the Parish.

Beans and Bacon are no Meat,
For a Pythagareau to eat,
'(I am all in a cold Sweat,
'Yet always ready for the Feat.)
Let Eunuchs pick upon Grass,
Too weak Food for a Boy or a Lass.
'But fetch me the t'other Glass,
'I am as brisk as e're I was.

They that are hug'd in my fweet Arms,

Ravisht and overcome with Charms.
Shall be free from all other Harms,

I never cheat'um of their Farms.

'I am a Lady fair and bright,

You must pay dear for a Lodging-Night.
Lais and Thais, I don't admire ye,

Non cuivis contingit Corinthum adire.

For Non tauti emam Penitere.

You may, you fay, buy Gold too dear,

I can afford you better Cheer.

Tie make you glad, you hungry Sophs,
To swill with grunting Hogs in Troughs.

Dirty Whores may ferve your Chaps,

Twil be a Favour perhaps,

To fnap at our Leavings and Scraps.

'Tis too fawcy to kiss us, or suck our Paps,
We are too high for you to sit in our Laps.

'Turn out Freshmen and Sophomores,

Among the louzy, pocky Whores,

Such gross flesh is fit for you, and for Boors.

We Ladies are Gentlemens Fare,

Venison, Partridge, Ployer and Hare.

Venus with us may not compare,

' We are delicate dainty Ware.

The Mutton's ours, get if you can,

A greazy Sop of the Pan.

'If you be troubled with the Itch,

Get you a Bremming Sow, or a Salt Bitch.

We are all Citizens Wives.

A contented Cuckold always thrives.

'The naked Indian for Jewels dives,

These make us lead Jovial Lives.

We are all for Merry-Land,

That have our Husbands at Command.

Whetftones-Park is a fruitful Land,

' And Turnbull-Street a pleasant Strand.

'I laid my Tail at Lilly's Entry,

Where all the Blazing Stars kept Centry.

The Man i'th' Moon by us was Cornuted, When we with Constellations disputed,

All the Aftrologers were confuted.

- Thy learned Rules, brave Aretine,
- Have stufft with Lust this Liver of mine.

Base Rogues, set upon a Woman,

'I'de ha' you know I fear no Man.

'I'le answer ye, foot to foot,
'And dare ye to come to't.

For Bed and Boord, for Bowl or Kan,

L dare encounter any Man.

Call for Bacchus lufty Bowls,.

- 'Tis Wine, pure Wine revives fad Souls,
- Call for Mars his Sword and Rapier,
 Sack will make an old Woman to caper,

'Give me Hercules Club,

'To stave the vast Heydelbergh's Tub.

Let the purest Wits be chose,

Wits for Reparties, and finging Old Roje,

And taking the Devil by the Noie.

By this Curveat, by this Hop,
I'm resolv'd to see the last Drop.

'Tho next Morn into my Grave I pop,

'I scorn to be outdone by any Fop.

Eat Pig, Goose, Capon, Partridge and Pheasant,

"I'm for a short life and a pleasant,

A great Don with a long Train, In your Cottage entertain. To do him Honour, Strain a Point, And be, for ever after, out of Joint.

The

The Witches.

The Servants Curse him, 'tis hard, He gave them not a Farthing reward. Hang ye, Damn ye, Split ye, Rot ye, He has quite and clean forgot ye, Have a care next, He has over-shot ye,

3

O thou Son of the White Hen,
Thou art the Fairest among Men.
Lords and Ladies croutch to thee,
While Fortune dandles on her Knee.

But I hope to fee the time,

When thou art past thy Flowry-Prime,

Upon the Gallow-Tree to climb.

'I Swear by all my Mayden-Head,

I ne're went chaste, nor sober to Bed.

'I had the luck always to be well fped,

'Tis a fure fign I am well bred.

'Many a wet Saint has lost her Head,
But I from my Colours never sled.

'This it is to be no Starter,

As rank a Witch as e're wore Garter.

At Dort, Damman was a fit Scribe,

* For Reprobates to take no Bribe.

My Brain's entoxicated with Conundrums,

'Therefore I'le deal no more in Numbers.

I'm straitned with Vulgar Rhimes,

To correct the Vices of the Times.

That which we obliging call, Is to comply with the Devil and all. To bar my felf of mine own Ease, And hurt my felf, others to please.

So

So 'tis sometimes against my mind,
That I may be civil and kind.
Drink my self off my Legs and Life,
Engage in other mens Strife.

You're a Coward, you're no good Companion, If you won't Fight, and Tope with a Woman. For fear of being hist or kickt, Of being basted, slasht, or prickt. Give such a pitiful Slave the List, That to cheat, drab, or stab, has not the gist. Hang him up for Hawks-meat, a Mongrel, Good for neither Hog, Dog, nor Dunghil, Nor hardly to draw in a Tumbrel.

Nothing angers me more than a Prelate or Peer.
That eats up a poor Vicars good chear.
And the Ladies Sons and Daughters,
To floop to a Vicaridge Thatcht Rafters.
To come with their Coaches and Trains,
To devour all the Parsons Gains.

The poor Scholar must comply,
Such Guests must not be put by.
He hopes by this to be a great Man,
Let him come to't how he can.
'Tis honour enough for him to boast,
Of his Friends at Court, o'rea Pot and a Tost.
Still he must provide bak't, boyl'd and rost.

My Ladies Chamber-Maid, or Dairy,
Look upon her, she's monstrous Acry.
Poor Fool, she's tender, may don't fright her,
If you were a Lord you may like her.

She's

The Witches.

She's a prety Lass I can tell ye,
As e're in your life you took by the Belly,
But you'l have need of Cock-broth and Gelly.

{

I ghess by your Mumping what you lack, I'le warrant her Mettal to the Back.

Observe well, how the Girl does toss it,

I must provide ye a Cawdle and Sack-Possit.

I ghess by her Looks what she lacks, I'le be bang'd. If she proves not so right as e're twang'd. If you don't do her right I wish you were hang'd. Your dawb'd, patcht Froes are not half so found, They're rotten, they're shotten, they sink aboveground.

Her Brother you may set o're your Hawks and

Her Brother you may fet o're your Hawks and Hounds.

For her fake prefer him before other Clowns.

One Tongue for a Woman, all fay, is enough, There's none of 'um but are Tail-Proof. What think ye of the Men in Steel and Buffs, Or Furs or Scarlet, or Ruffs? If it were the Crim Tartar or Turk, She could eafily find 'um all work.

Queenborough Mayor shall Justice hatch,
Contrive By-Laws upon the Thatch.
Who shall dare look him in the Face,
Under a couple of Capons with his Gown and Mace?
No disparagement Mistress Maioress,
Of all the Ladies is the fairest.
Came not Distators from the Plow?
Why not from a Thresher on the top of a Mow,
Or a Herdsman from the Hog or Cow?

We'llay our Heads together, Tittle Tattle,
Our Husbands lay their Horns together, Rattle
Bladder, Rattle,
We're like to fight well when we come to Battle.
A poor Man, be he ne're so wise,
All he says or does, despise.
Upon the same Man open your Eyes,
You'l like him well in a rich disguise,
Farmers undo Landlords, I judge,
When for Rack Rents they take a Grudge.

To disoblige I'm very loth,
My Neighbour, tho I break my Oath.
To be an Informer is counted a shame,
Against a Customer I should be to blame.
Misdemeanours I dare not Present,
Out of a Charitable intent.
If I be a Constable or Churchwarden,
I must not weed the Parish Garden.
If I do, when I and they can't agree,
They'l be sure to do the like to me,
Therefore, I'le take care to keep my self free.

CANTO XV.

What think ye of the Ornithii Winds, That drive all forts of Birds at fet Times, From Colder, into Hotter Climes? The Tropii Blass come blundering amain, On purpose to retire back again. It has been counted no small Wonder, For Bells to dispel Lightning and Thunder.

What think ye, that Winds should enter the Lists, In anger, fighting as Duellists.

A. Whirlwind coming from Mountain Tops, Is laid, by sprinkling of Vinegar Drops, The opinion of Pliny, and such Fops.

On Athos and Olympus, there lies The Ashes of many a Sacrifice.

On which the Priest his Letters finds, Undispersed with the Winds.

The most famous Lepanto Scuffle,
The Ottoman Family ever since did Ruffle.
It was by Sixtm Quintm devis'd,
For which he was never Canoniz'd,
Sebastian was Sainted by Complacentia,
For driving the Moors out of Valentia.
What Prince, but Spains, in the World can be found,
That has the Sun setting and rising in his Ground?
That does so in Gold and Silver Mines abound?

Inraes cast off Idols in golden Peru, That the Golden Sun they might give his due! Indian, Goa, Malaca, Calecute, Were a spruce People, and very acute. Spaniards sound the People so, In the Kingdom of Mexico.

Turks want Liberty and Arts;
To entitle them Nobles, or Men of Parts.
Where they come, they strike a deadly Blow,
Depopulating all as they go.
Where the Sultan's Horse sets his Paw,
He treads down all Liberty and Law.
Basha's, Viziers, Janizaries, Tartars,
Mammalucks, Myrmidons, ruine all Christian Quarters,

What think ye of Aristotle's Opinion, (Who is the Philosophers Minion.)
Some are born Slaves, some are born to Rule, If I had said so, I had been a Fool, For that trick I'm not fond of his School. He entitled the Greeks Free Born, And all the rest call'd Barbarians in scorn.

In Bacara, the Kingdom of Assains,
Profest to murder all Kings.

Munsters Anabaptists did the same things,
'Tis bad trusting to Icarus's Wings.
Beasts Fera Natura, are the Occupants right,
Not so with Men conquer'd by Might:
To be made all Slaves the first Night,
For Reasonable Creatures 'tis too Tight.

241.47.1

Look out sharp, for in Fair weather,
The Holy War and the Philosophers Stone will
come both together.
Constantine was pleas'd to call,
Trajan the Builder, the Flower of the Wall.
Tortura Legum brings the most Cares,
Penal Laws bring (Nemo scit) Snares.
How many Dangers stand in Battalia,
In the Clause, In ordine ad Spiritualia?
This is the Port, this is the Gap,
For all Societies to be took in a Trap.

I have now one great Case in my Hand,
Puts all the Learned to a stand:
Quo Jure, quave Injuria,
Did Spain conquer America?
What just Causes for that War?
Tell me, and I'le eat Tar.
Columbus's Dove was nimble of Feather,
To setch that Land by Wind and Weather.
The Pigeon was swift of Eye and Wing,
To discover such an unknown Spring.

Curiofity first led,
To find out that Golden Bed,
How came this into his Head?
Then Covetousness, then fierce Arms,
I had no hand in these cruel Charms.
Instead of being fairly Traded,
The Natives were souly Invaded,
And by Oppressions overladed,
And in digging of Mines meerly Jaced.
For which Christianity is upbraided.

3

They drove the Trade that was not good, to be a solution of their Freasure, and spill their Blood. Since then proud Spaniard never Thrives, For taking their Goods, and not saying their Lives. For Slaves they should not have been despised, but Cherished and Civilized, and not saying their Lives. So they might have had much Gains, Without putting the poor Creatures to such Pains. They might have been made Allies and Friends, and To compass to both profitable Ends. There's room enough for both to dwell, and the Without making them change their Country for Hell.

Many fair Arguments,
Are made to colour black Intents.
Scholars take off your bloody Pens,
Lions keep in your own Dens.
For the harm you have done, ye can ne're make Amends,
Ye Judge and Act for basest Ends.
I leave this grand Cause to a higher Doom,
I never twisted one Thred in this Loom.

Aqua Regis may be bold, feeble the first cause enough) to dissolve Gold.

Aqua Fortis, for the Queen,
May suffice to melt Silver clean.

Within the Tropicks there's always a Breeze,
So cold, as to make me Sneeze,
Under the Poles it does ever Freeze.

Castor and Pollus takes Turns,
To live and dye in each others Orns,
The Sea Boils, but never Burns,

A rare Secret to be fold in the Market, I bring,
'Tis this, That the Earth was the first Cold Thing;
I'de fain know who made the first Gold Ring;
I'de fain know who made the first Gold Ring;
I'm fick, Fetch me a little Drink.)

Fracastarius with a Red hot Frying Pan,
Drew life from the dead Heart and Brain of a
Man,
What virtue then is there in a Rowzing Kan?
Hark the Virtuosi make a great clutter,
An Indian Web of Feathers will melt Butter.

Mezentius Torments were, to embrace the Dead,
For my part, I'de rather be knockt o'th' Head.

Infant Rome was swadled by Kings,
Nourisht by Consuls, and popular Things.

Decemvirs, made Laws upon Laws,
(False Heraldry,) sent into Greece to pick Straws.)

Pretorian Edicts in Albo were wrote,
Twelve Tables in Brass never to be forgot,
(When my Moneys gone, who shall pay the shot?)

Cesar unsheath'd his Sword very quick,
But put it up late, when 'twas just in the Nick.

Sylla, for his part, had leave to Prate,
Tho he knew no Letters, he might Dictate.

Cesar, when wrapped up in the Gown,
Made the best Laws in the Town,
But could never get to wear a Crown.
The same Cesar, when clad in Steel,
Made all the Country Provinces reel.

Come, Sirs, I'le shew you avery fine Sight, Rotten Wood shines in the dark Night.

Undu

Undulation is a furrowed Wind,
May trouble my Body, but shall ne're puzzle my
Mind,
Every thing is true that's took in its kind.
The Observation is Rare,
It Rains not, but it Blows every where.

Our Ancestors did admire,
To see a Childs Apron flash with Fire.
With Salt and Allom that Apron was dy'd,
The Scales of which round about fly'd.
This Reason could never be deny'd,
And so the Cause was fully try'd.
A Fire licking a Childs Hair,
Was to be seen at Sturbridge Fair,
With a lambent Flame all over a Sweating Mare.
For Answer to which, let whose will take care,
That Head may be Bald, where there grows no Hair.

A Free hold Will shall hold in Capite,
Says Cornelius a Lapide.
A Will in Copy-Hold must fail,
Not so, in Fee Simple or Fee Tail.
The Taylor that makes Pety-Coats for the Moon,
Had need to take measures every Noon,
Feed the poor Baby with a Dish and a Spoon.

A Professor of Schelstat in Allatia,
Agrees with the Doctors of Dalmatia.
That no Passion is so deadly base,
As is the poyson of Favour and Grace;
Then Out-law the Law, Crown, Scepter and Mace,
Le Roy le Voult, makes Law and Jm,
Provided the Seignieurs sont Assentuz.

Popular

The Witches:

149

Popular Tumults are most Nefandi, Nullum Malum pejus Libertate Errandi, Never allow Potestatem Negandi.

Drag the Traytor upon a Hirdle, Hang the Alcoran at the Devil's Girdle. All Wickedness acts Cum Privilegio, Says honest Cardinal Campegio. Why do Tribunes make such a Pudder? Tye up the Helm, pull up the Rudder. Let the Vessel ride a Drift, Cut Cables, slip Anchors, let all Shift.

The Virtuofi, I'de ha' you know'r,
Say, every Beast delights in some Musical Note.
A Kitt was toucht, a Fly made the Cow curveat,
Ay that's it, quoth the Scholar, play that again
neat.

Que Genus's Deficients and Redundants,
Breed of Heteroclites Abundants.
Quod Primum id Rectumest, we're all mistook,
Lies came in late, by Hook or by Crook,
We're all cheated, with, or without Book.

Narcissus, Nirem, Tyro, Lede,
Hyacinib, Branchus, Hylos, Atys, a pure Breed,
Cupid, Ixion, Laco, and Ganymede.
These, and the like, pickt up for Catamits,
To serve for no less than Celestial Wights.
Hebe, Daphne, Mænades, Corybantes,
Sober and mad Females Sycophants.
Juno, Vente, in vain fret and vex,
For those that came in their rooms, of the male Sex.

They

They must be Cup-bearers to Jove and the Gods, And Bedsellows too, the fitter for Rods.

At presenting and taking the Bowl, they are kist, While the Wives wish the Rogues worse than bepist,

But they cannot help it, they must be whist.

The the Boys and Girls do kick and sprall,

They cannot lye without 'um at all,

They are ready to come, and go at their Call.

Cupid excuses his Tricks to Venus Chiding,
Because Objects of Love were of his providing.
But he did only demonstrate and show,
That which Fools Appetites would not let go.
Hercules took it for a great Disgrace,
When Jove prefer'd Æsculape to the highest Place.
As Venus was Cupids, her Sons, Whipper,
So Omphale bang'd Hercules with her Slipper.

Menippus, like Hercules, in a Lions Sark, Frighted poor Cerberus in the Dark, That he durst not so much as Bark. He took Mithrobar zanes the Magician, To be his Guide to the Fields Elystan, Where they two disguis'd stood, and heard all The Passages in Pluto's Judgment Hall. And having searched for their Pleasure, Unconcern'd, they return'd at leisure.

Let me commend this, Brave Menippus, For a nobler good Fellow than Arifippus. They call him a Dog, worfe than come out, But he hunted himself to Hell, in, and out. With his Lions Skin, Harp and Club,
Like Hercules, he gave the Barking Cur a Drub,
More than Diogenes could do with his Tub.
He cheated Charon of his Fare, a Groat,
After he had like to fink his Boat.
Besides many a Railing Note,
He was ready to cut his Throat.

He observ'd all the Ghosts, low and high,
To Mino's Courts he came for a Spy.
First he enquir'd after Princes and Kings,
Found 'um selling of Pins, and counterfeit Rings.
Singing Ballads, begging in each Corner-street,
For Farthings, of every Ghost they meet.
Philip of Macedon crept in a dark Hole,
Was Cobling of Shoes, and picking up Cole.

Commanders and Lords of high Degree, He found teaching of A, B, C. Selling of Sallets, Salt, Custards and Toys, And all forts of Play things for Girls and Boys.

Next he enquires for the Men of the Schools, And here they were counted the greatest Fools. Socrates, that was erst so Grave, Courts Palamedes, Uly ses, Nestor, and each prating Knave.

Diogenes joyns with Sardanapalus the Alfrian,
And with Midas the golden Phrygian.
And others of the like Prodigal stamp,
That hunted for Poverry, and got the Cramp.
Diogenes is got among the Throngs,
And pleases 'um with merry Songs.
For which the Sober fort did not love him,
But beg'd farther off to remove him.

There

There was Timon the Man Hater, That spent all by Feasting, Dice, and Cinque Cater. All forts of Flatterers and Woers. Prov'd the rich Athenians Undoers. 'Til they brought the Rich old Blade. To the Shovel and the Spade. Then Curft he Jove and all his Mates, That had undone him, more than the Fates. Tove offer'd to put him out of his pain, Sent him to Plutus, to make him rich again. Because he had offer'd him many a Hecatomb in vain. At first he refus'd'till he heard his Spade knock,

By good luck, upon a golden Crock.

Pythagoras was so hungry in Hell. That he could eat Beans very well. So the Philosophers of every kind. After Death did change their Mind. Tyrefius, a Woman was the, Turn'd Man, with the gift of Prophecy.

Hesiod, Homer, Bundles and Faggits, Of Epicks, Comicks, and Tragicks. Heroicks, Amorifts and Lyricks. Fabulists all, but the Satyricks. Their Tales pleas'd his youthful Muse. Not able to judge of their great Abuse. When Riper, he learnt the Wisdom of Laws. And by them discover'd Poetical Flaws, Which cur'd him of Folly, more than the Spares,

But in his more solid Elder Times. When best able to judge of Virtues and Crimes.

He

He fell into the Philosophers Snares, But could ne're understand how went the Squares. Gross Ignorance of every kind, Wholly confounded and dark ned his Mind. They hurl'd him out, that which they call Summum Bonum,

With a thousand Opinions that none could Attone um.

Neither they, nor their Fathers before 'um, Tis a wonder the Boys in the Streets did not Stone 'um.

Rhadamanth, Mines, Hacus, Agamemnon, Sardanapalus. Diomedes, Ajax, Achilles. Ptolomy, Cyrus, Xernes, Ulyffes. Solon, Thales, Spensippus, Pittacus, Socrates, Aristippus. Arifotle, Euphorbus, Plato, Cræsus, Crassus, Theophrastus, Cato. Are the obscurest Shades in all the Fry Buried to all Eternity.

Timon, Mistar) post &, the Regrater, Was both a Man and a Woman Hater, Tuft betwirt Wind and Water, of and its to Berthaldus Swart, from a Pot-gun, Cast Culverings that made: Armies:run. Chiron the only Fool, that chose to Try, Being Immortal, how to dye. 211 Webtil of had

Jupiter, Philus, Hoffitalis, Sospitator, Altitonans, Nubitogens, Jusiur andus, Fulgurator, In his Youth was Frelick like a Colland wat and laid about him with many a Thunderbolt.

But now in his Age he's dull and lazy,
If not rather feeble and crazy.
The Slavering Grey-Beard, Smacks and Busses,
Tires Boys and Girls, Puppies and Pusses,
A Pathick Cynedus, or Lustful Sporus,
Would scorn to joyn with such an Effeminate Chorus.

We purpose to call 'um all before us, Ask 'um why they Berogue and Whore us? When they all forts of Baseness commit, Without all Honesty, Manners, or Wit. What wise Man that could but see out of his Eyes, Would ever believe them to be the Deities? Or honour them with any Sacrifice? Inventors and Practisers of all Lyes.

There he was most of all at a loss.
There he found Ignorance in gross,
Which made his Brains all in a toss.
There was all you could possibly ghess,
To make up the bundle of Happiness.
Some were for Labours, Pains, and Scorns,
Others for Cuckolds golden Horns.
Some for all Jollity and Pleasure,
Others for Gold and Silver, heapt measure,
Jewels of all sorts, to make up their Treasure.

Some for Virtue joyn'd with Riches,
(But I find none for Witches.)
Some had folittle Wits,
To pick up Crums, and lick Spits.
But I suppose there's not one in twenty,
Put had the wit to choose Pleasure and Plenty,
Non datur vacuum, there's no Place empty.
Felicity

Felicity therefore there must full,
Where all's in store, where all's full,
Believe Philosophy you that wull,
It hath been hitherto a Gull.
All Atheism did once commence,
From the Denial of Providence.
Our Heads are full of dry Notions,
Our Hearts void of Devotions,
The Rack and the Wheel are our Promotions.

Every Man now will be fure of his Trull,

(All his Learning, is but a Gull.)

And his Bardash, for Orpheus says, 'tis no Bull.

They that think 'tis, have an empty Skull,

'Twil come to Kiss-low at last, Come Mull, Come

Mull.

We find by good Laws, that Adultery and Rapes, Murders, Incests, and all forts of Escapes; Could never be done by the Immortal Gods, But such as ought to be lasht with Infernal Rods. Old Beldam Rhea, for sooth, must run mad, For love of Atys, a prety Lad.

His last Shift was to go to the Magicians, Zoroaster's Disciples, as to the best Physicians. So, by help of a Magick Spell, He got safely in, and out of Hell, And understood all their Intrigues very well.

Alexander, and others, made their Addresses, To be install'd Egyptian Gods or Goddesses. In Egypt, it seems, 'twas counted great odds, For Rome and Greece had Gentiler Gods. Iss, and Apis, and Olyru, Anubis, Horus, and Bulyru.

Y y y 2

Besides

Besides Oxen, Dogs and Gats, of the Garlick and Onions, Mice and Rats. So'twas hardly worth the while, To be worshipped, for a God, at Nile.

Bacchus got to be an Indian Numen,
Who had his Thyrlus, to try Truemen.
Cestus, what was it; but a Switch,
To prove Venus to be a Witch?
Tripos Oracle Undertakers,
Were most likely Ranters and Quakers.

Caduceus, Mercury's Wand, On and a single of Ghosts Infernal had Command.

A winged Heel'd Herald, was he a Drudge,
To sweep Rooms, and on Errands Trudge?

A Thief, I have heard him often grudge.

Pelop's Race had no Shoulder Vein,
Like a pure Alablaster Grain.

Alexander stinks of Sulphur in Hell,
That boasted of his Aromatick smell.

Euphorbus told a rowzing Lye,
In Hell he had no golden Thigh.

Empedocles minded to try his Skill,
Game half roasted from Ætna's Hill;
So Fools pay dear for having their Will.

Socrates feign'd a chearful Grace, By boldly looking Death in the Face. But at fight of Hell's vast Gulf, Cry'd like a Child, and howl'd like a Wolf. All Braggadoci'os, when they come there, Like Cowards fall into a Bodiless fear, Protesilaus wisht one Days respit,
To see his new Spouse, and return at Night.
Orpheus had the liberty.
For his fair Wise Eurydice.
Mercury jumbles all Ghosts together,
Over the Sigian Lake in wind and weather.
The Drink in the Lethean Bowl,
Creates Forgetfulness to every Soul.

None can distinguish Royal Stems, What Necks have been adorn'd with Gems, Or Skulls with Crown or Diadems. Beggars, wife and wealthy Blades, Fare all alike among the Shades.

Beauty, is naked Bones, bald Pates, flat Noses, For them that us'd to be crown'd with Roses.

Mausolus, the Prince of Car,
With Thersytes writes, Par.
The Mausolæum and the Tub,
Lye together of Equal Club.
That Monument in Halyearnassus,
Is of less Fame than the Hill Parnassus.

Protestions with one Days:

CANTO XVI.

The last and most Bloody Act,
I come now to Transact:
That is, to condemn the Fact,
A Treasons National Compact.
I'le prove this Rebellious Draught,
To be more horrid than Witchcrast.
Odi Fanaticorum Opinionem,
Qui colunt Armatam Religionem.

'Tis beyond the mischief of Fates,
For Dunghil Slaves to contest with Potentates.
Tho I be a Mistress of all Revels,
Yet I never led the Dance to Rebels.
Oh Horrid! for the King's Protection,
To take up Arms against Him was a Damn'd Projection.

His Power against his Person to use, What call you this, but a Monstrous Abuse? You may remember very well, There was never any Rebellion in Hell, 'Tis beyond any Internal Spell.

Eastern Subjects their Kings Adore,
Europe is turn'd a Rebellious Whore.
For murdering Kings, you Rebellious Slaves,
I'le be the Sexton to dig all your Graves.
Oh, you kill'd a King, I remember,
The next Month aster December.
Villains you are upon Everlasting Record,
No Princes for ever will take your Word,
Nor suffer you to take up the Sword.

Peace,

Pcace, Truth, and Plenty will never stay,
If you once with the Militia run away,
As you did that Fatal Day.
Traytors that brake all just Oaths or'e and o're,
Your'e all Rotten at the Core,
The Devil will never trust you more.
I'le fooner trust the Devil or the Turk,
For they ne're did such Black Deeds work,
Radamanthus give 'um the Jerk.
Minos hang 'um up all by the Chin,
For basely Betraying and Selling their King.

Slash *Eacus* lustily, and all the Furies,
For the Ignoramus Juries.
For all the Loyal Blood they have spilt,
Run your Sword in their Guts up to the Hilt.
Especially because the Murderers Guilt,
Was cover'd with a Golden Quilt.
No're was such a Rebellious Grew,
Of such a Sanstified Hue,
To all Vows and Oaths never true.

I don't like your Godly Painting,
Nor your Sacrilegious Sainting.
Kings, Priests, and Royal Branches,
Cut down by your Swords and Lances.
The worst of Murderers that ever spoke,
Were they that hew'd down the Royal Oak.
Ne're shew your Faces above Ground more,
Hell dares trust you, no farther than the Door,
Now Rail at Witches, who'l believe you?
Had you more Kings to kill, 'twou'd never grieve
you,

Your Rebellious Pates were surrounded,
With Crowns and Mitres, by you confounded.
Yet you in Yillanies were so Fool and Knave
Hearty,
As to call your selves the Godly Party.
I could damn you my self, with a very good
Will,
For all the Innocent Blood you did spill.
Especially of Kings and Men the Best,
You hatcht those Eggs in Hell's Nest.

I conjure you to Answer at Pluto's Bar,
For Twenty years Unnatural War,
Which made Three Kingdoms stand a Jar.
Loath'd by all People from far and near,
While you Revel'd and made good Cheer.
And put all the World in fear,
Since you have paid for't dear.
A Curse is entail'd upon you all,
In Beelzebub's Judgment Hall;
The like was never fince the Fall.

O sweet Princes, never more Trust
Those Rebels and Murd'rers, that call themselves
Just.
Vizard, Hooded Saints, It is my Task,
To throw off your deceitful Mask.
Hell never made the like Uproar,
As you did upon Heavens Score.
You out-did all the Fiends of Hell,
No Histories such Tragedies can parallel.

Eighty Eight, and the Powder Treasons,
Of White Devils had not so many Legions,
Nor gave so many Santtified Reasons.
Therefore

Therefore the Devil his Suit Commences,
To fuch black Deeds, for making fuch fair Pretences.

Who then can trust you, Live or Dead, That in such bloody Principles are Bred?

Day and Night I'le haunt your Ghosts, Hang ye up upon Tainters and Posts. In Hell your Carkasses shall rost and fry, Wish for Death, but never dye, The Devil tells you the Reason why; Because you made him a glorious King, For this Cheat the Worm shall ever sting.

O thou Politick Mazarine,
They say, this was a Plot of Thine.
But I say, 'twas the Rebels own Contrivance,
Not without Mazarine's Connivance,
So two Mastive Dogs sight,
With hateful Heart, and hurtful Will,
Intending each other to kill.
An Enemy to both stands by, and sets them on,
Glad if both were destroy'd and gone.
Thus you gave too much occasion,
For a Common Foes Invasion.

Look to't Brave and Loyal Men,
Never to be Trepand agen.
Twice in an Age! for shame be Wise,
Hatch not the Egs of a Cockatrice.
I declare boldly against that black Deed,
I wish there were no more of your Cursed Breed.
Tho of Heaven I hope for no speed,
Yet this makes my Heart bleed.

So yet, never did Yours,
For relifting the Higher Powers.
I understand far better Things,
No Subjects have Right to Judge Kings.
Leave 'um to a Higher Throne,
GOD is the Judge of Kings alone.
From hencesorth, Rebels, I bid you be gone,
Your Companions, I'le be none.

We both in our Ways shall be Crost,
And both to Hell's Dungeon must be Tost.
I have protested against your Generation,
But you shall have the greatest Condemnation.
For my part, I'le keep my Station,
Leave all, but my own Abomination,
And so I have finish my Execution.

THE

beeld inself gar testas, as the i

CLOSE.

AS I'm a Witch, as I'm a Whore,

Now I'm plung'd into this kind of Trash,

'I've lost my Wits and all my Cash.

'Knock off then, for 'tis impossible to have,

A deadly stroke for every Knave.

'I lash at nothing, but Sins that are Swingers,

For the rest, I scorn to foul my Fingers.

'He that offers to rowze me a Stitch,

Shall feel the Vengeance of a Witch,

'And I'le make him dye in a Ditch.

'I have thrown my Angry Pen away,
'Ill I see, who dares Gainsay.

Dixi.

Z 2 2 2

Epilogue.

Epilogue.

'Le quite throw off my Vizor now,
'l'e ride no more upon a Sow.

'I've borrowed a Witches Phrase and Style,

'To damn Bafeness all this while,

"Tis to me a grievous Toil.

' This hath been counted Brave,

Set a Knave to catch a Knave.

'A Villain by a Villain flain,

'Has least cause to complain.

Pardon the Figure of a Witch and a Whore,

'I'le prosecute this Allegory no more.

I have laid on many a flash,

By th'hand of as great a Witch as ever was.

'If Rascals won't Reform hereafter,

Send 'um with a Vengeance to Tyburn's Slaughter.

(I pity neither Son nor Daughter,)

And let the Witches follow after.

At the Gallows there will be Room,

'For all Base Fellows to receive their Doom.

,I have long feen, and fuffered Evils,

Of all forts, from Men and Devils.

'This hath occasion'd after All,

' To make me dip my Pen in Gall.

No man's Ruine I desire,

All mens Amendment I require;

' All Worth and Honour I admire,

Vice hath kindled my holy Ire.

'I'le not crush a poor Hare in her Form,

' Nor will I tread upon a Worm.

Let my Foes charge me, if they can,

'I'le prove my felf an Honest Man.

'By putting on a Witches Mask,

'I take the Witches Selves to Task.

The Prospect of all forts of Sin,

' Hath made my Honest Satyr Grin.

Because he hath so often Frown'd,

Nimrod's Hunters would run him a Ground.

And Post him up and down the Town,

Specially Men of the long Gown.

'In all this Personated Draught,

I let fly at all that is Naught.

'For a Witches Expressions, to the Wife,

'I dare Apologize.

Things contrary to all Law and Rule,

Are perstringed by Ridicule.

Why should not Honesty take Inspection,

Of all forts of Vices, for Correction,

'To fave the World from further Infection?

'I'm tyr'd with raking in this Slough,
'Far more than they that hold the Plough.

'I fear I have been too large,

Shall no more undertake fuch a Charge. 'I'le busie my Self in the Practise of Right,

'An Honest Heart shall be my Delight.

'l'le hide me close, in my Cell, all alone,

' All Sin and Mifery to Bemoan,

'The World with both is Overgrown,

And now, All my Seeds are Sown.

milesofte Pate of Amile on historic

AN

APPENDIX

Try of Burkefque of Dre'l won't take

The Witches.

Rank Rablais solid Works took not very well,

But the Fops hugg'd his Garagantua and Pantagruel.

A Bamble pleases Fools, with a Bell,

The same is done with a Bubble and a Shell.

They

They that won't stir for a grave Tragick Dance,

Will cut Capers, and Fly at a light Comick Romance.

When sound Notions no Friends can make,

Try, if Burlesque or Droll mon't take,

If not, Boy a Quart of Canary in the Mitre Score,

I'le trust Witch or Devil no more.

THE

The Witter to

WITCH

TO T.HE

READER.

CANTO

O, Laugh, Democritus; Heraclitus, Cry,
'Tis a fine fight, to grin, and put finger in Eye.
No Fools like the old Fools, for shame cease,
Mad Shavers will do what they please.
We read, that Birds, Beasts, and Trees of old,
Spake, when Men durst not be so bold.
Of Villany, and Tyranny the highest Strain,
Is, to suffer none of Wrongs to complain.

So to fin without Controll,
Endures neither Check nor Droff:
This croffes the very Justice of Hell,
Where none are punisher that do well.
But where no Pen, nor Tongue, nor Hand
Must move, there's no Counsel nor Command,
A a a a There

There Good and Bad are at a stand, That's worse than Di, or Fairy Land.

Where there's neither Satyr nor Droll, Murd'rers and Judges walk Cheek by Joll, For such States, let the Bell Toll. They that deserve an Objurgation, Sue Plaintiff in Action of Defamation, This Liberty undoes a Nation. Stifle all History and Record, From the Peasant to the Lord, Censure no mans Deed or Word.

A fine World! when to do any thing every man may be bold,
And no Man of his Offence must be told.

If this be allowed Indemnity,
Why should not we Witches be free?
Can it be counted Sense or Reason,
To hang them up, that find fault with Felony or Treason?

Shall the Law let go gross Offenders,
And fall upon the honest Reprehenders?

Plague the Thristy, and encourage the Spenders?
Then farewel the Trade of State-Menders.

Do your worst Officers, says Tacebo,
Hangman lacks work, says Non Placebo.
It puts Wise men upon the Frets,
To find Laws turn'd into Nets.
The greatest Plague took up by the Factions,
Is to plunge the Modest into chargeable Actions,
The Janus Lawyers gather vast Fruits,
By strangling the Quiet in Endless Suits.

Put up your Injuries into your Sleeves,
What the Eye ne're fees, the Heart ne're grieves.
All the World hath cause to complain,
Of the Delays of proud Spain.
Me veny la morte di Spagna, at long running,
For then to be sure 'twill be slow a coming.
That way is desperately suspected,
That deserves, but resuses to be Corrected.

What ever's that Law, I can't understand,
That banishes Informers out of a Land,
And suffers Licentiousness to Command.
There's plenty of Traytors, Rogues and Whores,
Where they admit of no Corrigidores.
That Land swarms with Bandities and Tories,
That breeds no Alcades or Commandatories.
Letters of Mart or Represalia,
Armies of Thieves stand in Battalia,
To fill up the Fields of Pharsalia.

It was thought of old, that none but Kings Were exempted from Satyrs Stings.
But now every one that lies under a Hedge, Shall plead Immunity and Priviledge, And steal, if he can, the Golden Wedge. This sets all my Teeth on edge, If I Rob, no body need to be my Pledge.

For now the proudest Knaves that e're Pist, Presume to do what they list.
And, if nere so much mischief, all is Whist, And they're already at it Hand to Fist.
Rock all the Laws, say I, asseep,
Or hurl their Books into the Deep.
A a a a 2

And

And out all Frogs and Toads will creep, But not an honelt Man dares peep,

If a True-hearted Body find fault,
Tumble him into the Inquisition Vault,
Of Hell, that is a perfect Draught.
A true Informer, there let him dye,
The Commonwealth won't endure a Spye.
In Wickedness we're ne're like to thrive,
So long as there's a Satur alive,
Nemo me lacessit impune, is the Motto of the Thisse,
The Publick Good for this Priviledge, may go
Whistle.

Kings indeed are safe, under the Rose,
But Subjects are in themown Clothes.
They may, without a Fittion,
Sin, free from Contradiction.
If my rich Neighbour come to cut my Throat,
As Pompey's was in the Egyptian Boat.
I must stand still, and not find fault.
Orelse he'l leave me not worth a Groat.

Do not Parliaments to Kings complain,
Of Grievances, and shall Subjects disclain.
To be complain'd of, or punisht by Kings,
Or, if need be, by Inferior Things?
If there be allow'd no Reprehension,
Of Rebels there will be a general Comprehension,
And that must be a dampable Invention.
In all Commonwealths, at these Rates,
No Censors of Manners, or Estates,
No more need of Magistrates.

Let us dance at Barly-Breaks,
And refer all to the Fates.
Tho we break one anothers Pates,
And you may flut up Hell Gates.
Yet every Goffip with her Mate,
Shall never leave to lye and prate,
Of them that are of highest state.
Say, or do the Law what it will,
A Womans Tongue will never lye still.

Canting Saints call Satyrs Libels,
Where find they that in all their Bibels.
May Sins be rebuked, or may they not?
This Answer may suffice a Sot,
That passes his Verdict over a Pot.
(A Fools Bolt is soon shot,)
But never understands What's what.

If Good may be cry'd up, evil may be cry'd down, With Honesty all over the Town.
To teach to do Good, and eschew Evil,
Comes not kindly from a Witch, or a Devil.
When Vice is cry'd out against, none are abus'd,
But only when Honest men are falsy accus'd.
That's Scandal and Libelling, therefore,
To call a Spade a Spade ne're go behind the Door.

Lawyers and Sects, leave your Canting,
For all this Sutyr is but a Witches Ranting.

Philosophers and Poets play all the like Game,
I wish all Ranters were sober and tame,
So, I might get my self a Name.
And this is all, I poor Witch intend,
That every Rascal would amend,
And so they, then me, might come to a better End.

A grave, wife Debauchee, that foonest takes Pet, May be soonest caught in a Fools Net.

A Capricious Ass, in my Apprehension,
May be rid of his Folly, by a Fools Reprehension.

A great Opiniator may come to my School,
And soonest be cured by Ridicule,
That Purge settles him upon the Close Stool.

In these damnably daring, angry Times,
Fops are setcht over by ridiculous Rhimes.

Of Vice there are divers ways of Perstringing, Some by Stroaking, some by Swinging. Some by Mildness, some by Fury, 'Specially when it comes to an Ignoramu Jury. Some in grave, solid, sober Sadness, Some in a holy Rage and Madness. Some in learned, solemn Tables, Some in lighter strains and Fables. Some from an Enemy, some from a Friend, All tending to the self same End.

'Tis a strange Spirit, that winks at all Evil,
And suffers men quietly to go to the Devil.
They can't help it, they say, and they're loath to speak,
They wish'twere better, and their hearts do break,
But the Vessel drowns, and they won't stop the Leak.
Is this enough for Honest men to say,
To see Murder committed, and sneak away?
They'le not slownce into danger thick and thin,
'Tis best to keep in a whole Skin.

Is this Right, to maintain Mine and Thine,
To go contrary to Justice, Humane or Divine?

Don't

Don't I fee this plainly? Yes, I do, as bad as you make me,
And hate it too, or else the Devil take me.
Malignant Humors won't endure to be stirr'd,
A dull Jade kicks when he's Spurr'd.
Old Soars resuse to be Launcht,
'Tis pain for twisted Guts to be Pauncht.

I censure my own, and all other mens Sins,
And lay, as for Vermine, strong Traps and Gins,
(That's more than pricking with Needles and Pins.)
All in good earnest, though by a kind of Rhiming,
Party-per-Pale, betwixt Ringing and Chiming,
Variety of Changes not exactly Timing.
Sometimes downright, sometimes contrary,
According as my poor Wits chance to vary,
'Tis better than to scum Cream, or Churn in my
Dairy.

Tho, when I speak like my self, 'tis not altogether fo clean,

A Poet must do so, and all but Fools may know what I mean.

I lash hardest when I make the least noise, And am most serious, when I play the most Toys. 'Tis true in Me, Video Meliora, 'Tis as true sequor Deteriora. In this, you must know, I demonstrate my self, As I am, and must be a damned Elf.

The dull Readers understand me not Right,
As Scholars do at the first fight.
'Tis certain, in most things I am very Tight,
And, it may be, I have hit the White.

But 'tis for your good, that I take all the Pains, That the I lose, you may get all the Gains. I find Learned men are not so free; To rebuke Sin, as you perceive me to be, If they do well in this; Judge ye.

They are shy and fearful, that's plain,
Of losing their Friends, Honour and Gain.
This is no true Honesty I'le maintain,
I, tho a Witch, am of a Nobler strain.
This is enough to convince Connivance,
And this is the Reason of my Contrivance.
For a Maiden Fancy this may sly,
But the Devil a Maid am I.
The World is grown to the height of all Evil.

The World is grown to the height of all Evil, When none dare to tax Sin, but a Witch or a Devil,

'Tis very inexcusable therefore, you see,
Hypocrisse in the highest Degree.
Sure all forts of Vices in heaps lye Ram'd,
When both Wise and Fools are not afraid to be
Dami'd.
'Tis an excellent Witches Observation,
Incorrigibility destroys a Nation.
The Prophage kind in their strangers.

Incorrigibility destroys a Nation-The Prophene kind in their stante run on, While the Better fort stand and look on.

What call you this, but perfect Collusion?
In some Body, and whither tends it, but to Consusion?
That which they hate, they that sit in the Chair?
To suppress, take no Care:
How then is it likely the World should well fare?
This great Fault, in my way, I don't spare.

It

It may be I have suffered long,
For doing Right, before I did Wrong.
Therefore to Chide the rude Throng,
I make this the burden of my Song.
I wish the World were better grown,
And I wish my felf better, but the Fault's my own.
Therefore tis others I bemoan,
That for themselves never setcht the least Groan.

If you will understand me, I make Protestation,
My plain meaning in this Execration,
Is, of all that's base, a full Detestation.
To Purge out every Spring and Fall,
A Lawless Distemper that's Epidemical.
As for Law, my Genius ever led me that way,
But I could never endure to be hang'd by't, I say,
When greater Rogues scape, I count it foul Play.

As for Philosophick Fools,

I ever found fault with their two edged Tools,
But I am not an Enemy to Schools.
Gray Gravity it felf can well beteam,
That Language be adapted to the Theme.
He that to Parrots speaks, must Parrotize,
He that instructs Fools, may at the Unwise.
When States dishevel, and Laws untwist,
Wise men hold their Tongues, Fools speak what
they list.

Si Natura negat, facit Indignatio Versum, Qualementque potest, Tis no Sin to rehearse um? O these horrid Rebel Dogs. That Kennel with Touds and Frogs; In stinking Dykes, and Fenny Bogs, Will stir to Honesty no more than Logs.

Bbbb.

He that lets fly among that Tribe, Is rail'd and ball'd at o're the World so wide, And every Varlet on his back shall ride.

They may do all that's bloody and base,
And no body dares tell it to their Face.
They shall smite Honest men, hip and thigh,
Strangers, Friends, Neighbours and Standers by,
But no body must offer to say, Black's their Eye.
All sorts of deadly railing Notes,
And Curses belch from their poys nous Throats.

Plund'ring, Hanging, all forts of Undoing,
Are Virtues, while the Good Canfe is a going.
By Yea and Nay, in a word,
They can do all things by the Sword.
But if the just Law pinch 'um, they cry and roar at such Rates,
As if no less than Hannibal were at the Gates,
The Wicked undo the godly Mates.

The only way to cure this Distemper,
Is for Justice to watch and catch them Semper.
Or else they are such cross, implacable things,
And carry such deadly Venom in their Stings,
That they will ruine Priests, Nobles and Kings.
No wonder then, if poor Poets they kill,
That of great Princes have had their Will.
Devils in Dark act against Right,
And appear Angels in Light,
All things are carried by Favour, Malice, and Might.

He that rebukes Sin knows to what he must trust, That is, to be Persecuted and Curst;
For my part I'm bad enough, let 'um do their worst.

I confess, for this Office, Innocents may Rue,
But the Comfort is, they are Honest and True.
But they that hate 'um and hurt 'um, are damnably
Base,
And so I shall boldly tell 'um to their Face.

He that fooths, cringes, and collogues,
Gets all the Honour, and all the Vogues.
I confess, they may object against my Life,
But against my Doctrine, they can have no Strife.
Ovid's Muse was a Chast Madona,
Lasciva est Pagina vita Bona.
This is all they can say, 'tis a Witch that does scold,
But 'tis against all forts of Knaves, young and old,
And, perhaps, none but a Witch durst be so bold.
Others, 'tis plain, are between hot and cold,
And are a fraid of losing their Gold.

You may be corrupt, and you may be pure, Let them alone, and they'l let you alone be fure. So you may both quietly march into Hell, By that means all will be well. Still, 'tis the fame thing, to rebuke Evil, Be it done, by Saint, Witch or Devil.

If you be good, I have nothing to fay,
But praise you for taking the Right way:
But if you choose the Cause that is Evil,
I'm ready to post you headlong to the Devil.
Never stand, Shall I, shall I, railing or bawling,
Let every one follow his honest Calling.
'Tis my duty, tho a wicked Preacher,
To strike at every salse Over-reacher.

The Witch to

18-

Tho I fail, yet be you Just and True,
To be fure I shall have my due.

Is't any hurt for me, that am Bad, to wish you better?

I may be a Knave and a good Bone-Setter.
You may Rail at me, as you have begun,
But what has the honest Poet done.
Does he speak his own Words, or Mine?
Why do ye abuse him then for every Line?

Tax him for his life, if you can or dare,
The best of you with him compare
But because you can't, at his Fame you dart,
The Devil, one day, will split you for't.
The Devil, one day, will give you a Fair Ring,
And hang you up at the Cross called Charing.
A Company of leud Hectors, that ne're did good,
But always delighted in innocent Blood.
To abuse and undo every Honest man,
Endure it, that endure it can.

This moves me to take their part,
That are fairly wrong'd and griev'd at Heart.
For others Sins, and their own Harms,
This forces me to make use of my Charms:
And to plague those that do them Wrong,
This is the burden of my Song.

What a Nest is there of Rogues and Whores, That turn all Honest men out of Doors? When none take their part, In come We, To revenge all their Injury. We'l hurt no Innocents, of honest Profession, But aim at the Men of all forts of Transgression. I've done so much harm to good Men in my days, I'm resolv'd now to secure them and their Praise.

I do confess my self to blame,
For being a Witch, I deserve the Name:
But for those that use Paints,
Act Rogues, and profess Saints,
And of Hypocrisie will endure no Complaints.
I tell you, I cannot abhor them enough,
That are more than Law or Conscience Proof,
In Hell, there can be no worse Stuff.

I confess, I'm by force to Witchcrast confin'd,
But they to all Villary are freely inclin'd.
Goodness often comes in my mind,
And to good Men I love to be kind.
But they will neither be good in themselves,
Nor suffer others to be good. What worser Elves?
The Devils and We are already damn'd,
And hook in others with them to be sham'd,
For fear Hell should not be sufficiently cram'd.

In this, I'm fure, I do well,
To fave as many as I can from coming to Hell.
Especially to avoid this Gainsying,
That Men should go to the Devil by Praying,
The same with, In Frost and Snow to go a Maying.
I very well find the danger I am in,
That can't repent me of my Sin.
This makes me the more earnest to study to save,
If I could, every Incorrigible Slave.

I can baseness more to the life express, Than they that use it nevertheless.

Because,

Because, I know, I give my Mind,
To setch up those that lag behind.
Of all Vice I have ta'ne the true scent,
More than those that never Repent;
To turn them into the Right way,
Which they wilfully pass by every day.

We are better natured than Fiends,
'Cause to Mankind we are better Friends.
I may have as Wise, and as Honest Desires,
And kindle as Zealous Fires
As those that hang out a Fairer Sign,
But never sell good Beer, or Wine.
I could find in my heart, to break the Devils Score,
And hurt Honest Men, no more.

Every Single, Simple Imp,
Shews himself, so much in the Crimp,
As to Act Monk, and Play the Pimp.

Unus Invenit, Alius Pinsit,
Vou'l say, I use Ribaldry, Roaring, and Ranting,
Poetick, Philosophick Canting;
But to Blaspheme or be Profane,
I tell you I abhor that Strain.

Tho I be out Nettle, and in Dock,
You shall ne're find me at that Lock,
I'le be sure to leap over that Block.
I may, and do, act several Parts.
And Counterfeit in several Arts.
But I have no Ill meaning to Beguile,
Stab under the fifth Rib with a Smile,
But to find out, and describe a Knave all the while.

The

the Reader:

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Because I know he will never start.
The greatest Villains, Low and High,
Can't but admire, love and sear Honesty.
Yet they're so base to do all the harm they can,
To the True, Honest, Harmless man.
Now this is the way that loaths me so much,

The Honest man, I take his part, Because I love him at my Heart,

Now this is the way that loaths me so much, For which I bear them all this Grutch:
And when I can handsomly upon 'um light, I long to do 'um all despight,
And it shall be cunningly out of sight.
None can deal so we'l, nor be so Tight,
As We, to be reveng d of Malice and Might.

When Clocks want Keepers, and Dyals want Light, All goes by guess, whither Wrong or Right. Seldom blind Archers hit the White, The Informer and Hangman have took their flight. A Wise man may wear a Fools Coat, An Honest man may be left not worth a Groat. He that speaks Truth shall lie in his Throat. If as Chast as Diana you're call'd a leud Goat, If Wise as Pallas, they'l say you Doat. A grave Musician may play a light Note, If you be a Lamb, they'l cut your Throat.

If this be all the fault you can find,
'Tis to rebuke Sin, you know my mind,
Every thing must be served in its kind.
You're a degree from the Devil removed,
If you once hate to be reproved.
'Tis a sign you will never be good,
That vomit and belch out Dirt and Mud.

The

The Witch to

The crazy World will crack in all its middle Joynts, When both ends want their Parapoints.

Say what you will, In tota Natura rerum,

Nil Juste probibet dicere Verum.

When all is done, except Truth may command, I know not how the World can stand.

Then Reader, I'le allow you a Bushel of Malt, 'If you'l but afford me one grain of Salt.

In short, I say to every Ignor amus Reader, From the Plow-Jogger to the Bar-Pleader, Let them follow my Rules, but not me for their Leader.

Busie Momus Fumes and Swears,
Rhimes fall together by the Ears,
We shall ne're want Jealousies and Fears.
I say, when the true Sense will bear it,
Verse runs on all Fours, never fear it.
But when the Cabal to carry double is cross,
Then the Jade must be forc't to Joss,
Rather than the Sense be at a Joss.

The Dancing Portafter takes pleasure,
To traverse the Stage in exact measure:
But they that Buskinst in a Drom,
Reckon strict Numbers but a Sham.
Apothegms, Proverbs croud in now and then,
Sophists and Legists bring in their Men.
To do good Service other while,
Upon occasion, out of Rank and File.
So they use to Advance and Sally,
March close, after a Rout, Rally,
In heat of Fight, not stand shall I, shall I.

No strict Commission for Orders to wait,
The Fish is gone white you change the Bait.
In Mood and Figure, Declension and Tense,
Logicians and Criticks commence,
Prerogative makes just Defence.
Rhimers are more than common Greges,
Poetæsunt Syllabarum REGES.

My unconfined Muse disdains,
Like a Slave, to be led in Fetters and Chains,
Her Verse suppos'd to run the sweeter,
When not clog'd with all Four-footed Meeter.
But some are well pleas'd neither full nor fasting,
Always over, or under-casting,
Whose Judgments are never long lasting.

Some Wits are never known to thrive,
Never pleas'd, dead nor alive.
In their Coffins they lye fullen,
Because they lye scrubbing in Woollen.
Some in their Graves, Riggle and Jiggle,
'Cause Boys and Girls o're them Laugh and Giggle.
Others dogged, Mutter and Grumble,
'Cause on their Turs Children Play and Tumble.

But false Envies, endless Abuses, Can't supersede my Just Excuses. Sometimes I may tread a false Step, Over a Slough I may give a Leap. I do not Botch'or Patch a Rhime, Hook in a Phrase to keep Time.

Dramaticks in their Tragick Pride, Scorn to Numbers to be ty'd. In my Verse here and there a Notch, Rather than stitch it up with a Botch. A Poem ought to run as smooth in Reading, As a Lawyers Bill in Pleading, A Poet must not always be kneading.

Some handsom Molds are soonest cast,
By a kind of careless Hast.
Sometimes the more Care, the more Wast,
Festina lente, all so fast.
The greatest Stirrings cause most Bubbles,
Sudden Inventions raise least Troubles.

I read in curious Verse and Prose,
(Be it spoke under the Rose,)
Very small Learning, but great Fame,
Meerly for the Author's Name.
O you Dunce, down with your Hose,
You deserve a whipt Britch, and a bloody Nose.

Dare you abuse in bald Rhimes,
The glorious Wits of the Times?
I understand better things, ye Slaves,
I fall on none but Fools and Knaves.
I tell you, I am something Nice,
Choose Authors, not Florid, but Wife.

A fleekt Oration, a starcht Story,
Of Tom Trincalo, or John Dory;
Begets Attention at an AC,
No Right, all matter of Fact.
Scholars that in Arts commence,
Courted by Harlot Ploquence,

Great Wits for want of Wit flatter, Fucus of Words without Matter, I'de as lieve hear a Magpy Chatter.

One thing more makes Momus Frown,
He fays, I cry the Clergy down.
He is a Rogue for faying fo,
To their Scandals I am a Foe.
Their Strife, Riot, Blood and Pride,
Rebellion, Covetousness I can't abide.
That would be Infallibly Supreme,
This is the meaning of my Theme.
In Councils hardly can agree,
Act most by Rigor and Aspertee;
Truly, these are no Clerks for me.

Presbyter Jack prays and preaches Harty, Rebels, and calls Self the Godly Party. The Old Clergy for Ignorance and Pride, Nobles and Gentry are laid aside.

The gallant Independent wins the Crown,
Prays, Preaches, fights the Presbyter down.
Then comes the Ship-shop-man and Petty-Fogger,
The Praying, Holding-forth Plow-Jogger.
Mov'd by Enthusiastick Call,
Out Prays, out Preaches, out Fights 'um all.

Such Cattel are Fera Natura,
Disturb'um and they'l ne're endure ye.
I loath such Clerks as are never good,
Preach up Rebellion and Blood.
A Mongrel Clergy that basely Flatter,
Do any thing for a Two-peny Matter,
These are the Men I bespatter.
Cccc 2

Hedge

Hedge Priests, that dare strike the Marriage stroak, 'Twixt Brother and Sister under an Oak. In Parlors, Barns, Stables, pray and prate, Undermining Church and State, These are the Vermin I so much Hate. Creepers into Courts and Shops, Greazing their Fists, Cramming their Chops. In any thing, be't ne're so Ill, They are ready to do your Will.

But O, the Learned, Pious Tribe, Scorn to Flatter or take Bribe. These were ever in my Books, The rest, from me, have had wry Looks. A Clergy Els I e're did hate, May the True Priests live in state.

Those that are of Princely Spirits,
That act Gentily; Their rare Merits
Deserve to Teach, deserve to Rule,
The rest I count but Ridicule.
The Learned Clergy I adore,
Honour and Wealth become them more,
Than other Men, on the same score.

Sure, Long suffering by Foul Play, Hath drove me to this Angry Way, And now I'm in, I can hardly stay. Primitive Saints did Preach and Pray, In homely Cells, out of Harms way. 'Till the Age of Constantine, The Clergy were Learned and Divine, They never broke this Heart of mine:

Who

Who thought twould e're be the Priests Doom, To Lord it in Imperial Rome?
The Emperor was High Priest, but since,
The Priest is Emperor and Prince.
Senatus, Populus Romanus,
Sunt Clerus hodie Insanus.

Did ever Clerks till then aspire,
'Bove Crowned Heads to advance higher?
How came it into their Bald Pates,
From rich Death Beds to screw Estates?
How came they first to cheat Wise Nations,
With Purgatories and Transubstantiations?

D'ye think the Church can ever stand,
When such wild Freaks the World command?
Brave Princes gull'd by Nasty Fryars,
Whose Brats sit at other Mens Fires.
That choose to lead such lazy Lives,
With Concubines, not lawful Wives.
Their Frantick Orders and Institutions,
Are Nurseries of all Consusons.

Trust them with Power and Wealth, when warm, You'l find they'l stick not to do all harm. Lawyers have much improv'd their Parts, But Clergy have outstript all Arts. Others are Ideots, if you mind 'um, The Virtuoso shall come behind 'um. What Matchiavels have they not cheated? What Policies have they not deseated?

To tell Truth, I have been plaguily vext, ; They first turn'd me beside my Text.

I compounded then to please my Mind,
After I took all Learning in kind.
But that I might not be at Loss,
I divided the Pure from the Dross,
Yet still came home by Weeping Cross.
As all must, that with them ha' to do,
To no purpose to throw an Old Shoe.

Yet those that did me vex and teaze, Occasioned my Souls Ease. I resolv'd upon Virtues Praise, And to condemn Vice always. So they that weakned me all along, Against their Wills have made me strong, By discerning 'twixt Right and Wrong.

And now I soar above their Heads,
In Triumph; they in shame go to their Beds.
Better to Give, than to Receive,
Better be Cheated, than to Deceive.
Put to the Fret by Friar Dominick,
No wonder I prov'd a little Cynick.
Taken and kept upon Suspicion,
Doz'd me in the Spanish Inquisition.

The High Commission and the Doom,
Darted from the Starry Room,
Had like to a plung dime to my Tomb.
These were design d for Knaves; but now and then,
Abuses sell upon Honest men.

He that abounds in Sense Divine, Shall never flick at Thine or Mine. He that sits on the Triple Shelf, Shall be an Oracle to himself,

Learning

Learning and Laws must from him spring, A Priest, a Prophet, Lord and King: And all must shrowd under his Wing, But let 'um watch his deadly Sting.

Power and Wit must gladly buckle, Honour and Wealth under him truckle. The Private and the Publick State, Temporal and Eternal Fate, Must hang at such Mens Girdles; their bare Nods, Are more than Princes Frowns or Rods.

A Curse, or causeless Execuation, Staggers and Thunderbolts a Nation. Towns, Cities, Kingdoms fore Afflicted, From Sacred Things Interdicted. 'Tis more than Exile, Mines, or Slaughter, Or Interdiction of Fire and Water.

Momus says, I take too much to be a Writer, That am no better than an old Sheep-Biter, Therefore, 'tis just for all Scholars to slight her. Sirrah, Cockscomb, Jackanapes, Fool, Take heed of medling with an Edg'd Tool, I'le fet Thousands such as you to School, A Company of ugly Mongrel Currs, To bark at a Lady in her Silks and Furrs, And let a Lord scape in his Golden Spurrs.

Every Mothers Son of Hobgoblin or Fairy, A scorn to Sluts of the Kitchin or Dairy, I'le setch you over with a Certiorari. I'le set an old Petty fogger or Parson, To Indite you for Barretre or Arson, Too him, too him, O brave Garson.

I'le make him Skice under the Whores Bed, His Mother, and not dare to shew his Head, Teach him to offer a Hen of the Game to Tread.

Dogs, tho I be a Witch by Profession, Let me alone in my Honest Digression. Put up your dirry Libels and Packets, Or else I'le let fly at your Thred-bare Jackets. Now ye have put me into this angry Mood, I'm resolv'd to Rail, as long as Railing is good. And now y' have teiz'd me so and so, I'le drive the Nail as far as it will go.

Tho I be a Witch, 'tis true, yet 'tis my Refolution,
To bring all the Rogues I can to Execution.
I'le leave this Manifesto to all Ages hereaster,
I love Vertue, tho I'm a Witch and a Witches
Daughter,
That was fairly hung upon Tyburn's Raster.

The Clergy rarely hang together,
Never endure Wind nor Weather.
Often distracted by a Feather,
Their Shoes made much of Running Leather.
Linsy-Woolsy are their Jumps.
More than ordinary Frumps.
They hate to think of Ropes or Burning,
Drape de Berry will hold Turning.

To Rule well they ne're could get the knack, Too oft they into Junto's pack: Till they come into their Huffs, And at last to Fifty Cuffs. Play kind good Fellows, go a Foxing, On a sudden all by the Ears a Boxing.

Close

Close Bickerings, Thwick Thwack,
All ends in a Cup of Sack.
But all this while never the more Friends,
Still every Party for his own Ends,
The Rich Laity for all must make amends.

Besides all this, it is their Failing,
They are strangely given to Railing,
I wish all such to New England Sayling.
Self opiniated and Proud,
Into Sects and Factions crow'd,
In Coventicles very loud.
Like Seamen and Sheep, cry One and all,
Right or Wrong to stand or fall.

Therefore Kings wifely, as the Cafe stands,
Keep all the Power in their own Hands;
For fear they should undo their Brothers,
And be the Ruine of their Mothers.
They cut them out their own Work too,
And confirm all they do.
This Policy Wise men find,
For the benefit of Mankind.

This prevents many a Flaw,
In Civil and Ecclefictick Law.
This prevents Rebellious Heats,
And all forts of Spiritual Cheats;
For if the Pen had its Will,
The Sword should more Blood spill.
Speak, speak all good men, is not this true,
Excepting the Ignor anim Crew.

Of War, who were the Drums and Trumpets,
But Romes and Geneva's Strumpets?

Dddd Hah,

Hah, who lies in Ambuscado still,
The Common-wealth would have its Will.
Down went one Royal Oak, and now another
Sprung from his Stock, is threatned, with his Brother.

What the fame Scene in the open Sun, Acted before this Age be half done? So to be cheated of our Goods, Just fo, once more to lose our Bloods? Who in the Dark make Combinations, For Plundrings and Affassinations, And gild allover with Evasions, But Sectaries of all Perswasions?

I fee my felf so far outdone,
I fee such damned Courses run,
And such counterfeit Webs spun.
To leave my Bungling Trade, I am resolv'd,
In Witchcrast ne're to be involv'd.
It must be high time to give o're,
I yield, I'le be a Witch no more.

But still I own the Golden Line,
Of Clergy Learned and Divine.
To Princes fit Guides and Tutors,
Ambassadors and Prolocutors.
Companions to Potentates,
The Strength and Glory of all States.
Do ye think me blind or dull,
Senseles, or of a Fanatick Skull,
Fit to be baited by every Bull?

He that fays, I hate the Coat;

Try, make 'um Judges and Arbitrators,
Specially, Heirs, Executors and Administrators:
I'le warrant 'um they shall Translate, and Convey
Vast Lordships the clean contrary way.
Scriveners are but Pingling Rats,
These are the greedy devouring Cats.

Flamens, Poets, Sophilicators,
Augurs, Prognosticators.
Counted Religious and Wise,
All Arts to Monopolize.
They might all be Priests and Kings,
If they would mind Honest things,
Now they prove the Devils Darlings,
Suffer Selves to be bought and sold,
Remain Dunces, young and old,
And e're will at this rate, I dare be bold.

Here and there you may efpy
A brave Soul, neglected lye.
He is too Learn'd, and too Shamefac'd,
Too Honest, he must be disgrac'd.
Down with him, under Hatches in the Hold,
Feed him with Scraps till he be Old.
'Tis enough to make any honest Woman scold,
To scratch and tear'um I can be bold.

Tush, I'm an old doting Jade, that has no Brains,
Think I to pretend to Juvenile Strains?
I cannot now take pains.
Sirrah Dog, I'le cut all that Rag,
That dares to call me Doating Hag.
Villain, Spirits ne're grow old,
They keep their Everlasting hold.
Dddd2

And hadft thou Wit, thou wouldest know, The Older, the Wifer they grow.

To try then, what with your Genius Suits, I give you a Tast of my Eirst Fruits. In hopes of your Custom, Ple give you a Spell, Take a Cast of my Office for a Handfell.

CANTOH

In fair Constant inople New.

Justinian's Colours, Red and Blew.
Both Marks of a Rebellious Crew,
Never to their Master True.

Haly spred her Fatal Signs,
To Popes and Casans, Guespus and Gibellines,
Both the Republicks Countermines.

White and Black Standards display'd,
The difference of Minds betray'd,

Italy could ne're keepther felf is Maid.

For besides the Gethe and Vandels Rapes,
From Natives she made hard Escapes.
Witness the Ravishe's Gancetteri,
From whence spring the Bianchi & Neri?
None of these sine Instinctû Cleri,
Florence, Postoria with Sects Referbi,
Buon del monti, and Oberti,
Albizi also, and Ricei,
Donati, Corchi, Canalleri,

Besides the Cursed Ammonioty and artifue a dist

Clergy

Clergy and Popular Elections,
Fill'd all with Factions and Sections.
Michael di Lando, Wool-comber, in a Jeer,
(Like Massanello,) made Gaufalonier.

A handfom Medium to find,
Go over Pont Assinine.
Tell me, I pray, what rugged Storm,
Tore the first Matter from the first Form.
Tell me Serid, non Joco,
An ultima Spharasit in Loco.
Resolve me, if you can, with a Wannion,
How the Load-Stones force is quell'd by an Onion.
Tell me 'twixt I and you alone,
If Allombe a Juyce, or a Stone?

Watch and see, without Dispute,
If a Thrush do Birdlime Mute.
If a Coy-Duck, that Thief in Nature,
Be not to the Common-wealth a Traitor.

In all your Born, did y'ever know,
If Horns well planted will grow?
Have Fishes Lungs, or do they breath,
Or sleep, the Waters underneath?
If Lampreys and Vipers breed,
Which must be the prevailing Seed?
Dic mihi, an Anima Munds,
Sicut Corpus, be in Forma Rotundi?

Take all in Naturalibus puru, Vbietas convenit omnibus Creaturis. Conjunctorum est Solatium Sed Abstrabentium est Mendacium, Of a Square or a round Man,
Aristotle or Plato, who's the Profound Man?
If a tree, voluntary Choice,
For Middle or both Ends gives his Voice.
And if it be a Mixt Action,
Is it not a persec Faction?

Of Sympathy and Antipathy, the True Reason,
Was never found yet in its Season.
'Twixt Something and Nothing there can be no Middle,
Pigs playing on Organs sute well with a Fiddle,
I lack Sphynx to unfold ev'ry Riddle.
If Syrens and Tritons be Fishes Mute,
Neptune and Thetis are so without Dispute,
As for Holus, he's a rugged Brute.
The true old Purple can never be sound,
The Philosopher's Stone is hid under-ground,
False Phanomena's abound.

Philosophers can't agree,
By what Species we see.
Fee Counsel, to tell which is most sitting,
By Intra or Extra-mitting,
But let the Parliament be sitting.
Amicitia inter Binos & Bonos,
Inter malos, nec Amor, nec Honos.
An pure Nibil cadat sub Conceptu,
An Absolutum sit sine omni Respectu.

Nothing dries fooner than Tears, Nothing betrays fooner than Fears. Swine upwards can't lift up their Eye, Cast them on their backs, they silent lye, Amaz'd to see the glory of the Skye.

Court

Court old Madam Trickmedainte, Especially Madam Governante.

Charles the Fifth, so great a Man, And Parma's Prince, deny't that can. Neither of them, more wise or good, For dying in a Capuchin's Hood. Aristotle's Question does reseat, Why Health, as Sickness, don't insect. In Felony and Treasons Case, A Staff has the power of a Mace.

Areopagites, like wife Peers,
Demury'd Doubts for a Thousand years.
When Greek Physicians shall learn Arts,
Says Cato, they will kill all Hearts.
Pythagoreans were lost in Slumbers,
When they reck'ned Souls all Numbers,
I believe they were all Fumblers.

The Musicians strein high,
Call the Soul Harmony,
Search all the Planets Houses, to know,
Who rob'd a Thatch Cottage here below.
Find who is Lord of the Ascendant,
Let him be Superintendant.

Garcaus of the Meteors hit it,
If't had been a Hair h'had split it,
No Body could better fit it.
A noise i'th' Air precedes a Storm,
Then good Angels strive to prevent Harm,
Some for Cold weather, some for Warm.

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When first Matter was in her Prime,
No body so much as talkt of Time.
When Occult Qualities had no Bottoms,
Then men began to think of Atoms.
Matter, Form, and Privation,
Principles of the whole Creation.
But Mercury, Sulphur and Sal,
Have turn'd them out for good and all.

Why Learned men more copious are,
Quintilian answers at the Bar.
The Learned chuse the Best from needless Stuff,
The Unlearned take all rough and enough.
We read of Subterranean Sprights,
That work in Minerals all Nights.
But 'twas no better than Play,
For nothing was found done next day.

To fave Court Ladies, the Plot was laid, Nero to practice on Asse his Maid. He is a Scholar of a wife Reach, That learns and is able to Teach. Vulcan took Pett at the Athenian Schools, Told them they should be all Fools. But Pallas blest them with a Charm, That their Folly should do them so harm.

At Siege of Thebes in the Beotian Fields,
All Captains bore their painted Shields.
Only Amphialus a white Flag bore,
Of Valiant Acts that had the greatest Score.
Cesar was not for his own Ends,
Died rather than suspect his Friends.
The Gods, because of higher Fames,
Call all things by their proper Names.

Xanthus

Xanthus the Gods call Scamander,
And so our poor Wits come to wander,
We scarce know a Goole from a Gander.

A Fly the Poet commended more,
Than a Nemean Lion, or a Calidonian Bore;
What would he ha' done for Calirrohe his Whore?

Caligula courted with a round Sum.

Demetrius in scorn he turn'd his Bum.

If he will tempt me to Aspire,
No less will do't than his whole Empire.

Ten Talents to give, might suffice a Commander,
But Thirty's a Gift for Alexander, we would be a served.

Jove plac'd the Gods upon their Settles, According to their several Mettals.

That is, as Lucion scotts, Theris Mas, When by right it should be Acts in Mas.

Tully was pernicious to Rome,

Demosthenes was Athers Doom.

In the whole Imperial Line,

The Best and Learnedst was Antonine.

The Nord drawin and was antonine.

And that's a sign of no small one.

Ships split oft on Rocks of Dice,
More dangerous than these of Ice,
Pardon a Gamester if he venter twice.

Lucian's Cobler proudly dreams,
Of no less than Golden-streams.
What if it were the Golden-streams,
'Twou'd make us all, that Thing alone.
Whose Primitive Tradition reaches,
As far as Adam's first green Breeches.

E e e e

Antients

Ancients and Novelists bely us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum Prim.
Who finds in Canonick Ruth,
The nearer Antiquity, the nearer Truth?

Mong all the Nocturnal Apparitions,
I meet Enthusiastick Visions.
Take some in their proper Seasons,
They are but Misprisons of Treasons;
But be sure look not for true Reasons.
Offices first, soon swell into Merit,
'Tis love in the Flesh, that was love in the Spirit,
So Vices come Vertues to inherit.
Champerty, Mayhem, Prison Rumpers,
Burglary, Infangthef, Withernam, Bumpers!

Of Villanies I have feen such store.

That I'm resolv'd to see no more.
Before I could discern them well.
I was forc't to go down lower than Hell.
There's King-killing and Ranging,
O're Land and Sea, Laws and States changing.
There may be some Interludes.
Allaying Everlasting Feuds.
But Ecclesiastick Wars never fail,
None offers to cut off the Entail.

Heliogabalus would be the Sun,
Married Urania the Moon.

Cornelius Agrippa, fays the best Hero's,
Were Bastards, Kings, and Cavalero's.

Hercules kill'd the Lion Brood,
That fell from the Moon in the Nemean Wood.

Tantalus play'd an ugly Feat,
Roasted his Sons for the Gods to eat.

Geres

Ceres was cheated under his Bowre,

Pelop's Shoulder to devour.

The rest in horror sled,

But restor'd him from the Dead,

An Ivory Shoulder they decreed,

For ever to that Noble breed.

Palamedes while Troy besieg'd was,
Invented Chefs, Latrunculorum Tabulm.
Apollo, that brave Titan,
Of Gods the most a Gentleman.
We never find him changing his Hue,
To haunt after a Whorish Crue,
His Muses were Chast, give 'um their due,
Mercury, Moly did procure,
Witches that Herb can't endure.

Jupiter is painted without Ears,
Regards not Mortals Cries nor Tears.
The Phænicians Gods of Old,
Were laden with Purses of Gold.
Dæmons took their Lodging Hole,
All together in the North Pole.
The good and gentle Genii,
In the milder South Pole lye.
Omne malum ab Aquilone,
What's worse than a Northern Nebulone?

Goths, Vandals, Huns, Lombards, Heruli, Turks, Tartars, Normans, all unruly. Vulturs, all Females, breed behind, Conceive by the North and South Wind. A Lion Fever-fick we are affar'd, Certainly by an Ape is cur'd.

Ecce 2

The Rhincerote with one Horn, Is the true Unicorn.

The Female Viper in Coition,
Destroys the Male without Suspicion,
Of Treason, 'tis but Misprisson.
Erithonius found Coaches meet,
To hide his Dragons Feet.
Yellow Beards the Hebrews wore,
Because the Golden Calf they did adore.

Diogenes Plato's Man did mock,
Homo est Animal Bipes, a Cock!
At the Antipodes what's a Clock?
Plato's Soul was once in Euphorbus,
Circa Minutias sapere, est Grecus Morbus.
Frustrà sapit, qui sibi non sapit,
Frustrà rapit, qui sibi non rapit,
He was safe from the Guns, that lay hid in a Saw-Pit.

Sententiaries, Cafuitts,
Fall foul together with Clubs and Filts.
Summists, Dictionarific, Index Rakers,
Muggletonians and Quakers,
Ordinary Interlineary Geoffstors,
Postillers, Conciliators,
Are not Wildoms Administrators.

Spanish Empire, from East to West,
Larger than Romans, and all the rest,
You may choose Blindfold, bad's the Best.
Artemisia made a Tomb of Stones of Town But drank up her Husbands Bones.

Para-

Paracellus pretended high, Towards Immortality: Made Homuncio's, rais'd from Dead, Among Coachmen and Hostlers bred, Himself at Thirty buried.

Procopius Arcana Historia, Invented and kept Lyes in Memoria. Branded justly ever after, For a base Traytor to his Master.

Alexander made his way,
Dragooning over India:
Tom Coriot footed it two thousand Miles,
Besides Way-bits and Kentish Styles.
The King of France with twenty thousand Men,
Went up a Hill, and so came down agen.
Cartez made Animals, Machins and Gins,
Moving by Screws, Elaters and Springs.

Old Wizard Druis stampt the first Print,
In the Samian, Sophist's Mint.
Souls Transmigration from Men to Men,
And so to Beasts and back agen.
Act aon's Dogs without Controll,
Might eat up his Body, and drink up his Soul.

From Bardus, Draw Boy came Sects,
That Sang Diurnals and Gazets.

Agathyrs in Aristotle's time, XI Sang Laws in the Streets, when they were in their Prime.

So others did, as is pretended,
'Fore ever Letters were invented:

Troff

Their

Their Musick Rules then Notice sounded,
That now for Laws are expounded,
So Words and things are oft confounded.
The bare presence of a Bard,
A Navy sayling could retard.
One Brackman had power to command,
Whole Armies to march or stand,
So wise Men by Superstition are Trepan'd.

Let him that has a mind to Travel, In Wales, see if he can find a Navel. The Natives from the Center running all, Themselves Borderers call. If this be true, then to this day, It must be Terra Incognita.

Latin was Goth'd and Vandal'd, Hunn'd, Herulide, And every Language debauch'd beside; Only the Welsh has no Affinity, With Strangers, but keeps her Virginity. The Gentry by the Hills secure, Posses their ancient Blood pure. What think ye, may they not be Welsh Rate, Whose young, as soon as born, are big with Brate? Need provide store of Cambrian Cats.

The Fool did his Downfall create,
By fawing the Bough on which he fate,
The famous Hero's, that dy'd in Wars,
Mounted up to the Fixed Stars.
So the great Saviours of Nations,
Shine in Celefical Confiellations.

Truft

En others dell, as is pretended, Fore ever Let on were invented. Trust to no man, Fool or Wise,
Most things are in a Disguise.
What think y' of th'Inventors of counterfeit Cases,
T'impose on the World with brazen Faces?
But if you would be truly Wise,
You must your own Judgment Exercise.

Roman's scorn'd Kings should go before 'um, But the Gods reserv'd to themselves Regem Sacrorum.

Tho no Kings allow'd for the Forum,
Yet they kept Fecial Reges Armorum.
Hyena's change, like Sister and Brother,
Males one year, Females another.
They must needs rise very soon,
To see Elephants worship the Moon.

Hippocentaurs try'd their Forces,
The first that backt and pac'd Horses.
The Bull of Marathon did roar,
When baited by the Caledonian Boar.
If Fanaticks were set to work,
They would quickly bring in the Turk.

Ransack all the Druggists Stalls,
There are more Poysons than Cordials.
Risle the World from Head to Tail,
What Species yet did ever fail?
Natura nunquam fecit Saltum,
Nit asperius Humiti, cum surgit in Altum.
Millions of years, if you stay,
The Mountains will be all washt away.
Ordinary depths of Sea and Sand,
Answer ordinary heights of Land.

As high as are the lofty Mountains, So low are the vast Ocean's Fountains.

Campania, a Paradise for Store, The same with Terra di Lavadore. How is it with some Criminals, Where all Parties are Principals? All have there due, Nego Majorem, For Major suspendit Minorem.

Set a Fool in a Glass to spy
The left Testicle of a Fly.

Muscipula voids Issue from her Chaps,
Into Water, and then up them laps.
The sleeping Dolphin never winks,
But from Top to Bottom sinks.
But pray what should the Lion ail,
When sleeping, he wags his Tail.

Mahomet's Horns, would you did know,
Were made of Half Fire, half Snow.

A cloudy Pearl'in a Dove's Paunch,
Comes forth the Siege, with an Orient glance.
A Spanish Cock-Chick, I can tell,
That was heard to crow in the Shell.
To deprive men of the benefit,
The Root is cropt, call'd Dovil's Bit:
Therefore give him a Dose of Aloes and Gall,
In his Cup squeez Toads, Guts and all.
Young Neanthus was torn by Hounds,
For playing on Orpheus Harp Jarring sounds.
Elian's Frogs-Head of Flesh and Blood,
Drew after it a Body of Mud:
Hel tell you, he saw it, twas no Lye,
From Naples to Puteoli.

Hifto-

Historians a Lye can't chock;
The Druids Religion esthe from Abram's Oak.
Was not Aristotle an Ass,
For breaking his steep with a Bowl of Brass.
Homer dy'd like an Owl, in a Fret,
For not unfolding the Fisher-mens Net.

A Beaver in Hunters fight, for the Nonce,
To hinder their gain, Bites off his Stones.
Four Ages, of Gold, Silver, Lead and Brass,
Was th'Invention of some doating Ass.
The Hop takes the Sans course best,
By winding on Poles, from East to West.
'Twas no less than the Oil of Gold,
That fed th'Everlasting Lamp of old,
For Lyes we're all bought and fold.

Tygers the Africans did annoy,
Which not being able to destroy;
By solemn A& they all Decree,
No Tygers should in Nature be.
Tom Nash, his Pasquitand Marforius,
The Counter Scuffle more Centerious:
These answer'd Martin Mar Prelate better,
Than Whitgift's Admonition Letter.

Aurelia Allobrogum, the more's the Pity,
Contends with Rome to be the Mother City.
Compare which of them hath done least good,
Observe which of them hath shed most Blood.
Para Mattins, Sicilian Evensong,
The Powder-Plot, the Parliament Long.
This Presbyterian Association,
The Diffenters Assassination.

ξ

Nero, Sirnamed Tiberius,
Got the Nick-name of Biberius
Licinius Murana, fo Iclept,
'Cause for a Lampry's death he wept.
The Luxurious Roman Squire,
Will see his Fish expire,
And drest immediately at the Fire,

Of Prodigies Rome's Stories tell us, Croco [parsa Domus of Metellus. Accipenser serv'd up at a strange rate, With Garlands and loud Musick in state. A Horse, a Consul and Priess was made, A Man, a Woman, the Roman Trade. Romans were samous to the Skyes, Greeks were renowned for Lyes.

Too near a Wolf take heed how you come, If you fee him first, he'l strike you dumb. From hence conclude Lupus in Fabula, Or write it down for a Lye in Tabula. Moles have no Eyes, Elephants no Joynts, They sleep leaning on Trees, false Points. Pelican for her Young makes holes in her Breast, 'Tis as true as all the rest: For she has a broad Flat Bill, And could not do't though she had a Will.

Our Bodies are weak, Ergo, for Fornication,
The Gloss fays, there's no Deprivation.
We're all now of less Age and Stature,
Ergo, there is a decay in Nature.
Sun draws near th' Earth an Hundred and Thirty
Degrees,
In time the Tropicks are like to Freeze.

Moun-



Mountains decay, Stars fail, Some already downwards hang their Tail.

Cassiopeia's new Star is long since retir'd,
Comets above the Moon much admir'd.
Venus has chang'd her Colour, Bigness and Shape,
Sol drinks all Vapours, Stars for Thirst gape.
But what if the Dragon or great Bear,
To our Horizon should draw near,
'Twould put us all to a Bodily Fear?
Besides Retrogradation, Trepidation, and Libration,

Fright Mortals with a General Transmutation.
Sayling more speedy from East to West,
Confirms the Truth of all the rest.

Harpaste, Seneca's Wives Fool,
At Noon, stumbled at a Joyn'd Stool.
Blind, as she was, her Reason mark,
She complain'd the Room was dark.
Precise Plato held a Community,
'Twixt Men and Women with Impunity.'
Lycurgus made all his Laws for War,
If for Peace't had been better far.
Solon cancell'd old Debts, the more,
Under pretence of doing good to the Poor.
Aristotle, for poor mens helps,
Bids drown their Children, like Whelps.

Cælum vetus est Paganum,
Da novum nobis Christianum.
Ordeal Law, by Fire and Water,
The like by Duels or Manslaughter,
Of Truth found out no such matter.

Lypfius

Lypsius de Potoribus & Esonibus, Should add, De Orbis Raptoribus, Consult Joannes de Temporibus, Cave, Annibal est præ Foribus.

Where Beauty and Wildom are fixt,
They are good fingle, but better mixt?
Fair Vertue shines with greater Grace,
When adorn'd with Beauties Face.

Un you rash definations tix a Noor,
Razy rocars, rand Oor.

Homer's Iliads in a Nut-shell lye,
The Rhodian Ship was hid by a Fly.

Vitellius had two Thousand Fishes,
And ten Thousand Birds serv'd up in Dishes,
To Gluttons with Cranes-Throats, if they had
their Wishes.
Six hundred Ostriches for Heliogabalus,
An Ox for Hercutes, if not Fabulous.
Smydrides rested from all Fears,
Saw no Sun-rising for Twenty years.

There is, I think, no great Wir,
But of some mixture does admit,
Of Madness, now and then a fit.
Penelopes Geese eat the Wheat in her Hall,
She dream't the Eagle kill'd them all
The Thief is born under Mercury's Planet,
Under Venus, the Letcher can't withstand it,
Murderer under Mars, if you understand it,
Mahomet's Doctrine of the Bow-string,
Sad Notes upon the Hangmans Low-string.

Mark Antony and Cleopatra his Mate, Strove t'outvye in Charge and State. Antony's Supper, of vant Expence, Th' Egyptian Queen did Recompence. She call'd her Slave to fetch a Cruse Of Vinegar, as for common use. Took a Pearl pendant from one Ears tip, Dissolv'd, and turn'd it d're fier Lip. O'twas a costly Vain-glotions swallow, From t'other Ear a second was to sollow: But that the Judge stay'd her, Saying, Madam, y'have won the Wager.

The Jewel saved, they did divide,
To adorn Venus in her highest Pride.
Jewels of such invaluable Worth,
Th'Orient ne're before or fince brought forth.
Clodius, Hefop the Tragadian did such a Feat,
But 'fore they died wanted Mear.
Attalus to Seneca commended a Bed,
Where was no Print from Foot to Head.
Made him, rather than please his Gusts,
To feed on Herbs and hard Crusts.

The Pompeians, the Night before Pharfalia's Fight, did Sing and Roar. Casting Dice with unlucky Hands, For Romes Honours, Houses, Lands. The next Day, they all fell or sled, Divide no Lions Skin 'till he be dead.

Wherefore was Famous Machiavel, Condemn'd by Churchmen to the Pit of Hell? 'Twas, because of the Pope he ne're spake well, Therefore Curse him by Book, Candie and Bell.

Drink

Drink up the Morning-Star, and if you ben't a Clown,
Be bold to drink th'Evening-Star down.

Martin the Cryer, calls Witches away,
The Owls screetch, the Dogs bay,
Toads croak, and Catamountains play.
Snatch Flesh, Foam the Night-Ravens Maws,
Wolves Hair from off Mad-Dogs Jaws,
Seize the Ass out of the Lions Paws.
Hiena's, Basilisks, Mandrakes,
Vipers, Adders, Serpents, Snakes.

Take Horned Poppy, Cypress Brooms, Wild Fig-Tree, that grows on Tombs. Cast up dead Ashes and Sand, The Moon and Stars you may Command. Darkness, Devils, Heav'n and Hell, Must be subject to your Spell.

I call you Once, I call you Twice,
Headlong ye come if I call you Thrice.
Make your Crofs Dances Hip to Hip,
Back to Back, Heel to Heel, Trip.
Charm all the forts of deadly Drugs,
Carry the Devils by the Lugs,
Sting 'um with Infects and Bugs.
In Cradles fuck Childrens Breath,
And gripe the old Nurfes to Death,

Full fourteen years the Maid of Mewrs, Fasted, liv'd by the smell of Flowrs.

Kalds & copos, Sus bene olet,
Quod oculus non ridet, Cor non dolet,
The Parasite is Fee'd, Offa monet,

Twas

'Twas Tully's unfavoury proud Encomium, O Fortunatam, natam, me Confule Romam.

Dioclesian, Brother to Sun and Moon,
His Name's up, may lye a Bed till Noon,
Give the Baby Pap in a Spoon.
All Clients that come or go,
Have the Honour to kiss his Toe.
Ev'n grave Augustus had his Frisk,
Acted Apollo, very Brisk.
Clad his Guests in Antick Dresses,
In state, like Gods and Goddesses.
Dominus Deus noster Jubet,
Domitianus, quicquid Lubet,
Numen Vestrum, Perennitas Vestra,
Saluted so in the Orchestrâ.

Augustus's Statue, Cheek by Joll, Justel'd Jupiter in the Capitol.

Of Scaurus's Theatre, Fame Thunders. As of one of the World's Wonders.

Caligula's Bridge, three Miles long, From Putzol to Biuly, very strong.

Tables of Murine, Onya Stone, Cups of Crystal, Pearls, all one.

Such was the Luxury of old, Even to Stool-Pans of Gold.

Bibitur in Concha, says Strabo, Vitreo bibit Ille Priapo. Gælatures, Bosses, Emblems of Apri, Stantes extra Pocula Capri. African, Citron Trees for Tables, Sustentatque tuos, Aunea Mensa Dapes.

Pati-

Patinorum Paludes, They had their Wilhes, To fwim up to the Ears in Diffesting the Burney of Co.

Gallus Cestins to Supper Invited,
By Tiberius, was Delighted.
With Rarities overbaited,
By naked Maids that on them waited.
Ganymeds, Exolete Carpet Knights,
Bearded, overgrown Catamits.
To Ravish all in Dignitatibus,
An Office erected AVoluptatibus.

Apricius, so Rich and Prond,
For's Kitchin Nine Millions allow'd.

At last, after all his Carving,
Poys'ned himself for fear of Starving.

Ingeniosa Gula, Ransacks Air,
And Earth and Seal for Bills of Fare.

New farrowed Sows Paps,

Italian Mushrooms, Fools Caps.

To cool their Wine Egyptian Snow,
Samian Cakes Baked flow.

Cocks-Treddles, Guitt-heads, Livers.

Fool, Florentine that Quivers,
A whole Goat flic'd, and ftew'd in fhivers,
Fefula's, Peacocks Brains, blended,
Phænicopter's Tongues, the World's well amended.

At this rate it may foon be Ended,
The Worms will be well Befriended.

Six Thousand Lampier's Color bought, and the For Triumpin better Fod than Tanght and the state of the Tanght.

Oysters

Oysters the biggest, of the Lake Lucrine,
The best Rellish were Rutupine.
The true Shoar they can Prime Deprendere Morsu,
Green Finn'd, and as big as a Horse-shoe.

Lucullus had a deep swallow,
Call'd Tully and Pempey to sup in Apollo.
Minerva's Buckler, call'd Visettim's Platter,
For Belly, not Brains, full of rich Matter.
Whole Patrimonies vast and stable,
Wholly consum'd at one Table.

Hyppocrates had a tedious Walk,
From Pole to Pole in a day to stalk.
They that nourish Jealousies and Fears,
Their Office is to carry Guts to the Bears.
Sparrows tread Eight times in an hour,
Pigeons draw Venus Chariot Bowre,
Phydias's Scambre, Grass-hopper, Bee of Brass,
Rarities, with Archimede'a Sphere of Glass.

A fingle Raifin-Stone,
Was the death of poor Anacreon.
Empedocles in Etna's Smoak,
Like a Fool, himself did choak.
Euripides dy'd in Difgrace,
Eat up by the Curs of Thrace.
The Eagle gave Æscholen a Spell,
Dropt on his bald Paren Torreise Shell.
Arcadian Nonasius Waters,
Could be contain'd in no other quarters;
But only in an Asses Hoof,
The coldest Creature that is, by proof.

At the famous Battel of Tours,
Thousand Saracens fell in sew hours.
Ebroven Major Domo in Clothair's Raign,
Get first the Power Soveraign.
Charles Martell, next of the same place,
Won the Crown from Chilperie's Race,
Hugh Capet descended from the Book,
By the Sword the Scepter took,
For the true Right you may go look.
Gauls were the ancient Colonels,
Druids brought Learning from their Cells,
I wonder who the Devil invented Spells.

If our Senses first deceive us,
Of all true Science they bereave us,
No certainty can be of Skill,
Nor no true Liberty of Will.
"Η ωῦςς σφαλφή, Experience
In a Quack, is a great Offence,
From whence all Mistakes commence.
Diverse Occurrences have diverse Respects,
And some come to miss by their Neglects,
"Tis hard to know which makes the true Effects.

Apollo pray'd to Ceafe,
A lasting Plague that was in Greece.
His Answer was very hollow,
To double the Altar of Apollo.
Fools are always plump and fair,
The Reason is, they take no Care:
Ta un rana, manampara, we find,
True, because Cupid is Blind,
Plutus is just so in his kind.

Fools

Fools go before, and Wife behind, Gold more than Wifdom most men mind.

At the unlacing of a Buck,
Ceremonies us'd for fake of Luck.
A Gentleman, no Butcher, on his Knees,
His Hat off, lays the Beaft on the Lees.
A Cutter for the purpose, that parts
The Entrals by Mysterious Arts.
All in deep filence, as a Sacrificer,
Divides, and Inspects, and is never the wifer.

The Greek in empty Theatre sits Laughing, The German in full Flagons quasting. Fools, Ideots, unconcern'd in all things. Wise men take a care in small things. Chymists bewitch'd spend all in Profundu, Quia mutant Quadrata Rotundis.

Charles Martel, a Gospel Propagator,
The first Tithe Impropriator.
Cain began the first Duel,
Goths and Vandals alike Cruel.
A Wise man only is secure,
Tho the most harm he endure.
The most unworthy to see Day,
Feel the San's brightest Ray.

He that looks round about all things well, Is likeft the most Truths to tell. In Words to sport, in Sentences to sleep, Is, with sober Learning, to play Bo-peep. Many Curious Arts, Tonanti Sono, But the true Wise man cryes, Cui Bono?

Gggg 2

Great Volumes run a great way,

Alar Textical, side symotom.

A great Cry, and a little Wool,

Danard's Tubs are never full,

A Spider's Web curioully wrought,

Proves at last good for nought.

There are more Things than Words, I dare fay, And Words are doubtful every way.

Therefore a Wife man minds the Scope,
Lets himself down Precipes by a Rope:
And still distinguishes with Care,
That in all things he may come off fair.
Hair-brain'd Fools mind Sport and Drinking,
But ne're regard Study or Thinking.
Therefore they never understand,
Because they ne're had their Wits at command.

Let Truth be what it will, Pleasure and Gains,
Are the only Objects of their Pains.
Flashes of Fancy they most mind,
Therefore their Reasons are never true nor kind.
And if they can of Oratory blow the Bellows,
Among Sots, they count Selves, and are counted brave Fellows.

Thus I, a poor Witch, can Faults fit and fpye,
And if I complain, they tell me, I lye.
Alas! I am a poor ignorant Female Soul,
And how dare I Learned Men controul?
Tho I have got little, but Meat, Drink and Clothing,
I have not been so long in the World for No-

thing.

Women

Women that have their Tongues at Command, May order their Brains, if they will understand. Women may learn, as well as Men, To Read, and Meditate, and handle their Pen.

But these Fops and Sots, whom I so justly Rebuke,
Ne're gave their minds to handle a Book.
Drink, Roar and Whore, or plod upon Dirt,
Or in Pride and Bravery flirt.
Not minding Souls or Body's Health,
Uncapable to serve the Common wealth.
Devouring the Fruits of the Ground,
Doing of good can ne're be found.
I like not these unlucky Generations,
That follow nought, but the World's Fashions.
The sooner these Varlets go off the Stage,
The sooner we hope for a Civiler Age.

These things have mov'd me to so much Rage,
To see so sew to Vertue engage.
And now I shall be call'd a Wolf or a Bear,
They'l force me to shed many a Tear:
But they shall know I keep this Resolution,
To hold Truth, and stand Persecution.
Mine is the Fate of Priests and Kings,
To do Good, and suffer Evil things.
Base Rascals, Rail, and hurt what you can,
I'le still take the part of an Honest man.
You make my Heart ake, you make me Sweat,
I scorn you, I scorn you, be you never so Great.

I am an Old Witch, is all your Note, You'l make me go in a Thred-bare Coat. The Law is against Witches, I consess,
But they may tax your Baseness nevertheless.
It may be left upon Record,
You ne're deserv'd a Witches good Word.
Still you bawl, I'm a Witch an be hang'd,
Still I cry, you are Rogues an be Damn'd.
But I'le give you the slip, and Repent for the Nones,
And leave you to the Devil to pick all your Bones.

Money, my Hearts, if you have any, Broken or Whole, for a Parting Peny.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Some lay allCrimes upon Fate, the King of Terrors,
But that won't suffice to Excuse my Errors,
For, my Spirit's Ingenious, and I do Confess,
As I am a Gentleman, I can do no less.
If I have let slip a few Words too Notorious,
Use for them your Index Expurgatorius.
And when you find I have playd Unlawful Frisks,
Spare not to Stab them with your Obelisks.
But in all I have Done or Said,
Pray, Gentlemen, use me kindly, like a Maid.
Pardon my Faults, Fair Reader, then,
And Correct the Printers with your Pen.